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Harold MacGrath—Arthur Train—Ben Ames Williams—Don Marquis
Frederick Irving Anderson—George Allan England—Frank M. Inman

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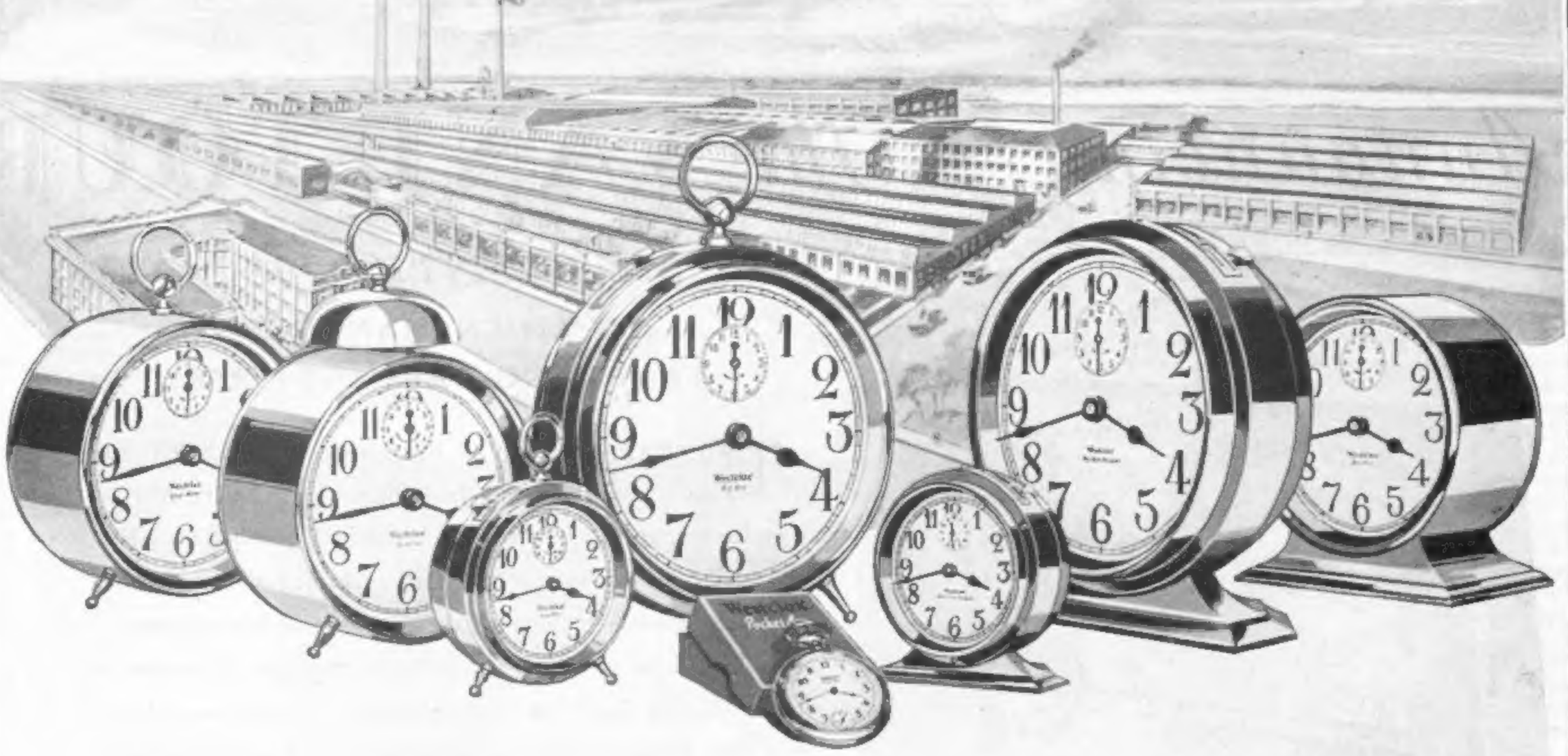

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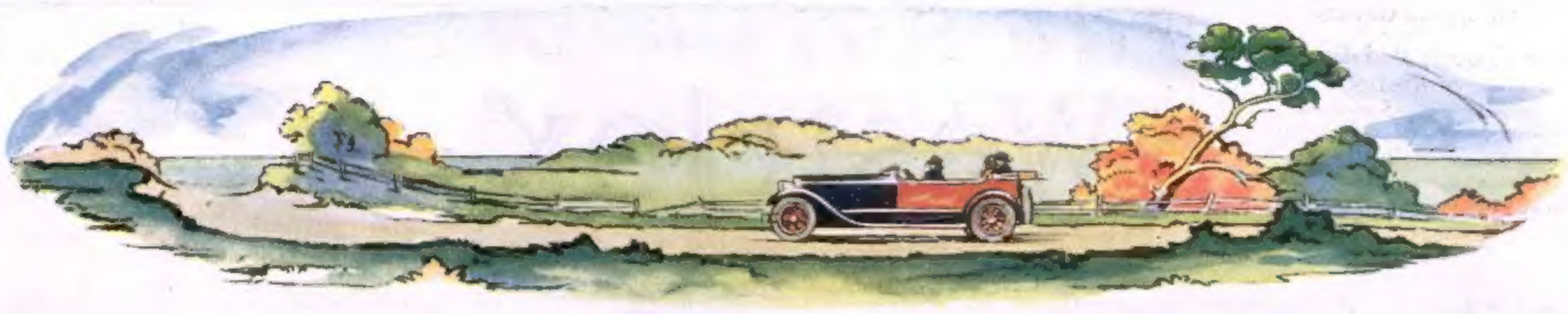

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THE WOLVES OF CHAOS

By Harold MacGrath

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

SUDDEN stillness in the night. The man, flattened against the deep-set door, bit his nether lip savagely to keep muffled the sound of his violent breathing. His legs trembled; his hands seemed numb, dead.

Dazzling points of light danced before his eyes. To need air so dreadfully and not to give way to the need was agony, and he must prolong this agony. If these gasps for air broke loose, the people in this house might hear him, and it was open season in Moscow for any human being who ran; and run he must if discovered.

Still, at the dull thud of hoofs and the sharp clinking of metal, he had observed that all the window lights in the street had mysteriously gone out. Fear. Fear was the overlord of Moscow. And if there was one thing more than another that dissipated inquisitiveness, it was fear. So much in his favor.

But he hated this silence; it might conceal all manner of traps. They might have dropped someone behind. So he must wait, when every second meant the continued diminution of his chances of success. For he was going to escape with that belt or he was going to die; no middle course.

Half an hour ago he had walked out of the Petrovski Barracks! Walked out nonchalantly, with the chill of death touching his spine. He had actually walked out of the Petrovski Barracks! Then, muskets and pistols spitting at him as he ran into the Naruishk Gardens, thence out into the Petrovski Boulevard. He had run half a mile as fast as a horse, along the boulevard and up the Trubnaya, into this side street, the name of which he did not know. But he did know that his dash had led him toward his objective. Eyes front, he had observed the going out of the house lights, but had not picked up any landmark. Then this haven, the friendly deep-set door. But for the pain in his tortured lungs, the moment would have taken on all the fantastic aspects of a nightmare.

The point in his favor would be that it would take an hour for them to learn the importance of the man who had simply walked out. Between now and that time he must recover the belt—if spring and summer and winter had not rotted it and the winds blown it away.

When the Forest Came to an End the Sun Was in the East, a Burning Opal

They would shoot him on sight now; petulantly, as a man kicked a chair which had barked his shins.

Presently he found that he could relieve his lungs through his nostrils. He sat down, resting his head upon his knees, listening intently. Dear God, if only he were twenty years younger! But he was fifty-six and the machinery did not respond to the commands of the will as readily as aforetime. Nevertheless, his wits had become sharper; else he would not be sitting here in this dark deep-set doorway. He had walked out of the Petrovski Barracks. He exhaled a chuckle, but it had the accent of a sob.

He raised his head and sent his glance roving inquiringly. Ha! There was St. Sergius Church. He knew now exactly where he was. It did not matter that they had shifted him—always at night—from barracks to prisons, from prisons to barracks, in hope of breaking both his spirit and his sense of locality. He was within twenty minutes of his objective.

The one thing in his disfavor would be these infernal plus fours, tattered and variously patched as they were. So long as he wore them he was a marked man. Bareheaded too. Oh, it was written that if he did not make his objective within the next half hour he was done.

Cautiously he peered out, up and down the street. All animate human signs had vanished. He rose, his knees cracking. Had they dropped a man to lie in wait? They were clever enough for that. They possessed the lucid cunning innate to the minds of madmen, for Russia at this hour was filled with madmen and Moscow was the madhouse. Still, he doubted that they had seen him enter this street, a doubt based upon the fact that they had dashed through it too quickly. Suspicious, they would have paused to make a house-to-house search. It was barely possible that they had seen someone at the far end of the street, where it broke into the Stryetetski, and had thundered down upon this unlucky devil. Their next move, however, would be the most dangerous; they would break up into pairs, as was customary, and search the section thoroughly. Nevertheless, the advantage was on his side in one respect: He knew where he was going and they did not. It would also be necessary for them to return to the Petrovski Barracks to ascertain the identity of the fugitive. All this would be so much time gained.

Probably All She Had on Was Borrowed. Hunted and Moneyless; Too Beautiful for the Wall. Later He Would Ask Her Questions

But would this belt be there—in the eaves trough where he had tossed it on the night of his capture, two years ago? Would even the house be there? He chided himself for letting any such doubt enter his thoughts. He had not entered upon this adventure doubtfully; he had staked his life upon it, and he was still alive. Having lived two years in an atmosphere superlatively charged with suspicion, it had visibly eroded his confidence in his star.

Suspicion. It hung over Moscow like a drab cloud. Brothers suspected each other, sons suspected fathers, and fathers their sons. Great political murders always engendered this drab cloud. The Terror, in the hands of the Slav. It was a great time to get rid of your importunate creditor. Report him to the Tcheka or Ogpu—the Soviet State police. On a dull day such a report to the Ogpu was received with gratitude; a pleasurable adventure, with the possibility of some loot. When it grew too dull the Ogpu turned upon one of its members. Utopia.

The man in the doorway chuckled again, softly and sardonically. Utopia.

All through these terrible months he had practiced daily the feat of shutting his eyes and visualizing the exact streets, the corner landmarks, the house itself. But even if he reached the house without hindrance, there was always the one-way route to the sloping roof, to the eaves trough; he would have to make his way through the upper hall, through the room in which they had captured him. And suppose that room was occupied? He was unarmed; he had been underfed so long that he would scarcely be equal to fisticuffs. Still, the thing had to be attempted. If he must die, so be it. He would have played the game.

He stepped down from his haven, into the street, breathing evenly. His kneecaps ached and so did the small of his back. He was fifty-six. He should have quit Armistice Day. Certainly he had done his bit these twenty-odd years. Vanity, possibly, boiled down to its essence; playing the rôle of the young adventurer when he should, by all precedents, have been reading the Psalms.

What a fool thing this sense of nationality was—this thing they called patriotism! He might, at this very hour, have been snug in his quaint apartment in New York, leisure and pleasure whichever way he turned. What business was it of his if Russia rode Chaos? There was no fool like an old fool.

He proceeded leisurely upon his perilous way, his ears straining for the patter of feet behind. None came. But he did not quicken his step. A leisurely progress was safest and least suspicious. He was outside the active circle of the city, where the cinemas were clicking, bands playing, men and women dancing through a Walpurgis Night. Patrols—military and police, foot and horse—were policing the streets irregularly. He must take his chance. And moreover, he must remember his colossal stroke of good luck—he was alive and free.

In ordinary times he had no superstitions—hunches, to use the Americanism. Tonight, however, he sensed a tenuous touch of clairvoyance. If the belt was still in the eaves trough his final escape was definite; if the belt was gone he would die in a Moscow street. It was written that never again should he enter a prison.

He turned the corner and nearly collided against a group of men who were haranguing in lowered voices. He proceeded without turning his head. He was not hailed. Probably some counter-revolutionists, who were glad enough to see him pass on. If you were with Sovietism you spoke loudly and vociferously, so that if one of the Ogpu chanced to be near by he would report favorably upon your loyalty to Chaos.

Yes, his memory map was true to line. There was that lamp-post, still unrepaired, the relic of a counter-revolution. Two blocks on, two to the left, then one to the right.

One thing recurred intermittently: Water seeping through the dike of his courage. No matter how he tried to plug the leak, it persisted. By now the alarm had gone forth, with his description. Every exit out of Moscow would now be doubly guarded. He had not only the belt to recover but he must get out of the city with it. Bridges. Metaphorically he swept the Old Man of the Sea from his broad shoulders. He would tackle these bridges as they appeared.

But one thing at a time. First the belt with its silver buckle; everything hinged upon the finding of that. Kitty Conover had given him this belt just before he had sailed for the Balkans, five million years ago—or was it only five? Kitty, who had married and was living happily on her Dakota ranch, with a princely cow-puncher by the name of Ivan Mikailovitch, and so forth and so on, with the blood of Catharine in his veins; now an American citizen who had taken the name of John Hawksley. Kitty Conover, daughter of the glorious Molly. So many times had he denied it futilely, but he now admitted the truth: he had taken the road of high adventure because Kitty's lovely mother had married Conover. Life was like that—illuminating mysteries as one was going down for the third time.

He passed a woman with a basket on her arm. She gave him a furtive glance and quickened her step.

He silently cursed his clothes; they marked him conspicuously as a foreigner; and the life of any alien in Moscow wasn't worth much—there were so many convenient walls. He had been wearing these plus fours that day in Bucharest when the code telegram had come from poor young Richardson. He had made impulsively the first train north, his passport, his belt and his wallet his sole luggage.

Prisoners of long detention—political prisoners, for at this date there was no other kind—were cynically given a change of clothing from time to time, cast-offs of the dead. Even dead men's shoes were acceptable. It did not take a prisoner long to lose his sense of repugnance; he was always hard bound by two facts, hunger and exposure.

But they had not given him any of these cast-offs. His outing shoes, stout enough at one time, were kept on his feet only by the adjustment of twine. At present these were not particularly trustworthy, the furious run from

the Petrovski Barracks having taken its tithe. In fact, the police had forced him to keep to plus fours; they had even shaved him three times a week, cut his hair once a month, all for the single purpose of identification. Should he escape, no star shell would be more conspicuous. There would be no other plus fours in Moscow, a toggery blatant of capitalism. A flash of his almost atrophied sense of humor warmed him into a chuckle. He was as safe as a goldfish in a pond of pike.

Every so often a suave member of the Ogpu would visit him. When would he be ready to return to America? Which meant, when would he reveal the hiding place of the list Richardson had stolen from Stalin and passed on to him? No, thanks. He was too wise an old bird. He knew instinctively and by what he had seen so many times that the moment he surrendered they would send him to the wall. Yet they puzzled him. They had learned that he was alone, that the list was still somewhere in Moscow. Why, then, did they hesitate to shoot him? Or was he merely, as in The Mikado, "a source of innocent merriment"?

Strange, the tricks necessity could teach a human being. He had managed to keep tolerably clean. He had learned to brush his teeth with the splayed fibrous end of a stick. Other little devices he had acquired by observation, by which to draw the dead line between flesh and vermin. Diversions to steady his mind.

In all his adventures he had never before known incarceration. He never would again. He was quite ready to accept death instead. He had seen things—things which had unbalanced other men's minds. No; if he bumped into a patrol he would run for it, trusting hopefully that a bullet would settle the whole business.

"Come on, old scout," he muttered. "Come on; let's get this job done. Your eyes have seen about everything, your ears have heard about everything, and your body has come clean. What's a bullet between old friends?"

Here was the street at last. It was deserted. There was only one lamp-post lighted, at the far end of the block. The undertaker hadn't made a good symphony conductor, nor had the chimney sweep become a good plumber, in this strange Utopia. So, only occasionally a street lamp behaved itself or water traveled above its level.

The fugitive saw his objective clearly, but he proceeded along the opposite side of the street. Directly across from the house he halted. There was a light in one room, but that would be on the left of the upper hall. If the main door was latched —— He crossed the broken street resolutely and attacked the door knob. Fiddle-faddle would accomplish nothing; he must strike his blows blindly and trust to the god of luck, who, so far, had smiled upon him. The door opened. He became chilled. A trap? An hour had passed since his dash for liberty. The Ogpu or plain soldiery might be hidden within. So be it. Silently he stepped inside the house.

II

THE hall was in semidarkness. Such light as it contained fell from a sputtering gas jet at the head of the first landing. The hall was empty of Ogpu or soldiers. With a sigh of relief he knelt and rewound and tied the twine which had come loose about his shoes. There would be more running this night, and a man could not run far or fast on what was, for all practical purposes, next to bare feet.

All of a sudden he stood erect stiffly. Music burst upon the night—male voices accompanied by a stringed instrument. His alarm instantly subsided. So much the better. The singers would not hear a chance squeak of a step on the stairs. They were quite musical, these Muscovites. Often he had heard the counter-revolutionists singing as they went to the wall. Always a tragic note, even in their gayest songs.

He began the ascent. His campaign was complete. If the door was locked he would smash it in, make for the window, thence to the roof, search for the belt, and drop below. If the locksmiths were as bad as the plumbers his difficulties would not be insurmountable.

The singing became hilarious. They were drinking, evidently. All this was another drop in his cup of luck. Vodka would deaden their ears considerably. On tiptoe he reached the door of doors and tried the knob. Locked. He had rather expected this setback. He took the knob in both hands and lifted mightily, at the same time pressing his shoulders against the panels. A click and a rasp followed, and it required quick thinking, as the door flew open, not to stumble and fall. The blood pumped into his throat as he listened. The singing went on. He heard the shrill laughter of a woman. Naturally, there would be a woman. And what prices they paid—if they were pretty—to live in Moscow!

He closed the door. The springing had warped it, so that it now caught only where it met the lintel. However, that would be sufficient for his transient occupation of the room. A queer serenity pervaded him, due perhaps to the fact that he was and would be for hours tickling death under the chin. What would have enervated him ordinarily now invigorated him.

His eyes, now accustomed to the dark, saw fairly distinctly the objects in this room which he himself had occupied for so brief a time two years ago. He saw a stout chair, and without noise he put the back of it under the door knob. That would hold for a minute or two. Dim as the light was, he was able to detect a material change in the room. Luxury; in fact, the room was cluttered with loot out of palaces, hotels and private homes. He found the dressing bureau and pawed about. The stale scent of tobacco convinced him that there would be matches

(Continued on Page 98)

Why Did They Hesitate to Shoot Him? Was He Merely, as in "The Mikado," "a Source of Innocent Merriment"?

KING COTTON

By Frank M. Inman

In Collaboration With Boyden Sparkes

WHEN I feel disposed to grow lyrical about cotton I can restrain myself by remembering that another citizen of Atlanta, a journalist, has expressed what I feel better than I ever could.

"What a royal plant it is!" said the late Henry W. Grady. "The world waits in attendance on its growth. The shower that falls whispering on its leaves is heard around the earth. The sun that shines on it is tempered by the prayers of all people. The frost that chills it and the dew that descends from the stars are noted, and the trespass of a little worm on its green leaf is more to England than the advance of the Russian army on her Asian outposts.

"Its fiber is current in every bank. It is gold from the instant it puts forth its tiny shoot, and when loosing its fleece to the sun, it floats a banner that glorifies the fields of the humble farmer. It is the heritage that God gave to this people forever as their own when He arched our skies, established our mountains, girt us about with the ocean, loosed the breezes, tempered the sunshine and measured the rain—ours and our children's forever!"

PHOTO FROM KEYSTONE VIEW COMPANY, N. Y. C.

A Field of Mississippi Cotton Grown for Demonstration Purposes by the U. S. Department of Agriculture, Showing the Contrast Between Cotton Sprayed to Kill the Boll Weevil, and Cotton Not So Treated

I wish that Henry Grady might have been inspired also to say something about basis. Recently I asked a young man who, not long before, had come into the business, where he represents the third generation, what he understood was meant by this word as it is employed in the cotton trade.

"Well," he replied, "I should say it is that indefinable something that enables us to sell cotton for less than we pay for it and still have a profit."

All the Difference in the World

BASIS is the spot-cotton man's frontier. Briefly it is the relation between the price of future contracts and of actual or spot cotton. If you were to read the contract for the future delivery of cotton, to which all traders are bound who deal on the New York Cotton Exchange, you would discover that the price per pound agreed upon between the buyer and the seller is for middling cotton, "with additions or deductions for other grades, in accordance with the provisions of the United States Cotton Futures Act."

The differences "on" or "off" middling, for other grades, under the cotton-futures act, are required to be fixed by the average of the spot markets in Galveston, Dallas, Houston, New Orleans, Little Rock, Savannah, Augusta, Montgomery, Memphis and Norfolk. There are local cotton exchanges in those cities. Each day they wire the differences prevailing in their market between the various grades to the big exchange. There they are posted on the floor together with the averages worked out from them. Those averages then fix the prevailing differences in the prices of various grades. But the basis is the price of middling. Likewise in New Orleans the basic grade is middling.

What occurs in the trading ring in New York is but a small part of the show, even though it is vital to the business. On my desk in Atlanta I have a list of more than 200 kinds of cotton that I am prepared to offer to my customers. Most people not familiar with cotton except as they meet it in some of its myriad artificed forms do not realize how the raw fibers vary in the eyes of a cotton merchant. A New England spinner who had purchased 100 bales of middling fair with fibers an inch and a sixteenth in length and who received 100 bales of good ordinary with fibers only seven-eighths of an inch in length would feel as outraged as you might feel if you bought a bird dog by mail and received a canary. Some of the differences in cotton you might easily recognize for yourself, but there are some that not all men in the trade can detect. There is an art in the grading of cotton.

PHOTO FROM UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y. C.

Public Warehouses at New Orleans With a Capacity of 10,000 Bales of Flat Cotton

In the stockyards at Chicago you might see only countless cattle bawling in their pens, but the trained eyes of the cattle buyer working for the packer would see many distinctions. He would know the grain-fed beasts from the scrawny, wild creatures off the range. So, in our grading room there are highly skilled men with fingers and eyes capable of recognizing subtle distinctions in the fibers that pass through their hands. Each tagged sample of cotton that comes to one of them is but a sample of its parent bale stored in a more commodious warehouse.

The Profit

NOT all cotton is white. Frost and land stain give some of it a yellow tinge. Rain beating down on the open bolls before they are picked will turn the snowiest of fibers blue. Other cotton is gray. With modern bleaching processes in the mills these things are relatively unimportant, but there are many other qualities that address themselves to the eyes of the grading artists. When they have done their work and have sorted out for us 100 bales of one type of cotton, 200 bales of another, and fifty of yet another, and so on through the list of the kinds we are offering, each lot has acquired, merely by that sorting, a value it did not have when it left the gin. Some lots will be more rare than others, and therefore more valuable. All through the Cotton States the fibers are subjected to this classification and the values of each class change amazingly, and sometimes, for the cotton merchants, disastrously. There is no sure way of hedging against such price fluctuations—no way, as we say, to hedge the basis.

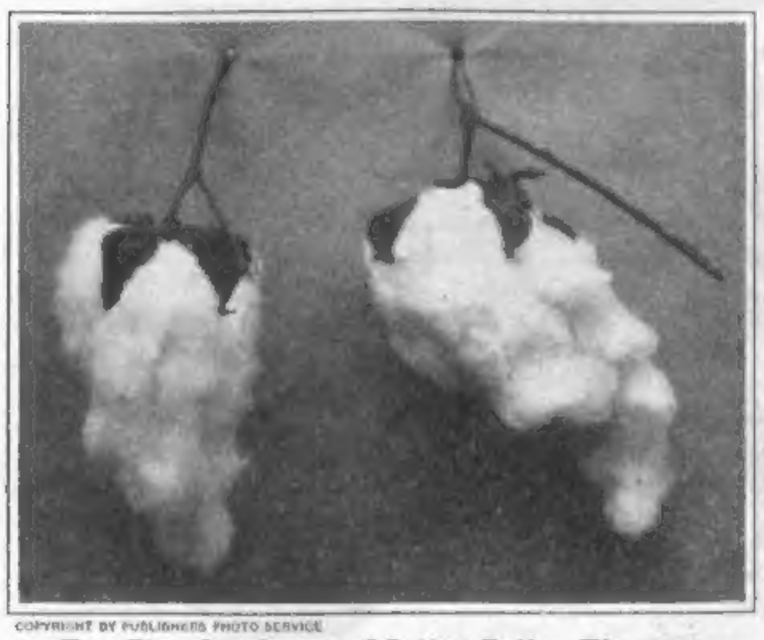
There is a buying basis and a selling basis. When I buy country bales from some storekeeper, the price I quote him, as a rule, is less than the price of cotton futures. What I offer him would not sound like a price to a person not informed about the trade. I offer him for his cotton, say, 100 points "off" the New York price of middling futures. If he wishes, he can postpone the naming of the actual price until long after his cotton has disappeared from view. Those 100 points "off" are intended to pay freight, insurance, warehouse costs, my overhead and my profit. Somehow we cotton men have fallen into the habit of calling the discount "basis."

When I offer an even-running lot of cotton for the particular needs of a mill in Rhode Island, the price I quote is merely a certain number of points "on" the New York price of middling, a premium on the market price. I am going to stretch the hypothetical profit here by assuming that I would quote him a price of 100 points "on." Somewhere in the sum of the points of discount and the points of premium is my profit and the cost of carrying on the business and a profit to railroad, banks and compresses, a total of 200 points in these two transactions, one of buying and one of selling. If it was always as simple as I have described it I

suppose the cotton business would be pretty crowded, but the truth is, it never is simple. It is as exciting as a horse race much of the time.

Often we sell to the mill before we have bought in the country, and if the basis should get out of line before we have bought, our situation is as uncomfortable as that of a speculator who has sold short—gambled that the market was going down. It is a chance we are obliged to take, along with the rest of the men in the spot-cotton trade. We survive because we are experienced in basis fluctuations. If you were to plot basis on a price chart, it would show a curve, normally, that would tend to rise as the season progressed. This is so because the high-grade cotton supply tends to diminish as the season advances.

Gradually, in accord with the needs of industry, a system of classification of cotton has been developed. Every cotton merchant and every cotton manufacturer must have in his employ men with a nurtured skill in detecting the differences in the fibers. At first, classing, or grading, had to do with the amount of leaf and extraneous matter in the fibers, with the color and the effects of ginning on the cotton. These came to be regarded as



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Two Fine Specimens of Cotton Bolls. They are About Four to Five Inches in Length

factors of grade. Later staple length—length of fibers—had to be considered. Staple and grade are judged separately.

There was a need for uniformity in these grading processes long before the trade achieved that uniformity. This need was sharpened by the speeding up that came with the use of the telegraph and cable. Buyers and sellers, when widely separated, were embarrassed by a lack of common terms. So, finally, the Government, through its Department of Agriculture, helped us.

Standards

IN THE American markets efforts at standardization were being made as long ago as 1874, but so little progress had been made in 1908 that there was in that year a concerted demand for standardization from an international congress of manufacturers, growers and merchants. In the same year Congress gave the necessary authority to the Department of Agriculture. Permissive standards were set up in 1909 and half a dozen times since then the arrangements have been improved until today the Federal grades for American cotton are recognized in Europe as the basis for international trade.

The original standards for grade are kept in a special vault in the Department of Agriculture. These are in boxes twenty inches square, each containing twelve samples representing one grade. A photograph of the contents precisely the size of the box of cotton is fastened to the lid. It bears the signature of the Secretary of Agriculture and seal of the department, and each box bears a special number, and each sample is sewed in so it cannot be tampered with or removed. If, upon examination by any Department of Agriculture official, it varies in any way from its original condition, it is taken up and canceled.

We have a duplicate of each of those grades in our grading room in Atlanta. Growers and merchants and manufacturers everywhere likewise have copies. I am sure that if I were to compare my set with the standard boxes of a spinner in Warsaw, Poland, I should find as little difference as there is between the fingers of my right hand and the fingers of my left. Those government-made samples are the key of the trade. They enable the Chinese cotton spinner to speak the same language as the American cotton shipper. These samples are a most important mechanism in the trade. They help to explain how a big shipping concern and a big spinning concern may transact enormous trades by an exchange of curt messages.

The standard of length of staple in Europe has always been in millimeters, while the standards in America and Canada have been in inches and fractions of inches, the American shippers being familiar with millimeter lengths corresponding to inch lengths. A few weeks ago, if we cabled to a merchant in Europe, Japan or India concerning cotton with staple length of 28 mm. or 28/30 mm., that merchant knew immediately what staple he was to expect, but recently the Department of Agriculture made a ruling requiring that all cotton be sold on American standard length or by private types, and that no cotton could be sold in millimeters.

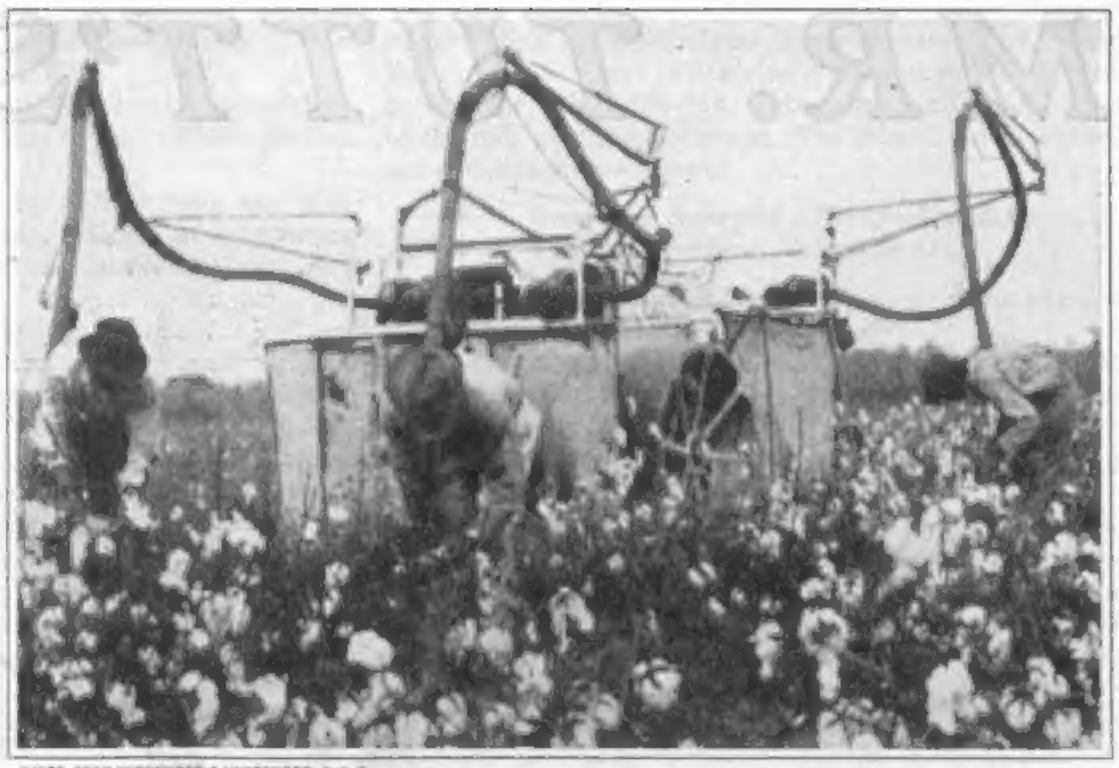
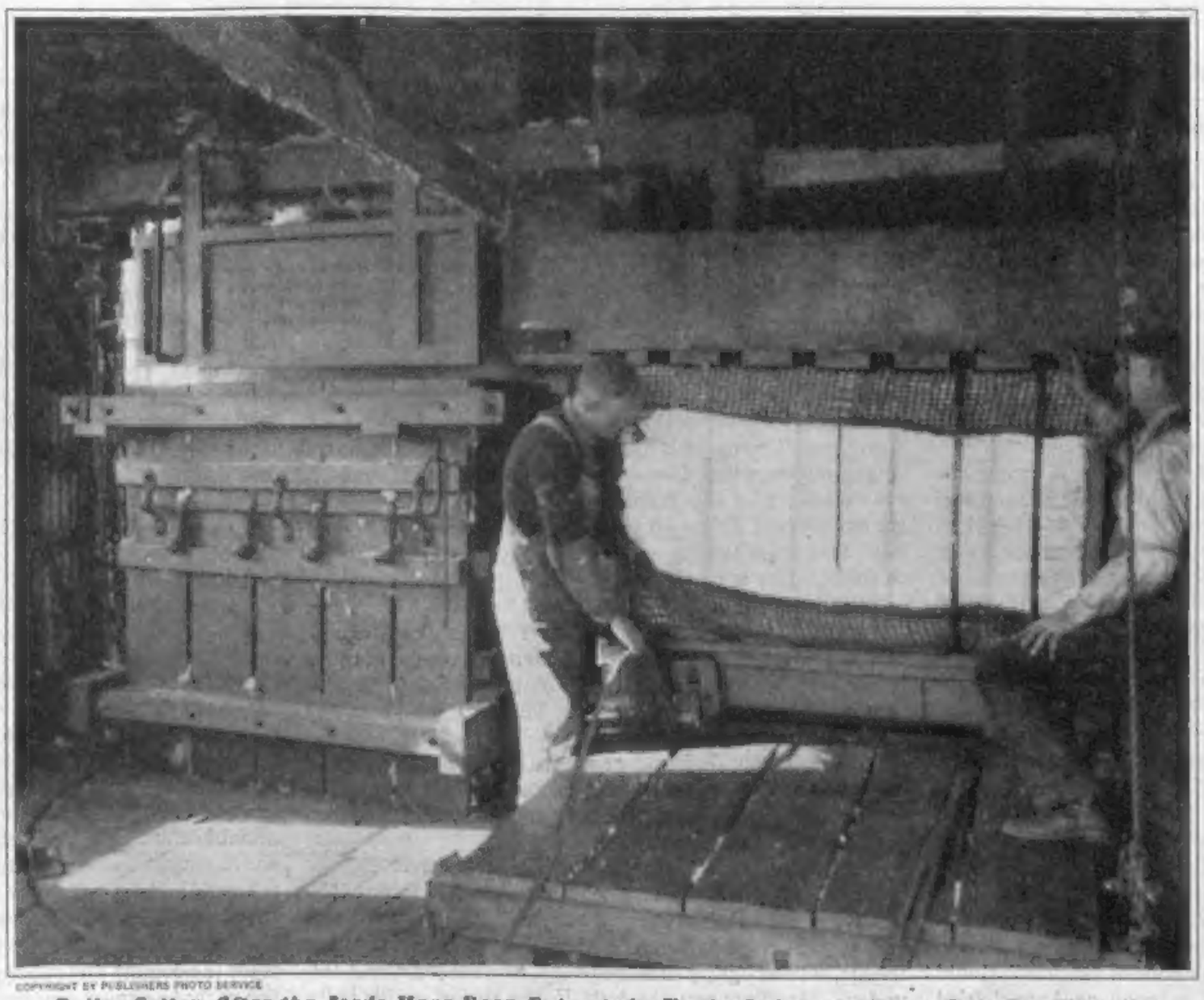


PHOTO FROM UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y. C.

A New Electric Cotton Picker. Each Operator Gathers From Five to Eight Hundred Pounds a Day With This Machine, and the Cotton is Said to be Much Cleaner and Fluffier Than That Picked by Hand



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Baling Cotton After the Seeds Have Been Extracted. To the Left is the Empty Bale Box With the Cotton Being Blown Into it After the Seeds Have Been Removed. To the Right is the Completed Bale Under Pressure, Having the Iron Bands Adjusted

I wish that Henry Grady might have carried his paean a little farther, so as to have shown what this royal plant has done for the characters of the people who deal in it. I have knowledge of transactions in which "your offer accepted" was the nearest approach to a contract whereby one party agreed to pay $3,000,000 and the other agreed to ship 20,000 bales of cotton. The commercial integrity of men in the cotton trade is something of which we all proudly boast, whether our place is on the plantation, in the gin or compress, the shipping room or the ring of an exchange.

Scouts in the Field

THERE is an old man at a desk in the New Orleans Cotton Exchange who comes to mind when I say that. His name is Hester—Col. Henry G. Hester. All over the world he is the oracle of cotton. "Hester says ——" puts a force behind a condition in the cotton market that outsiders may not hope to grasp.

From the vantage point of 1928 he looks back over eighty-two years, of which fifty-eight have been spent in the service of the New Orleans Cotton Exchange as its superintendent and secretary. One almost feels justified in saying that Hester is the New Orleans Cotton Exchange. When it was being formed he was a young newspaper reporter, being trained in the gathering of facts; today there is in all the world no better reporter, no more careful gatherer of facts than Henry G. Hester, although he gave up his chosen career at the solicitation of New Orleans cotton men to become their fact gatherer.

In every American county where cotton is grown there are men who watch the planting, the cultivation, all the stages from bloom to boll, count the weevils, watch the picking and at frequent intervals report to Colonel Hester. Other men watch for him in other countries that produce cotton. What they tell him, when tabulated, is the best information, I think, that may be had on the subject of cotton supply.

All over the world wherever cotton is used, in spinning mills from Hakodate to Manchester, in Akron tire factories, in too many other places for me to count, there are eyes that see for Colonel Hester, and what they see and report

(Continued on Page 117)

MR. TUTT'S REVENGE

Mr. Tutt Sat Down Heavily on the Bank, Braced His Feet Against the Rocks and Lifted With All His Might

By ARTHUR TRAIN

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge
Had stomach for them all! —*Othello, Act v, Sc. 2.*

I THINK I'll try just one cast in that pool," said Mr. Tutt.

The canoe had swept round a bend of the Santapedia River, disclosing a limpid sun-flecked stretch of rapidly flowing water alive with ripples. It was not, in the ordinary sense, a pool at all. The stream was translucent, from three to six feet deep, the stones upon the bottom clearly visible. This did not fool Mr. Tutt. He knew that salmon preferred the clear running water of the reaches above the dark deep pools in whose quiet depths the trout loved to lie. But this time he was not after trout. He had decided that his ripe old age entitled him to indulge in that pastime which, after polo, is, or used to be, the sport of kings.

Angus Ogilvy, the guide, sitting in the stern, swung the canoe toward the bank, drove his paddle into the sand and Mr. Tutt climbed out and stretched himself. They had come down river thirty miles since morning on their way to St. Croix, the little town on the narrow-gauge Canadian railway that would take him back to Quebec. Spring was just breaking, the ice had gone out, but as yet there were no black flies.

The sun burned hot on his wrinkled cheeks, the shrubbery along the banks was green, and among the leaves he could see trifolium and jack-in-the-pulpit, but, although he trod among spring flowers, snow still lingered in the shadows of the deeper hollows. He took a long breath. He could smell sweet grass and balsam, the fragrance of violets, the scent of wet moss and rotting wood. It was good to be alive and in the woods! How many more years would he have of it? Would there be sunny trout streams threading the Elysian Fields along which he could wander, rod in hand, when his days on earth had ended? Would the air celestial be laden with the odor of arbutus? Could nectar and ambrosia taste half as good as Angus' fried eggs, bacon and coffee? He sighed as he fitted a Silver Doctor to his leader.

"Drop it in the middle by that eddy," directed Rob McLeod, the bowman, skillfully retrieving the stogy tossed him by Mr. Tutt.

The old lawyer, in a disreputable felt hat, khaki jacket, and waders up to his middle, around which was girded a leather belt with a cup or socket to hold the butt of his heavy pole, stepped to the edge of the bank and prepared to cast.

"This is the last pool on that Tilford stretch I was tellin' you about," remarked Angus. "That white birch down by the rapids, where Portage Brook comes in, is the northern boundary of the Wanic Club. They've got the next six miles—best fishin' on the Santapedia. Same five men have had it for twenty years, and they don't pay nothin' to speak of fer it neither."

"I suppose they don't want to sell?" inquired Mr. Tutt.

"I should say not! Them fellers comes here regular every spring. They got a swell clubhouse a couple of miles below here, with two guardians. Y' don't want to cast no flies on their water, I warn ye! They'd have ye in the calaboose before y' c'd spit!"

"I shan't trouble 'em," answered Mr. Tutt, beginning his backward movement. "I'd be content with a mile or two of fishing anywhere on this river, if I could get it at a price within my means."

The leader leveled out behind him, the Silver Doctor hovering for an instant like a dragon fly among the birches; then Mr. Tutt took a couple of steps forward and cast at right angles across the stream. The fly flew through the air, settled lightly in midcurrent, was sucked along and under. Mr. Tutt put the butt in the socket on his belly and gently twitched the rod. Farther and farther the arc of the line was swept down river, until it gradually began to straighten. There was no sound but the gurgle of the eddy beneath the bank, the soft hiss of the breeze among the pines, the splash of a kingfisher, the grunt of the canoe against the gravel. The smoke of the three stogies curled up calmly in the sunshine, the river ran lisping on its way, all was peaceful as a New England Sabbath morning.

Mr. Tutt's pole was now pointing straight with the current, and he was just about to make another cast when the tip was drawn heavily downward and the line began to run off, at first slowly, then faster and faster, until the reel screamed. The old man braced himself and held tight. Whee-e-e! Whee-e-e! Would it never stop? Suddenly far behind them upstream—in quite the wrong direction—a fish broke water, flashed for a second in a silver rainbow and dropped back again. It had looked at least six feet long!

"Jumping Jehoshaphat!" gasped Mr. Tutt. "There's another! A whale!"

Angus Ogilvy shook his head dourly.

"It's the same fish, but it's a good one," he said.

II

THE Santapedia is the main tributary of a certain famous river that flows into a certain famous bay in a certain famous province of Canada which, since the pastime sacred to Saint Isaac is that of sportsmen and of gentlemen, shall be nameless. The license granted to fishermen and authors extends only to an amiable mendacity, and Mr. Tutt is an amiable man. He liked fishing better than anything in the world except the cross-examination of a hostile and lying witness, and he had come to Canada after an exhaustive correspondence with the owner of several miles of water on the upper reaches of the river, with a view to subleasing it for the coming and subsequent seasons. It was, of course, too early to expect any real fishing, for the salmon do not begin running until June, but he had a special permit to fish from the Department of Lands and Mines, and had

brought his rod along with him on the chance that he might pick up a grilse or a springer—that is to say, an early salmon which had adventured upstream ahead of the regular run. It was one of these which had annexed Mr. Tutt's Silver Doctor and was now engaged in tearing the line off his reel at such a rate that in another half minute it would certainly have been stripped.

Now a salmon leaps at the end of his run. It is a sign of exhaustion—a final effort to rid himself of the hook in a blind spasm of anger and defiance. With the leap the strain eased, the line slackened.

"Reel! Reel!" yelled Angus and Rob in chorus.

Mr. Tutt swung his rod upstream and reeled for all he was worth. As he churned away at it like an organ grinder in a frenzy and the line kept piling up and piling up, a sickening suspicion took hold of him that there was nothing on the end of it and that the big fish had got away. Then there came another heavy drag at the line, the handle was whirled out of his fingers and the reel screeched again: "Whee-e-e! Whee-e-e! Whee-e-e!"

Mr. Tutt sat down heavily on the bank, braced his feet against the rocks and lifted with all his might. The salmon, evidently bored by a winter of inactivity, was now shooting downstream in front of them like a submarine torpedo bound for the Gulf of St. Lawrence, the humming line as taut as a telegraph wire attached to a race horse. As well for one old man to try to hold back a descending elevator by means of the cable!

"Whee-e-e-e-e!"

Mr. Tutt dug his heels into the gravel and set his jaw. Already his arms were numb and the perspiration was trickling from his temples. The coil of line was melting away—melting away! Only twenty yards left—fifteen—ten ——

Angus pulled out his paddle, eased the canoe and spat.

"Y'got to foller him! Step in!"

Mr. Tutt stepped in just in time. There was hardly any line left on his reel. Another quarter minute and the salmon—with one brand-new Silver Doctor, one twelve-foot double leader and a hundred yards of the best waterproofed line—would be on its way to the Bay of Chaleur. Angus pushed off. Rob threw his weight against the paddle. The reel stopped its scream and, aided by the current, they towed after the big fish.

"Whew!" muttered Mr. Tutt, who had long since lost his stogy. "I can't hang on much longer! Where do you suppose he expects to stop?"

His question was answered by a flash from the pool below as the salmon shot vertically into the air, wagged its head, turned a somersault and came down with a vicious slap of its tail.

Mr. Tutt's heart rose into his gullet.

"Holy snakes!" he choked.

"He's getting tired!" declared Angus. "He's a fine fish. Forty pounds I'd say"

The line was lying slack and Mr. Tutt could hardly reel it fast enough to avoid overrunning it. Nothing is more important than to distribute the returning line evenly, so that it will flow free again. For the second time the old man had the horrible feeling that he had lost his fish. Then it broke water again—a gleaming silver platter—not fifty feet away and dropped flat with a crash that rocked the canoe.

"Gee! He's an elephant!" cried Rob.

Mr. Tutt reeled furiously again. They must be right on top of him! The line came in slack, then tightened, gradually running out toward the rapids at the outlet of the pool.

"Careful!" cautioned Angus. "If he goes downstream we got to go along with him."

Still reeling, Mr. Tutt floated across the pool, the angle made by the taut line from the end of the rod to the surface of the water becoming less and less obtuse, until at last the line was almost perpendicular. The salmon had stopped moving! What was the matter? The severest strain elicited no response. He had evidently dug himself in and intended to spend the summer there, anchored solidly to the bottom.

"He's got his head behind a rock," said Angus. "He'll stay there forever unless we can budge him somehow."

The water, although clear, was too deep for them to see where the recalcitrant fish was lying, but it was obvious that he had braced his nose against something and was enjoying a well-earned rest. No gaff could reach him, but there was a chance that if they changed the angle of the strain on the line they might be able to dislodge him. The guides therefore backed the canoe away and swung slowly around in a half circle behind the fish while Mr. Tutt exerted all his strength on the rod. Nothing happened. The salmon clearly echoed the well-known sentiment:

Come one, come all! This rock shall fly
From its firm base, as soon as I!

Mr. Tutt handed the rod to Angus, shed his hat and coat and lit a stogy.

"Well, I'll be swandangled," he muttered as he took the rod again. "Wish I could skin off my waders. What the dickens do you suppose is the matter with that fish?"

"Just sulkin'," answered the guide. "Don't slack up on him. We'll go over and try some stones"

They dropped with the current to the head of the rapids and got out on a sand bar. According to all rules the salmon's position ought now to be impossible. He was fooling them somehow, had moved probably! A wise guy, that salmon! Mr. Tutt sat down on a bowlder and, putting all the strain he could on the line, waited while Rob hurled rocks into the pool at the point where the fish was taking his siesta. There were no results. Angus felt in his trousers pocket.

"Got any keys?" he inquired.

Now, Mr. Tutt, wherever he went, carried with him a huge key ring, like that of the jailer in an old-fashioned opera. On said ring hung the latchkey to his house on West Twenty-third Street, New York City, the key to his office on Broadway, and the key to his locker at the Colophon Club, as well as some twenty others—of various weights, sizes, shapes and conditions of rustiness—to forgotten safe-deposit vaults, closets, trunks, valises, cellarets, dog collars, medicine chests, coal bins, humidors and letter boxes. Taken ensemble, this collection of hardware weighed well over half a pound and would certainly have proved as dangerous as a millstone about his neck if the old lawyer had fallen into the water. But although he had not the remotest idea what most of the keys would open—if indeed they would now open anything—he had an affection for his key ring and would have felt lost had he not been able to feel it in his pocket sticking into the inside of his leg.

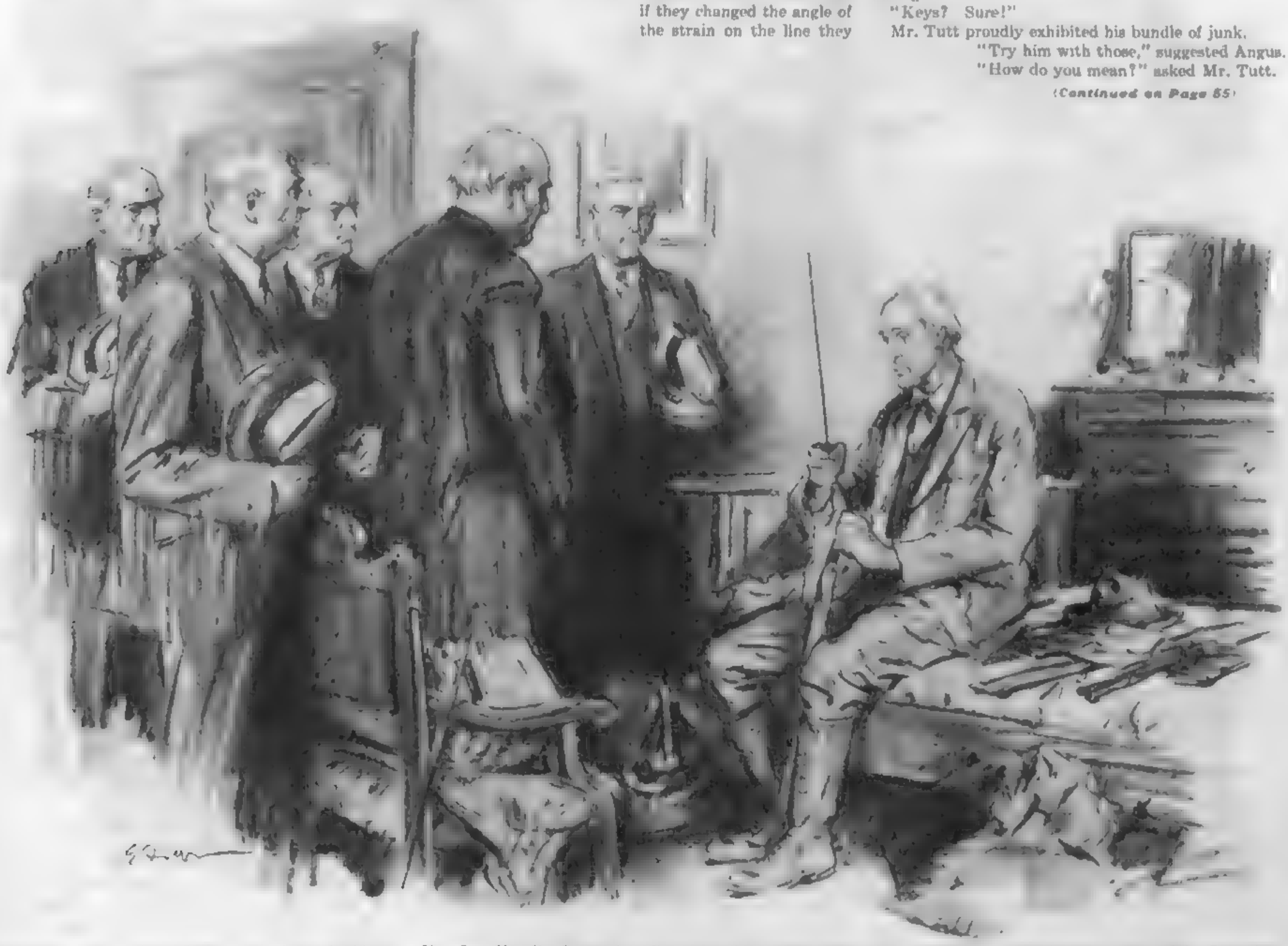
"Keys? Sure!"

Mr. Tutt proudly exhibited his bundle of junk.

"Try him with those," suggested Angus.

"How do you mean?" asked Mr. Tutt.

(Continued on Page 55)



"We are Very Fond of the Place and of Our Clubhouse. You Can Hardly Appreciate What the Loss Would Mean to a Handful of Lonely Old Fellows Like Ourselves"

CATCHWORDS

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

Duke Said Casually, "If I Don't Sell a Man the First Time I Let Him Alone. There's No Use Fishing an Empty Pool." Tim Nodded. "I Know," He Agreed, "But I Can't Work That Way"

THIS was June, and Saturday afternoon, and the grass courts all were crowded. Across the green sweep of turf, white-clad figures moving swiftly to and fro wove a gay pattern; and the sing of taut gut at the impact of the ball and the voices of the players made a pleasant harmony.

But the clay courts at one side of the clubhouse were not so popular. Only a few of them were occupied. Duke Bowden, a thorough stylist and Number Two on the club ranking, was working on one court, near the street, with the professional, seeking to strengthen some weak point in his play. They were very methodical and serious about it.

Between them and the street there was a half court with a high batter board at one end, where a player alone or waiting for his opponent to arrive could warm up if he chose. Nancy Whitten came from the clubhouse toward this court, her racket under her arm, and she began to practice half volleys on her backhand. Duke had not remarked her approach until she drove the first ball against the board. Then he caught her eye and lifted his racket in greeting, before returning to the business in hand. But now and then during the next quarter hour, in the intervals between his rallies with the professional, he looked that way.

The young man could not be blamed for this, for Nancy deserved more than a casual glance. She was in tennis costume, a sleeveless white dress of some soft material that scarce reached her knees, and her short skirt flowed and danced about her as she moved. Duke, watching, thought of that figure of Diana with the leaping hound; he thought of the flying Mercury, of Ganymede. For she was like a boy, with the slender body of an athlete; yet at the same time she wore a symmetry pleasantly and surely feminine. Her sun visor was held in place by a band like a fillet around her brow, and her costume was severely plain, designed to offer the least possible impediment to her play. When she moved, her body melted from one posture to another with a flowing rhythm that could delight the eye.

So, when he could, Duke watched her. He saw her once or twice glance toward the clubhouse, and guessed that she was waiting for someone. Perhaps for Tim Spinney! His lip curled at this understanding. Nancy was not far from being the best woman player in the club, able without the slightest effort to give him thirty on each game. Yet she played with him once or twice a week, with a good-natured tolerance which amused Duke and faintly irritated him.

But if she were waiting for Tim now, he did not appear. He had not arrived when, at three o'clock, the professional had to meet another engagement. He and Duke exchanged a word or two, and then, as the other man departed, Duke strolled across toward Nancy.

She was driving the ball against the batter board with a beautiful accuracy, each stroke of her racket a full circle, the ball returning each time almost at her feet and at her left side. When Duke approached, however, she stopped and swung toward him with a smile. "I'm going to develop a backhand if it kills me," she told him.

"Your backhand's all right for this afternoon," he retorted amiably. "Want to play a set?"

She looked toward the clubhouse. "I'm waiting for Tim," she confessed.

"While you wait," he urged. "If he turns up I'll step out of the picture. He's probably trying to sell somebody a fifty-dollar bond."

There was something malicious in his tone, and she said, in sardonic defense of the absent one, "You wouldn't waste an afternoon that way, would you?"

Duke laughed. "I wouldn't waste an afternoon playing tennis if I were as bad as Tim," he retorted. "You're mighty good-natured to play with him."

She smiled. "You're just as good-natured to play with me. I can't even make you work!"

He offered no disclaimer. "Well, come along, let's knock them around anyway," he insisted, and she somewhat reluctantly agreed.

Nancy was a strong player. Her strokes were delivered with a smooth perfection, and her movements to and fro across the court were so graceful that they seemed effortless. She had begun to play tennis almost as soon as she could lift a racket, and the bat in her hand became so much a part of her that it was like the scarf in the hands of a dancer, which by its movements accentuates the beauty of the dance. She was more than a match for most men, but she lacked the pace to meet Duke on even terms.

When they began she held her own for a while, winning her first serve and her second one. But Duke's returns, though he made no attempt to score placements, came off the ground with such a swift hop that her wrist and forearm began to tingle under the repeated shocks. When he served she was almost helpless, and after she had taken two games on service he ran out the set.

But Tim had not yet appeared, and when they met at the net, Nancy flushed and glowing, Duke said laughingly: "He's forgotten you!"

"I suppose he's been held up," she agreed.

"Shall we go on?" Duke asked.

And in the end they did so. But Duke softened his strokes a little for the sheer pleasure he had in watching her play. The set stood at four-two, and Duke was about to serve, when he saw Tim, still in business clothes, approaching from the clubhouse.

Duke called dryly "Here's your partner, Nan!"

And Nancy swung at that to greet the other man.

She thought, as she did so, what a difference there was between Duke and Tim. Duke was tall, and at once compact and slender, and he wore success like a graceful garment, easily. Victory was his habit, and the certainty of victory dwelt in the man's eyes. Tim, on the other hand, was short and chunky and solid. His knuckles were large and his hair was sandy, and he was as freckled as a boy. He had an expansive grin, and during the summer his nose was always sunburned.

When Nancy turned he grinned at her and shouted protestingly: "Go on, you two! Go on! I'd rather watch you than play myself!"

"We were just waiting for you," Nancy told him apologetically.

But he laughed with the utmost good humor.

"I'm mighty sorry I was late," he said. "I started for home and then I just stopped to have one more try at old Doughty. I've got some bonds he ought to buy. He's told me no twenty times, but I keep thinking he may change his mind."

Duke strolled toward them across the court, and he remarked with laughing condescension, "Tim, that's half the art of selling—to understand when a man means his no."

Tim nodded cheerfully. "That's right," he agreed. "And you can do it, Duke, but I never could. I don't know anything about art. I just keep trying." And he added quickly: "Go on, finish your set."

"You can be getting dressed," Nancy urged. "Be ready by the time we're through."

He shook his head. "You've had enough tennis for one day," he told her cheerfully. "You're as red as a beet!"

She smiled and rubbed at her cheeks, and Duke chuckled derisively.

"Tim, old man," he protested, "why do you always say 'red as a beet'? Why don't you say 'red as a rose,' or 'red as paint,' or something else for a change? You get hold of a phrase and work it to death!"

Tim nodded in entire good humor. "There's nothing original about me," he assented. "Go on, you two. I want to watch you. Maybe I'll learn something."

Nancy somewhat reluctantly turned back to the court and they finished the set, which Duke, with a faint malice, permitted to go to deuce in order that it might be the more protracted. Then they walked toward the clubhouse and Tim did the talking.

"Yes, sir," he declared, "I'd rather watch you two play tennis than see a good ballet." He chuckled. "If Ziegfeld ever heard about you he'd sign you up. They say Lenglen is graceful on the court, Nan, but she can't be any more so than you. You're as graceful as a reed."

Duke laughed. "The same old reed!" he murmured. "That will be a broken reed if you keep using it so much, Tim! Why don't you let Nancy sway like a pendulum, or like a porch swing, or like a tall pine, for a change? I don't believe you ever saw a reed sway, anyway."

Tim chuckled stubbornly. "Well, if it were a well-conducted reed, it would sway like Nan," he retorted. "You can't reform me, Duke. I'm a natural bromide; just plain dumb! You'll have to take me as I come."

They reached the terrace and Duke nodded to one of the waiters. Nancy chose ginger ale, declined other refreshment.

Duke considered, said at last, judicially, "I want something cold. I'll have an orange ice, I think, and a glass of iced tea."

The waiter nodded, turned to Tim, and Tim told him cheerfully, "I'll have the same, I think. Just make it two."

The waiter departed and Duke lighted a cigarette. "'Make it two,'" he echoed. "Tim, I'll bet I've heard you say that ten thousand times!" He grinned jocosely. "If you had a hooked nose you'd make a good parrot." And he asked: "Did you get anywhere with Doughty this afternoon?"

"No," Tim confessed. "I think I just annoyed him."

Duke said casually, "I sold him the first time I saw him. If I don't sell a man the first time I let him alone. There's no use fishing an empty pool."

Tim nodded. "I know," he agreed, "but I can't work that way. I just keep after them till they come my way."

The waiter returned and Duke dipped into his ice. The sun was warm, but they sat in the shade and the wind had shifted, so that a cool breeze curled around the corner of the clubhouse and across the terrace. Duke, after a little, shivered faintly, and he rose.

"Well," he said. "I'll go have a shower." He grinned at Tim. "Now don't say 'make it two,' fellow!" he warned. "You haven't earned a shower." And he caught Nancy's eye. "I'll call for you at seven," he reminded her.

"Yes, Duke," she assented. "Yes, I'll be ready."

So Duke strolled away along the terrace, descending to the locker room beyond. Nancy looked after him thoughtfully, and Tim saw her glance and he said quickly:

"Duke's a fine chap, isn't he?"

"I'm very fond of him," she agreed.

"I've always trailed around after Duke," Tim confessed. "Ever since we were youngsters. We grew up together, you know, and he captured my imagination—if I ever had an imagination—even when I was a boy." He laughed. "Everything he did I tried to imitate. I've fallen out of every apple tree in the neighborhood, trying to climb as high or as quickly as he did. I never could do the things he does, but I've always had a lot of fun out of trying."

Nancy nodded. "He succeeds so easily, so gracefully," she agreed.

Tim looked at her more soberly, and after a moment he chuckled again. "I remember when he discovered you," he told her—"after we got back from college. You were just a kid before we went away, but you'd grown up when we came home." And he said, with an amused honesty: "I probably would have been too blind to notice you if Duke hadn't. I always did trail him pretty closely."

She met his eyes and smiled in affectionate amusement. "You're terrifyingly frank sometimes, Tim," she commented.

He nodded. "Nan, are you going to marry him?" he asked abruptly. And at her quick color, he added: "You just said I'm terrifyingly frank."

She laughed softly. "Are you planning to imitate him if he does?" she parried.

"But are you?" he insisted.

"He hasn't asked me," she said then, and her eyes turned away from him, looking across the sweep of turf where the players moved. "He hasn't asked me, Tim."

Tim considered this for a moment, and at last he grinned. "Well, that's once I got ahead of him," he decided. "Even if it hasn't done me any good so far. I suppose if he had asked you —— He told us a while ago that he always sells his customers at the first try." And he leaned toward her, abruptly very serious.

"I don't, Nan," he said. "The only sales I ever make are made by persisting. The only way I ever accomplish anything is by trying it over and over. I don't do this just to keep pestering you."

She looked at him with a friendly gravity. "Does that mean you're asking me again?" she inquired in a whimsical tone.

"Yes," he confessed. "Yes, I suppose I am."

She sat a moment silent, then slowly rose. "I'm going to run along, Tim," she said gently.

He came to his feet with her. "But you don't mind my asking?" he insisted.

She hesitated. "We missed our tennis this afternoon," she reminded him then. "Would you like to play tomorrow? Say at four?"

"I certainly would," he assured her eagerly.

"If you have no other business on hand," she suggested in friendly irony, and at his quick protest and apology, she laughed and turned away.

Duke called for her at the appointed hour that evening and they drove down the South Shore to an inn on the rocks above the water, from whose wide verandas they could

(Continued on Page 71)

Duke Bailed, and He Made a Stiff Movement. But Before He Could Speak, Nancy Came to Tim's Side

HANGMAN'S TRUCE

By Frederick Irving Anderson

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

AT Thirty-seventh Street, where the Avenue begins gently to fall away from the knobs and peaks of Murray Hill to the mosques and minarets of the garment zone—a climb more arduous, for an ambitious man, than the eye suspects—Deputy Parr of the police, taking his daily quantum of afternoon sunshine on foot, with a scout ahead and a scout behind, paused in his methodical pavement pounding stride and let fall a brawny arm like a tollgate pole across the path of a tall, well-turned-out gentleman of middle years who was coming up the hill. The advancing pedestrian was beguiling himself with some daydream of so pleasant a nature that his rapt smile bespoke the finishing touch to a castle in Spain; he was so oblivious of his surroundings that he only became aware of the obstruction when he ran against it and found it rigid. Then, instead of looking up, with an expression of amused expectation he looked down and examined the arm thoughtfully, as if, for the moment at least, it was the tollgate itself, rather than the person who operated it, that interested him.

At this unusual reaction Parr's companion, Oliver Armiston—who had been entertaining himself recently exploring conundrums of behaviorism, with the aid of a slide rule and textbook—gently detached himself from the scene, turning to a palatial show window in which a nut-brown maid with pasted-on eyelashes demurely poured batter cakes on a hot griddle to provoke a sales effect of hunger through the eyes of the beholder.

Oliver, however, was not hungry. He gave his entire attention to his friend Parr and the intercepted foot passenger, as they stood reflected in the mirror-like surface of the window. The intercepted gentleman was of the sleek, fit type we denominate as successful business man. The term implies something more than a mere stroke of good fortune; that could happen to anyone with brains enough not to stand in the way of luck. The term implies that success had worn a path to one's door, that it has come again and returned; and includes that easy air of prosperity that derives from long use. You seldom see this person on foot these days, especially at this hour—mid-afternoon. Men of this breed are too busy downtown, have too many appointments waiting in line, to turn thumbs up or thumbs down, like Roman emperors. Later in the day, when the ticker has caught up with the market, some of the more elderly will come gravely walking up the Avenue, by their doctors' orders. But the prime ones, if they come here at all, will usually be in limousines, talking or listening very intently, or dictating to a stenographer—such is the poverty of time among the princes of success.

This one, on foot, and for the instant wholly engrossed with the obstruction in his path, let his gaze stray up Parr's arm until it was met and held by that of the special deputy commissioner in charge of the detective bureau. Parr's face was illuminated by his versatile smile—versatile in the sense that it could mean anything, depending entirely on the point of view of the individual who, through good or ill luck, was its object.

"Hello, Eddie," said Parr suavely.

There was a minute though distinct hiatus.

"A crook!" Oliver sensed, with a thrill. "It goes to show there is no such thing as a criminal type." He mentally amended this by the qualification: "Or if there is, it pervades all classes."

"Hello, sarge!" said the intercepted gentleman.

That "sarge" redrew the picture slightly, redated it Parr hadn't been a sergeant for at least twenty years. And this title had come to have an entirely different significance.

"Give it Back to Him!" the Girl Commanded. "You Know You Promised Me!"

They were shaking hands. That in itself might mean everything—or nothing. Oliver smiled to himself over it. In Parr's business there seemed to exist a sort of hangman's truce, at which Armiston, in spite of his long association with the deputy and familiarity with his methods, had never ceased to wonder.

"Well, well! It's twelve years, isn't it, Eddie?" exclaimed Parr, with an extra shake for good measure. "I've heard of you now and then," he added blandly, as his cold eye felt the tug of some passing face in the crowd. "They tell me you are rated A 1 in the big books, Eddie!"

Eddie laughed pleasantly and gazed down over the heads of the crowds that swarmed off to infinity to the southward. "Double A 1!" he corrected, his eyes coming back to Parr in a firm, searching look. "And you are the big fellow himself now, eh?"

"Yes, this is my town now, Eddie," admitted the deputy.

"You'll always be the sarge to me," said Eddie.

"It's good to hear you say so," replied Parr. "Oliver!" he cried, and drew his friend and collaborator into the charmed circle. "This is Mr. Armiston, Eddie."

"Oh, indeed!" exclaimed Eddie, conferring an implied distinction in the best drawing-room manner. He thrust out a hand and Oliver found himself ceremoniously gripping it in his best drawing-room manner. "This is Eddie the Clam, Oliver," said the deputy, adding, as his never-ceasing eye trailed through the crowd: "In his day there wasn't a better man with the soup, soap and blanket. Walk along with us a bit, Eddie, if you have a few minutes."

The safe cracker—for such Oliver took him to be, from the elaborate kudos bestowed on him by Mr. Parr—looked first at the sun, then at his wrist watch—a platinum affair of the recent self-winding type. He fell into step with them and they were off downhill. They were two handsome men of the Central Office type, and Oliver, too, was not without his air of distinction; so people turned and looked after them enviously.

Eddie raised a quizzical eyebrow. He turned to Parr.

"You are not taking me downtown, are you, sarge?" he asked.

Parr chuckled.

"I'd like to, at that!" he confessed. "Just to show them a little class in the line-up!"

It may have been a too fervid imagination on Oliver's part, but it seemed to him that Parr's implied tribute caused Eddie to inflate himself a little.

"I don't suppose they would know me from Adam," he said, a lingering satisfaction in his tone. "I had business downtown in the Street this morning," he added. "I crossed the old dead line!" He paused; he and Parr exchanged a swift look. "Believe it or not," he went on, "I got quite a kick out of it. Nobody knew me! It was like Rip van Winkle coming home." A shade of what might have been wistfulness crossed his handsome face. "Are any of the old crowd left, sarge?" he asked.

Parr shook his head.

"Not outside," said he. "The turnover is pretty fast in this business—on both sides of the fence," he added significantly. "Barney, my old doorman, is still with me. You recollect Barney, I guess."

"Barney! That little fellow you used to send out to bring me in? Very well!" He laughed heartily. "I have cause," he confessed. "It's odd, to look back," he went on soberly, "and note how great decisions were influenced by trifles. Stupendous effort usually flops. Like the French mob storming the Bastille to rescue their friends and finding it practically empty. It's the little things that count. Barney cured me. When you took to sending Barney, your janitor, to bring me in, instead of a platoon in a wagon, I began to think that maybe I wasn't such a wonder as I'd been telling myself. I decided it was time to quit."

Oliver was drinking this in—the idea behind the sending of a janitor to bring in a vainglorious crook wasn't such a [illegible], he was thinking.

"Is there any of my old bunch left?" asked Eddie.

The deputy ran through part of his mental gallery.

"Mr. Reel," He Said, "I Have a Message for You Which I am to Deliver at Once. Could I See You for a Moment?"

"It's a young man's game," he said. "Only Chick Galey is left, I think. He's bouncer in a swell night club in Fifty-fourth Street. He is fat and bald, and wears a green sweater and patent-leather shoes!"

"Does he still catch flies out of the air between his thumb and forefinger?" asked Eddie.

"Yes, he still works that gag."

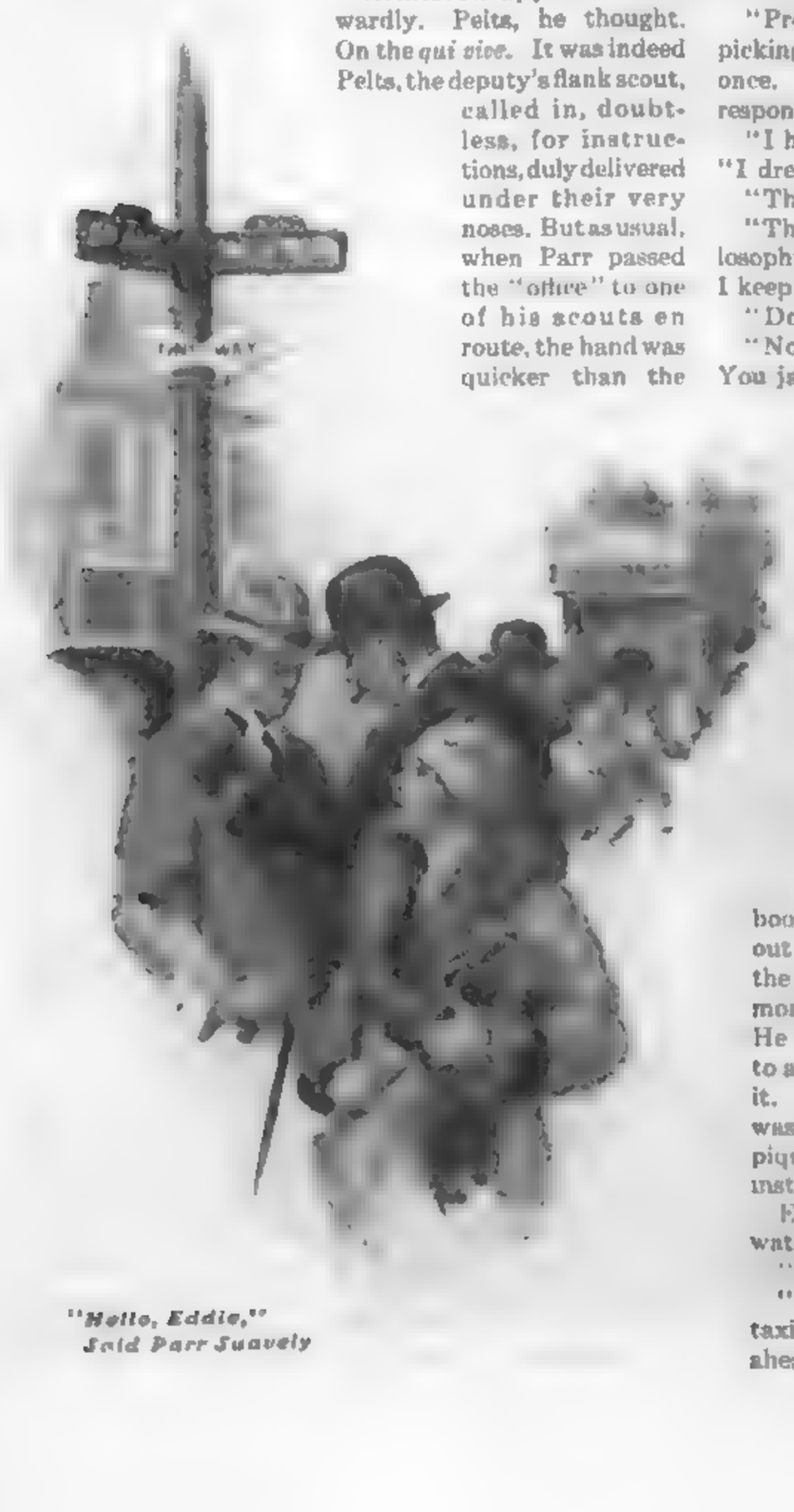
"You mean a fly—an insect flying through the air?" cried Oliver, entranced at the idea of such virtuosity.

"Yes!" cried Eddie. "When he was good he could stand on a handkerchief and you couldn't put a glove on him on a bet. I'll look him up while I'm in town, and hand him a piece of change."

"No," said Parr decidedly. "Let him be. Prosperity might upset him."

They came to a stop at Thirty-fourth Street. Human beings banked up against the curb like a log jam; on the other shore crowds faced them, straining at the lines. They waited. Parr saw everything without seeming to see anything. He passed those myriad faces under scrutiny, as if they composed an endless cinema film which he must inspect for flaws; something corresponding to a Geneva escapement in the back of his head undoubtedly clicked now and then. He tapped the point of his stick absently against the curb. Parr had begun life in a telegraph office as a boy and he never got far from the dots and dashes of that enchanted period. A woebegone little fellow, down at heel and out at elbow, squirmed through to the front rank and looked up hopefully for a cup of coffee or some such manna in this wilderness, but stony looks were all he got on this shore. He turned away with a sailor's tug at his waistband.

Armiston applauded inwardly. Pelts, he thought. On the *qui vive*. It was indeed Pelts, the deputy's flank scout, called in, doubtless, for instructions, duly delivered under their very noses. But as usual, when Parr passed the "office" to one of his scouts en route, the hand was quicker than the eye. Oliver searched the other shore for some sign of the handsome Morel, the scout who always ran ahead; he didn't find him.



"Hello, Eddie," Said Parr Suavely

Red lights blinked to green, traffic whistles bleated, and like a circus of trained fleas, the myriads that moved east and west broke and paused, and north and south united and began to flow again.

"Prosperity doesn't seem to worry you," observed Parr, picking up the thread of talk again. Eddie didn't reply at once. He walked on for several paces. When Eddie responded, it was in a masked tone.

"I had a horrible dream the other night," he admitted. "I dreamed I had come back!"

"That would be your hard luck, Eddie," said Parr.

"This is my first trip to town." Eddie was still philosophizing on his mental state. He added: "And my last! I keep dragging the crowd for bulls."

"Do you see any?"

"No. But I think I do. That's part of the disease. You jarred me back there, sarge, when you put out your arm. I got the old chill of the catch! I felt the ice water trickling down my spine." Nothing in his tone or manner suggested the weight of his words. He returned the salutation of a prosperous business man flashing by in a limousine.

"I sell that fellow carbon black," Eddie explained. "I bought some low-grade oil wells to sell stock. But it is better business to burn the stuff and to sell the soot." He and Parr had a little smile over this. He ran over his other activities. He reclaimed rubber for ten-cent-store novelties; he worked up veneers for storage-battery separators; he manufactured maple platens for paper cutters—in this unsuspected side line one could use up a sizable forest of hard maple every day. He made door hangers; he had a grubstake in a rare formula for bookbinder's glue; he made rake stales and tool handles out of sawmill edgings; in short, he hovered around the outskirts of the great industries, investing time and money in accessories, all indispensable and unheard-of. He was pleased to recount the sources of his prosperity to an old friend, as if inviting him to share the secret of it. It was difficult, while he talked, to believe that this was a retired crook who had given up the racket in a pique because Parr had sent his janitor to bring him in, instead of going himself with a platoon and a wagon.

Eddie consulted his platinum self-winding wrist watch.

"I'm breaking away," he said, pausing.

"So am I," nodded Parr, and held out his hand. A taxi pulled up, tendering itself, and Parr pushed Oliver ahead of him and got in. It was like a magician turning up his sleeves—he was concealing nothing, so he seemed to imply delicately. Eddie watched them off with a good-by, which he repeated again and again. Not until their taxi was lost in the mêlée did he turn away. He methodically dragged the crowd from force of reborn habit, shivering slightly to find himself the slave of those long-forgotten reflexes, and in thoughtful mood he traced his steps up the hill.

"I thought you said there was no such animal," said Oliver, turning to Parr.

"As what?" demanded the grim deputy.

"A reformed crook. There's one now!"

"Where?" cried Parr, turning swiftly, as if missing something. He went on without a trace of cynicism: "Oliver, there is such a thing as a mad dog, I suppose. I've never happened to see one. Have you?"

"You mean you've never seen a reformed crook?"

"Yes"—Parr made an ugly grimace—"there are such animals, but I never happened to see one. I've handled crooks in carload lots. I've never seen a real crook that would go straight if he had a good chance to go crooked."

"You are not averse to giving them the chance, are you?"

"Why should I be?" asked Parr complacently.

"That comes dangerously close to *agent provocateur*, doesn't it?"

"I'm not afraid of the word," retorted Parr. "If it is a real crook —— "

"Ah, you begin to qualify!" There was something of the schoolmaster in Armiston, for all his ideality. "Who is to decide—you?"

"There is no difficulty in deciding," said the man hunter. "When a man has been up the river three times, like your friend Eddie, he is pretty nearly incurable. We give them three breaks. Then, on the theory that he has pulled ten jobs for every one we caught him at, we say, 'The next time we get you, Eddie, we will put you away in our home for incurables.' That's what Eddie is up against—the promise of going up for life the next time he side-steps. Do you think it will deter him? Not a bit of it. Ten to one, Eddie thinks we haven't even got a sporting chance'"

"There is no doubt," remarked Oliver distastefully, "that something of the *bouquet de bagne* sticks to you fellows too. Do you ever give a poor devil an even break when he is making an honest effort to go straight? Or do you scheme to meet him accidentally in the street and tip him off to where he can find an old pal, if he happens to have anything on the fire?" Armiston added with some venom: "Chick Galey, for instance."

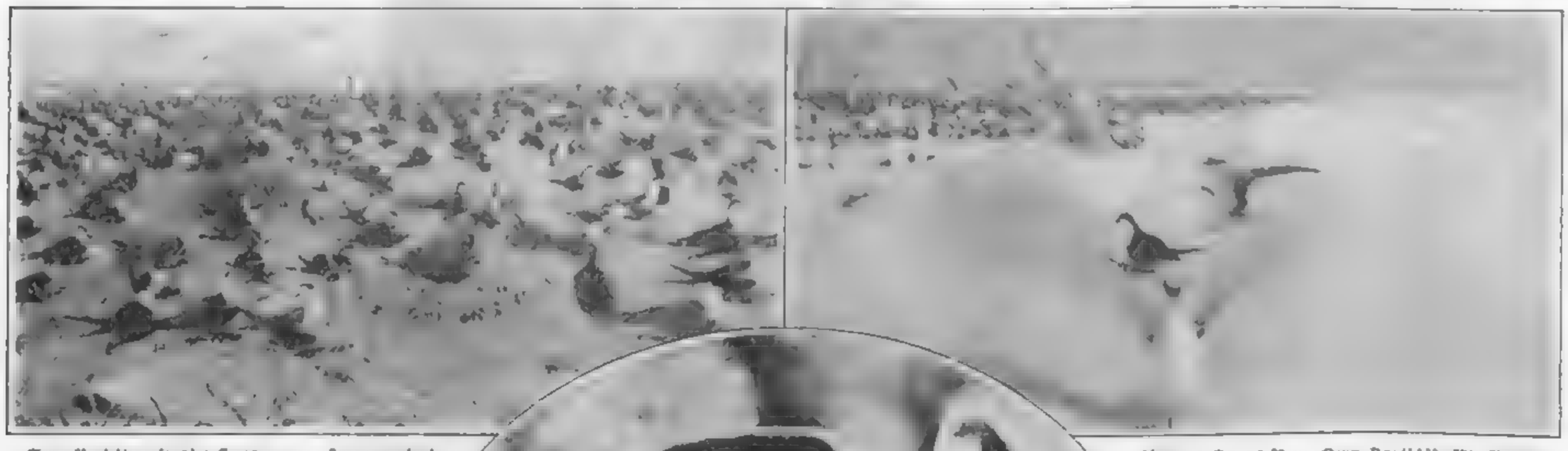
"In ten blocks, this afternoon," replied the deputy, "I counted ten men, first offenders, whom we are nursing along, helping to go straight. Anyone can make a misstep once, maybe twice. But after the third time we're through. I'll make you a bet." Parr looked at his watch. "About now Eddie has begun to test himself for a shadow. Eddie isn't under any delusions of magnanimity from me. He knows I'll check him up. That doesn't worry him. It rather flatters him. Being seen walking down Fifth Avenue with me would have been quite a feather in his cap a few years ago."

"That's part of your game," Oliver was thinking. "What is the bet?" he asked.

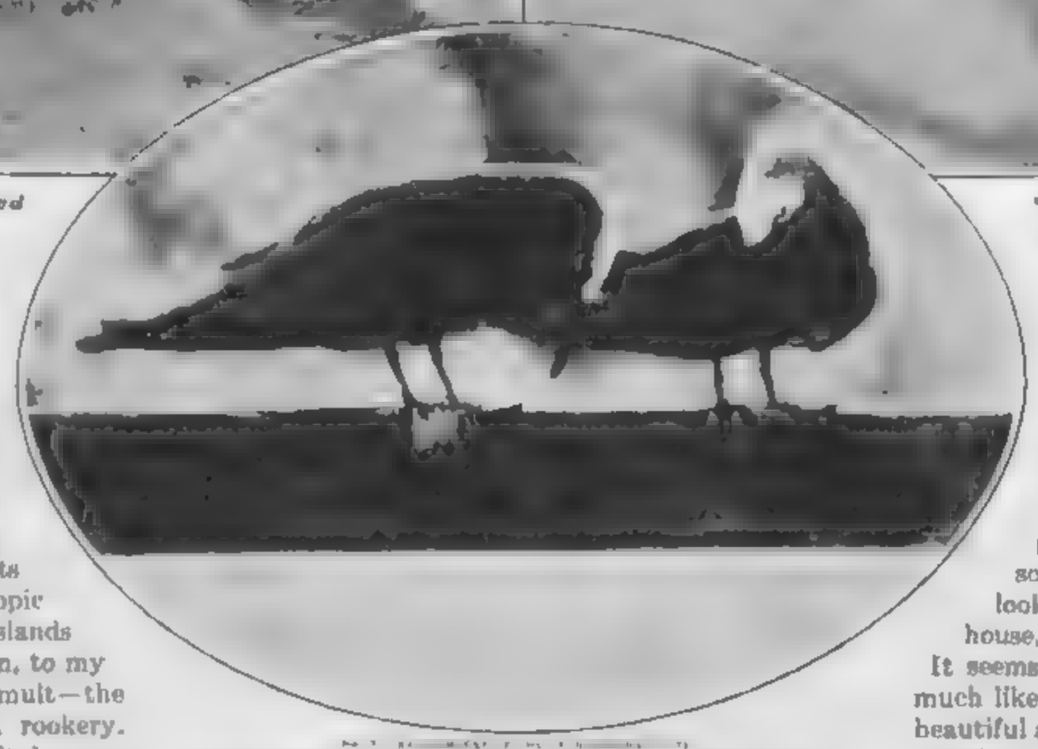
(Continued on Page 68)

BIRD KEY—By George Allan England

How the Tern Family Keeps House Down in the Gulf of Mexico



Two Noddies, in the Center, are Surrounded by a Horde of Sooties



The Large Dark Eye With a White Streak Underneath it Gives the Noddies a Queer, Indignant Expression. This is a Courting Scene

"Come On at Your Own Peril!" His Wings Make a Mere Blur in His Excited Defiance

WHILE we were still miles away, a long dark line rose out of the Gulf. "That's solid birds," said Skipper Willis, of the swift little C. G. 181. "If it wasn't for them, you couldn't see Bird Key from here at all. Seems like all the birds in the world are down there now."

Binoculars revealed a swarming blur of wings that thickened the air above scant vegetation on an island of coral sand, a haze of flights extending far over the ineffable azure of that tropic sea. As our speedster approached the Tortugas Islands and dropped anchor off grim old Fort Jefferson, to my ears drifted a vague, distant and continuous tumult—the communal clamor of America's greatest tern rookery. Sixty-five miles from Key West, there I beheld it, in some ways the most amazing place on earth.

"Sure you can visit it, if you don't do no harm," the warden gave permission. He pointed to a warning sign:

U. S. BIRD RESERVATION

Whoever shall hunt, trap, capture, willfully disturb or kill any bird, or take or destroy the eggs of such birds on any land of the U. S. set apart as refuges, shall be fined not more than $500 or imprisoned not more than six months, or both.

"Sure, but be careful," warned the keeper. Charles Park is his name, and what he doesn't know about terns —— With his wife and kids and an assistant warden, he lives four months a year at the old fort where Doctor Mudd was once imprisoned and watches Bird Key only a mile to southward. No longer can Cuban poachers rob this rookery, which Audubon himself in 1832 first brought to the world's attention. The greatest of all bird lovers then reported that a single crew of Havana eggers would take eight tons of eggs a trip, making weekly trips and selling the eggs for seventy cents a gallon. Later, demands for millinery added a wholesale slaughter of adult birds to the destruction of their eggs.

An Aerial Army in Review

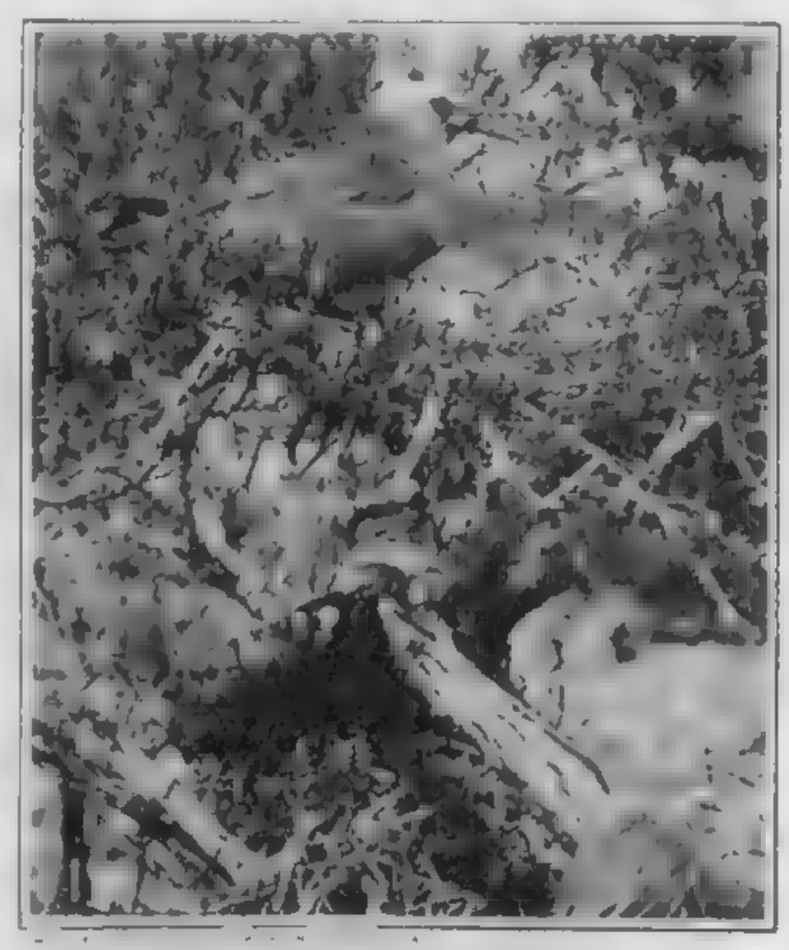
HOW any species could survive such ruthless persecution is a mystery, even though terns, if robbed, will lay again and again. But the two kinds at Bird Key—sooties and noddies—now safely protected by Uncle Samuel, are still doing business at the same old stand. And how! Investigate, and you're surely in for some new sensations.

I let no Gulf weed grow under my feet, but at once asked Warden Park to take me in his motorboat over to the reservation. Dr. Marion S. Lombard, of the Public Health Service at Key West, went along, too, and so did Skipper Willis. As we chugged away, four miles west of us lay Loggerhead Key, with the Carnegie Marine Biological Laboratory, whose scientists have deeply studied at Bird Key. But we forgot all about science when our engine expired and we couldn't resurrect it. We had to paddle with two slim poles, a gas pipe and a broom lashed to a stick. If you've ever tried to propel a heavy motorboat at sea by any such means —— But never mind, we got there just the same.

As you draw near the triangular sand bar, maybe a quarter mile long, containing less than five acres and nowhere more than six feet above sea level, all about you the swift fork-tailed birds gradually thicken. Their flying tumult increases. The haze of wings, covering the island like a blur of mosquitoes, resolves into agile-darting, soaring, wheeling thousands of birds—aerial companies, regiments, armies past all computation or belief. Some you see—maneuvering with long-stroked flight—have white foreheads, gray crowns, dark-brown bodies and nearly black tails; also a peculiar white streak under the large dark eye.

"Them's the noddies," Park shouts through the turmoil. "Them others with the snow-white breast an' the black back is sooties. Mebbe they'll grow seventeen inches long an' nigh three-foot wing spread. Just a trifle bigger'n the noddies. Ten or fifteen times as many sooties as noddies too. Not so very diff'rent to look at, but they sure got diff'rent ways of keepin' house, doin' business an' all."

It seems strange that two such closely allied birds—much like our mackerel gull in the North, only far more beautiful and graceful—could have got along for centuries together so closely and yet so distinctly. Unlike human races, they've never intermingled and their fights are harmless. Almost nothing is known of their lives, diet or travels except at nesting time, which makes Bird Key one of the most important places in the world for studying bird psychology and behavior.



Two Noddies on Nests Among the Few Remaining Bay-Cedars at Bird Key

The Frigate Bird's Farm

YOU find, as you approach the island, that every old spile, stake and buoy is laden with noddies. The sooties, on the other hand, never rest when away from the nesting site. Both species fly through the vacant windows and cover the roof of the old building that, once the warden's house, has now been partly engulfed by the sea that's steadily changing the shape of the sand bar, making it lower and longer. Now and then storms that threaten utterly to destroy it wash gruesome relics from the sand—skeletons of yellow-fever victims who in Civil War days died at Fort Jefferson and were buried here.

But little you're thinking of old times. The present is quite enough, thank you. Confusion grips your senses. The hurly-burly grows truly dazing. Louder, ever more loud, mounts the assailing racket. The clamor swells to a riotous, immense and formidable scream, a frantic babel of protest against invasion by man, arch enemy of nearly all wild life. "Our idea of heaven," it seems to say, "is a place without men!" The uproarious tumult becomes a continuous and deafening hue and cry such as you must hear to understand. Ever the whirling flights thicken. You begin to feel dizzy. All is a chaotic turmoil, high above which, with calm indifference, some scores of man-o'-war hawks soar and wheel.

Wonderful birds, these. Last winter I visited their breeding island, in Siguanea Bay, Isle of Pines, and only wish I had space to tell about it. Here at Bird Key I met them again, on piracy bent. From their vast height these bandits complacently view their farm, their larder. Some naturalists deny that man-o'-war hawks—otherwise frigate birds—eat young terns. If so, why do they gather here in such numbers after tern-hatching time? Sometimes hundreds will congregate at Bird Key. What for? Their reputation looks fishy. Everybody knows how they steal fish from honest

sea fowl. Their whole life is one of buccaneering. Just to see them asoar or perched with watchful waiting on the island makes you feel them guilty. Each time one flies close to the sand a terrific uproar follows. Despite the screaming whirls and the savage attacks of the noddies, I believe that now or then a frigate bird gets away with a young tern. Pirates of the sky!

But never mind. Other matters are more vital. You scramble through warm surf, near a storm-battered sign:

DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
BIOLOGICAL SURVEY, BIRD REFUGE

and find yourself in the only place where these terns are known to nest in the United States. A barren island it is, too, of glaring hot white sand, coral and shells, with only a few stunted coconut palms, gray-green bay cedars, some fleshy weeds and a little Bermuda grass. You plow through windrows of dead eggs, washed up by the tide. Nature has evidently not yet taught these birds to avoid high water or storm waves in making their nests. Thousands of birds leap screaming into the air, but more cling to their home sites. Kerrup! Kerrup! Ker-ker-KER-R-R-R-R—they shriek on a rising note, with wide-open bills.

The Mysterious Tern

THE chorus grows dazing. You can't hear yourself think. Vociferating hordes face you, stand threatening you with wings aflap and chattering beaks. A whooping uproar explodes about you. The terns look scrappy as pugilists. You become a Gulliver in a land of frantically hostile Lilliputians. Just so might a nation of unarmed men screech at an invading behemoth. How human the birds seem! You think of Anatole France's Penguin Island, where they were near-human. Round your ducking head vast swarms hover and chir in vortexes of flight like Doré's pictures of the streaming soul multitudes of Inferno.

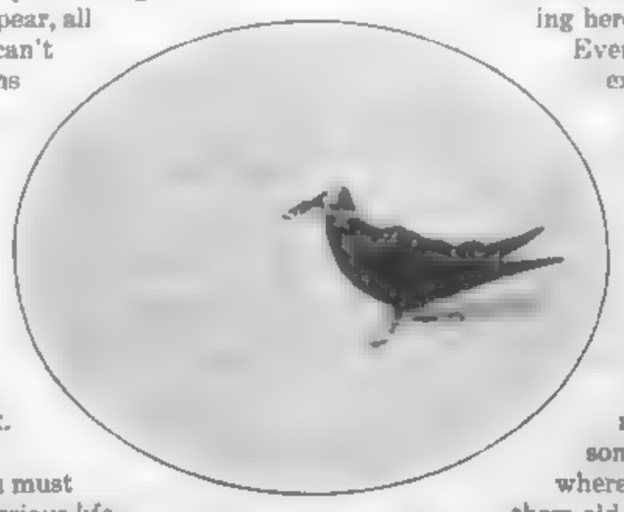
Peck-peck—that for you! Without your cap, those formidable and needle-sharp bills would draw blood. Even through your cap, your scalp tingles. Birds, birds, birds! Good Lord, where in the world, or out of it, did so many birds ever come from?

And crabs too—everywhere, crabs. Ghost crabs—sly, predatory little villains. Indifferent to all the din and hubbub, they sidle innocently among the terns with robbery in their cold, crabbish hearts. The frigate birds are out-and-out banditti, yeggs, gunmen of the avian world. The crabs, though ——

"Sneak thieves!" Doctor Lombard shouts in my ear. You just have to shout on Bird Key. "Seem innocent, but —— Look a' that one now, with a young noddy!"

The ghost crab is scuttling down a sandy slope, away from a grassy hummock, with a little dead chick, one wing of which is partly eaten off. We rob the ghost and summarily execute it. One crab, at least, won't steal any more eggs or young birds. Maybe it's only the dead birds they're after, but I wouldn't put it past them to grab a juicy young live one, left unguarded. These pale malefactors with a most casual air promenade sideways through the rookery, which seems for all the world like an immense city of houses all alike and all set down at random, thousands upon thousands of them. When the crabs find an undefended nest, you can see them contemplatively clawing the egg or eggs—a nest sometimes holds two.

"Shall I try to get away with it?" they seem debating. Their little game may be to find a pipped egg and then devour the contents, or perhaps they're willing to wait for the little stranger to appear, all draggly wet and so weak that it can't resist. You see lots of young terns like that, and some that contentedly live in the pipped shell for hours before emerging. It's odd how little attention the old birds pay to the crabbish cradle robbers. Occasionally you see a parent listlessly pecking a crab, but for the most part these crustaceous Uriah Heeps snoop around unmolested. You even find two quarreling over a chick. One drives the other off.



Mr. Noddy Bringing a Wedding Present to Mrs. Noddy

To know what it's all about, you must understand something of the mysterious life of the tern nation. "Mysterious" is right. Not even the ornithologists know much tern history, away from Bird Key. Where do they go? What do they eat? Are they gregarious or solitary? Riddles! About all you can find out is right on this tiny island of glaring hot white sand. Most of their life story is unknown.

Why do they always come to the Tortugas Islands, and above all why to so unpromising a dot in the ocean as Bird Key, when other well-shaded islands lie close at hand? Lack of shade, caused by recent hurricanes, is said to be killing off at least the noddies. Dr. Paul Bartsch, the eminent biologist of the United States National Museum, says they're decreasing, though you'd never believe it. The lack of shade must also be hard on the sooties. Still, both species refuse to change their home. Perhaps the presence of enormous schools of minnows at Bird Key caused the terns, untold centuries ago, to choose just this site. The arrival and departure of the tern armies may depend on the migration and the spawning season of their favorite fish.

However that be, we know they've been coming here since beyond all memory of man. Every spring some compelling force inexorably drives them northward to this tiny furnace of sand. Usually they arrive about the end of April. "We don't know their route," explains Warden Park, "but only that they gen'ally comes from the south or sou'west. No use tryin' to move 'em to better quarters, birdologists has tried it. They've built rafts an' put nests with eggs aboard 'em and tried to kind of gradually ease some o' the colony over to Sand Key, where they's lots o' shade. But would them old terns go? Nah-sir! They've allus abandoned them rafts an' stayed right here. An' I reck'n they'll keep on stayin' here till the last grain o' sand is washed away."

It's almost miraculous that all these thousands of free wild fowl, wide-scattered over a boundless tropical sea, are each year suddenly and at the same time struck by an imperative urge to revisit just this sandy little Gehenna, where now and then the temperature runs to more than 140 degrees. It's so hot there that I've seen them by thousands brooding their eggs to keep them cool! All sitting with their heads away from the sun, they ward the solar rays from the precious eggs. What's more, they occasionally go to the surf, wet their breast feathers and return to moisten the eggs and thus cool them. Otherwise the eggs would soon be almost hard-boiled. If that isn't putting the reverse English on incubation, what is?

The aerial armies no sooner arrive than they begin nest building and fighting. Fighting, indeed! You can't be on the island five minutes without seeing a dozen pitched battles. Of all quarrelsome creatures, commend me to these birds. The noddies almost always have a chip on their shoulders—or rather a stick in their bills.

Holding a Place in the Sun

STICKS and weeds are their treasures. Fear of having some stolen from their nests makes them savage—that, and carrying round a name like *Anous stolidus*, which means "without mind, and stupid." The sooties' particular grievance is any encroachment on their nesting sites. Sticks mean nothing in the sooties' lives, for they merely dig saucerlike holes in the sand. Their job is to hold a place in the sun. The war that results almost beggars description. Every encroachment is furiously punished. The birds seem to have a human sense of property rights and fight as savagely as civilized nations.

Screaming thousands of sooties battle to protect their homesteads against late comers. Each pair tries to hold

(Continued on Page 85)

Sooties Enjoying Life a Little, After Family Cares Have Diminished
Above—As Soon as the Egg Appears Mrs. Sooty Grows Bold and Defends It. In Circle—A Noddy Alighting on Her Nest, After a Fishing Trip

Terns Shouting "No Trespassing" to an Intruding Crane

ENTIRELY LOGICAL

By Don Marquis

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

"So it is Your Notion That I am in a Rowboat, is it?" I Asked

I WISH to consult you not only as an attorney—said Mr. Carbury Waters to his lawyer—but as a friend of some years' standing. My wife informed me some hours ago that she intends to sue me for divorce. I want you to defend me; and so I shall tell you, without reservation or equivocation, everything that has happened since eight o'clock last evening, daylight-saving time. You shall be the judge as to whether I deserve all the opprobrium and persecution to which I have been subjected.

No, thank you, I will not have a drink; and if you think that I need a drink to brace me up, that shows that you do not appreciate the fact that I am perfectly poised mentally and in full possession of all my faculties. Moreover, I am contemplating giving up all alcoholic beverages permanently. Although I am, as you may readily see, quite all right now, there was a brief period some hours ago when I conjecture that I was partially under the influence of something that is known as Savannah Artillery Punch. I do not know anything about Savannah, or the kind of artillery they have there, or why this artillery should be brought here to New York and trained upon people who do not know anything about Savannah. That is a point upon which I wish to consult you later, as my attorney, for if there is a good deal of that going on, it is a thing that public-spirited citizens must get together and put a stop to.

No, thank you, I will not take off my mackintosh. If I appear to you to be perspiring, it is not because I am too warm. You have a keen legal mind, and you know what is meant by mental agony. If it is true that I am perspiring it is probably because of mental agony. That is my deduction, from what has happened to me, and you must agree that it is an absolutely logical deduction.

More than that, if I took off my mackintosh you would see at once that I am wearing evening clothes. And you might draw some entirely erroneous conclusion from the fact that I have appeared at your office at two o'clock in the afternoon in evening dress. But if you will listen patiently you will understand that it is quite logical that I should now be wearing evening dress. During the last hour I have been gratuitously insulted by a stranger because of my evening clothes. The man stood next to me in a Subway car and repeatedly made a noise in my very face which resembled the noises that are made by these little wooden birds that pop out of clocks. Hundreds and thousands of other persons who were in the Subway train applauded him for this undignified and irrational behavior. I shall leave it to your keen legal mind whether it was not quite logical on my part to ask this man why he did not go back into his clock where the works are. It has been my observation that if they do not go back after they have made that noise twelve times, there must be something the matter with the clock; but I counted very carefully and he far exceeded twelve in the number of his birdlike exclamations. He said to me that no man of any spirit would take words like that without resenting them, and he pushed me, leaving the marks of his soiled fingers on my shirt front. So I got out of the Subway and bought this mackintosh to cover my evening clothes.

I ask you to tell me frankly, as a keen legal mind and almost the only friend I have left in the world, whether the purchase of this mackintosh was not the action of an entirely logical person in full command of all his faculties. I dwell upon this rationality in myself because so many other persons have been acting in such a strange manner that I wish you to understand that it is they who have been illogical, and not myself. I see a fountain pen on your desk. Will you make a note, please? Make a note to the effect that through all my sufferings I have been dignified. Thank you.

I am a ruined man. Not only is my wife going to divorce me but I am ruined financially. I am ruined socially. A very promising career has drawn to a sudden and unfortunate close, just at the hour when the great prize of years of endeavor seemed to be within my grasp. Tomorrow my picture will be in the tabloid newspapers. Please make a note, for I want you to have all the important facts. Make a note of the fact that none of this has been my fault.

It was at nine o'clock this morning—I am precise about the hour, for I remember perfectly looking at my wrist watch—that I began to perceive that people were inclined to treat me a little queerly. I said to Bowers, who has been, as you know, my valet for many years:

"Bowers, do you know how they make Savannah Artillery Punch?"

"Yes, Mr. Waters, I do," he said, "and I will tell you all about it later. But first you had better come out of the boat."

"Out of what boat?" I asked him. And I still think it was an entirely logical question.

"The rowboat you are in," said Bowers.

"So it is your notion that I am in a rowboat, is it?" I asked. I wish to state that this was a merely rhetorical question. From the instant that Bowers had mentioned a boat I had known perfectly well that it was a rowboat that I was in. But I thought I had better test him out. Bowers has always been truthful, and I trust him implicitly. Still, it has been my observation that even the best of servants will get careless and neglectful at times about minor matters. And Bowers can be very opinionated. I decided to check up on him and see how much he really knew about this boat he was talking about so glibly.

"You think I am in a rowboat, do you?"

"Yes, Mr. Waters," he said, "you are in a rowboat."

I determined to lead him on. "Since you are so dogmatic about it," I said, "maybe you will give me your idea as to where this rowboat that you are talking about is located?"

"In the lake," said Bowers.

"Naturally, the lake," I replied. "Necessarily a lake or pond. I know that it cannot be in a river or stream of any sort, or it would be drifting

"Yes, Mr. Waters," He Said, "You are in a Rowboat"

downstream. And this boat you claim I am in is not drifting." I give you this as an example of my mental acumen even then—at nine o'clock this morning, an hour when, I will admit, I had yet not fully emerged from the influence of this subtle concoction brought up here by artillerymen from Savannah; and as a proof of my logicality throughout.

"What lake—what particular lake—do you claim this rowboat is in?" I went on, continuing to apply the acid test to Bowers. You have a keen legal mind and you know all about acid tests and third degrees. "There are lakes and lakes, Bowers."

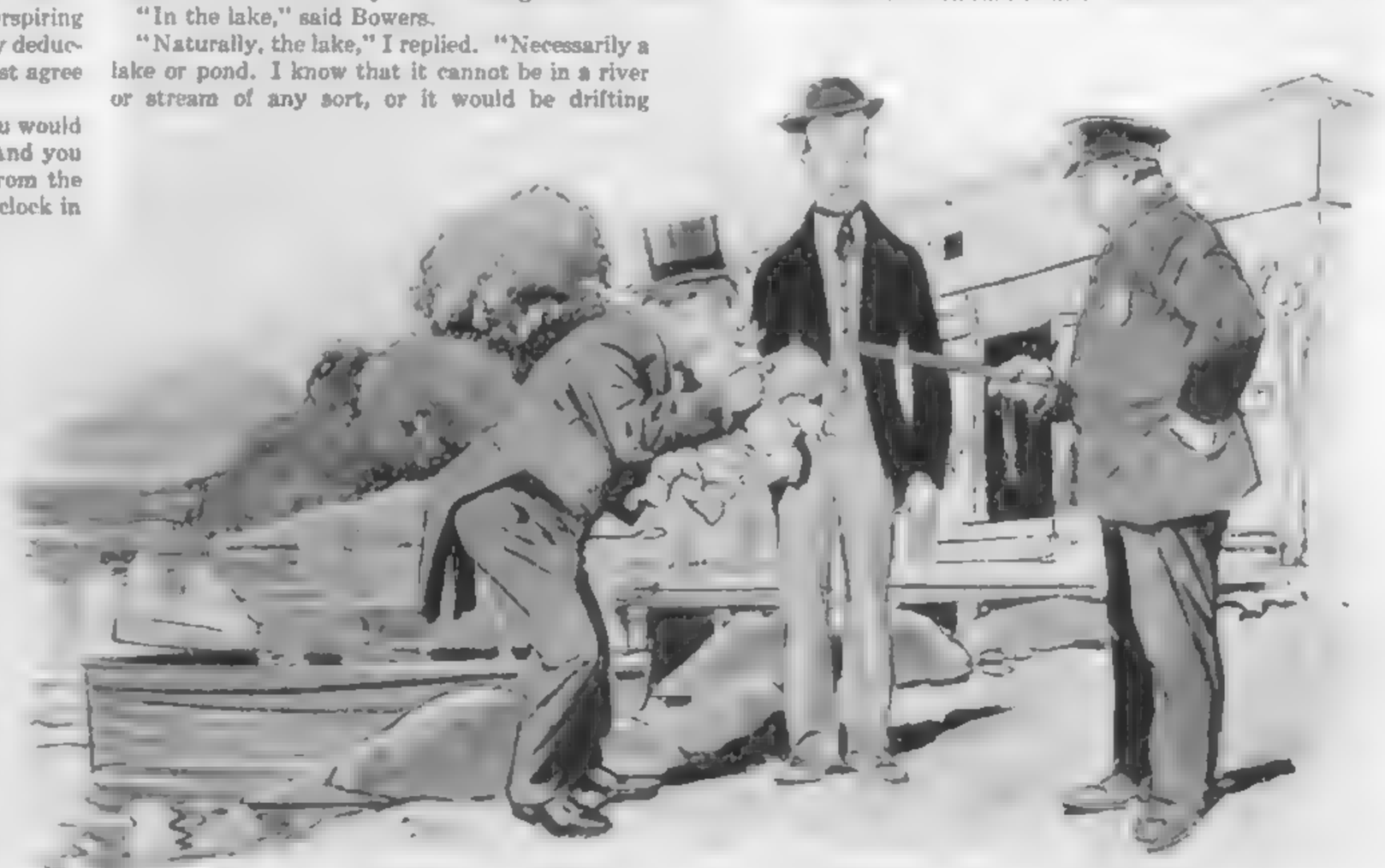
"This lake is in Central Park," said Bowers.

I had no objection to that and I let it pass without contradicting him. Bowers has been with me since long before I was married, as you know yourself, and I humor him about a good many things.

"Very well, Bowers," I said to him, "for the sake of argument we will say this is Central Park. But what then?"

"If you will come out of the boat," he said, "and come home with me, I will tell you what then."

I have a most perfect recollection of every word I have uttered since exactly nine o'clock this morning, and of the motives behind each word I have uttered, and of every word that has been said to me. Please make a note. You



"I Want to Know Why a Man in a Full-Dress Suit is Rowing a Baby About the Lake in Central Park at Nine o'Clock in the Morning"

"I Brought Him to You to Adopt," I Told My Wife

must have all the facts before we can go into court. The fact is that I have at all times a most excellent memory, and since nine o'clock this morning my memory has been almost superhuman. Jot down the fact that my memory is almost superhuman. Thank you.

I remember quite clearly thinking that I had better check up on Bowers a little more thoroughly before I humored him by leaving the boat. I have a keenly logical mind and I wish always to get the motives of other people quite clear before I act. So I said to him:

"I will not leave the boat, Bowers, until you tell me how Savannah Artillery Punch is made."

"Well, Mr. Waters," he said, "you begin by taking a lot of strong, cold tea."

"Tea?" I said. "I thought so! Tea has never agreed with me. Are there cucumbers in it?"

I wanted to see if he really knew. I had a vague feeling that I had come into contact, not so very long before, with cucumbers. I am a tolerant person, with very few prejudices, but I would like to have you jot down here and now that I hate cucumbers.

"You probably had the cucumbers in the salad at dinner," said Bowers. "But don't you think you had better come home with me right away, Mr. Waters? People are beginning to come into the park and they will begin to notice us before long. We don't want a crowd around, wondering about your evening dress, and maybe a policeman."

"What else does it have in it besides tea and cucumbers?" I asked him. For I do not to this moment accept the absurd hypothesis that I would eat cucumbers in a salad.

"Rum," said Bowers. "You put a big lump of ice in the punch bowl and then you pour tea over it. Then you add rum. Then you put in the brandy. . . . Mr. Waters, I see a policeman over on the other side of the pond, talking to the man who is opening up that refreshment stand. I wish you would row the boat ashore and come home with me before they notice you and come over here."

"Are there fruit juices in it, and little bits of fruit like sliced oranges and pineapples floating about?" I asked him.

"Yes, sir," he said. "You put in Apollinaris water and then you stir it and sweeten it to taste. And then you let it get very cold. Just before you are ready to drink it you pour in the champagne. Now, Mr. Waters, won't you come home with me before those people come over to this side of the lake? They have noticed us."

"It is a very mild drink, is it not?" I asked him. Again, the question was merely a test question, in consonance with my determination to see if Bowers really knew what he was gossiping about or was merely being pleasantly conversational. I have always allowed Bowers a great many liberties, and sometimes he will gabble inconsequentially on and can scarcely be checked. Gabble is the only word for it. Please observe my motive in this cross-examination of Bowers.

"I have heard that it is scarcely to be distinguished from a mild fruit cup, sir," said Bowers, "while it is being partaken of. And that leads many persons who are not acquainted with its properties to drink more and more of it, indefinitely. Then, sir, there comes a reckoning - it comes quite suddenly, sir, and gentlemen who have partaken too freely, if I may use the expression, pass out of the picture. I have heard of instances where they did not recover their faculties completely for more than thirty hours, sir. . . . And now, Mr. Waters, won't you take hold of the oars and row up to this rock where I am sitting, and let me help you ashore? Just one little push with the oars, Mr. Waters! More and more people are gathering on the other side of the pond and pointing at you."

"Probably you have formed an opinion as to where I partook of this fiendishly deceitful drink," I said, "and when?" And I added that he should be cautious in his answer, for I was checking up on him. If he had tried to influence me to believe that I had drunk it in Savannah and had rowed to New York in the boat in a species of prolonged coma, I should have lost confidence in him at once.

I Wheeled the Baby Over to the Park

The thing is patently impossible, and I dismissed it from my own mind the very moment it occurred to me, thus affording another proof of the logicality of my mental processes.

"Yes, sir," he said. "You went to dinner with Mr. Jenkins last night—his last bachelor dinner before his wedding to Mrs. Purdy today. The wedding is at high noon, Mr. Waters, and if I am to get you to it we must go home at once and you must have some strong coffee and some rest."

"Of course I went to Mr. Jenkins' dinner," I said, very much relieved to find that Bowers had not tried to lie to me. I can remember very clearly being amused at his absurd idea that I could rest after drinking strong coffee. He should have known that it always makes me sleepless. "Savannah," I added, "was settled by pirates, was it not, Bowers?"

"Yes, Mr. Waters," said Bowers, "undoubtedly it was."

"Well, then," I said, "maybe you will tell me what you are doing wandering about Central Park at this ungodly hour of the morning?"

"I have been looking everywhere for you, Mr. Waters, since you did not come home at six o'clock this morning."

"Why six?" I said. "I don't quite see that. Why pick out six? There are several other hours this morning when I did not come home."

"It was at six, sir, that Mrs. Waters and her mother, having expected you all night, became very much alarmed over your continued absence and sent me out to search. I must say that I had very little expectation of finding you, and I wandered here and there at random, hesitating to inform the police and not really being greatly alarmed myself, sir. But half an hour ago, walking about the park, I was guided to this pond by the sound of your voice. You were singing, sir."

I did not believe any of this for a moment. It was obvious that he was concealing something from me. But I let it pass. And in another moment I caught Bowers in a patent prevarication.

"What was I singing?" I said.

"You were singing the words of a lullaby, Mr. Waters, but I did not recognize the tune. It interested me, sir, even before I recognized that the voice was yours, because it was the first time I had ever heard a lullaby sung so very loudly, as if it were a drinking song."

"Let us see what sort of memory you have—what were the words?" I said.

"The words, Mr. Waters, were 'Hush, my babe! Lie still and slumber.'"

I saw that it was time to discharge the man. Even an old retainer cannot expect to be forgiven for such impertinences. I paddled the boat up to the shore beside the rock on which he was sitting, and stepped out of it, and was about to tell him that, much as it grieved me, I must give him notice, when he suddenly caught at his forehead with his hands and appeared to stagger. I recall perfectly the expression which Bowers used, and his manner. I thought his evident emotion excessive at the time, and I still think so.

"For the love of heaven, Mr. Waters," he said, "a baby! A baby!"

Please make a note. I was not astonished. I perceived a small child asleep in the bottom of the boat, but I did not for one moment lose my equilibrium. Make a note to the effect that I remained calm and retained complete control of all my faculties. Indeed, I endeavored to quiet and soothe Bowers himself. I thought it best to attempt this

(Continued on Page 77)

A Prime Minister of England

A Great Scholar, a Great Man—Herbert Henry Asquith, Earl of Oxford: By Princess Marthe Bibesco

IF IT falls upon me today to meditate, and to make others perhaps reflect, upon the life and the death of Herbert Henry Asquith, who was Prime Minister of England at the hour when the English people of the five parts of the world consented to enter into war and passed from the state of a peaceful empire to that of an empire in storm, I owe it to the chance of a marriage in the family—that of my cousin Antoine Bibesco with Elizabeth Asquith—which made of me, during the last nine years of his existence, first, his relative by connection, then his intellectual ally, and in a way the partisan of this disinherited chief, of this political star, already more than half submerged below the horizon of the great country which he had governed so long.

I made the acquaintance of Mr. Asquith in the month of May, 1919, when he was at the lowest point of his long political career, some weeks after his defeat in the general elections of 1919, which preceded a short time only the meeting of the conference from which emerged the Treaty of Versailles. What I knew of him before this time was what everybody knew which means, very little.

I knew, of course, that he was a great Parliamentary orator, the chief of the Liberal Party, that he had been a minister in governments under Queen Victoria, under Edward VII, under King George, and during eight years and eight months without interruption, Prime Minister. I knew also that he was the master at Downing Street and, according to the British Constitution, the principal agent responsible for the decision of the fourth of August, 1914, when the English cabinet had thrown into the face of the world, the sky and the sea its sober defiance: "The state of war exists between Great Britain and Germany this day from eleven o'clock P.M."

It was well said, but in the opinion of many of the French people it should have been said sooner.

"Wait and See" had been the motto, during the following two years, of the statesman who presided over the destinies of England engaged in a mortal strife, and during these two years his long patience had seen Mons and Charleroi, the army of Sir John French broken in pieces, the flower of the English youth wiped out, his eldest son Raymond killed in action with so many other eldest sons, his second son badly wounded, and the ruins and the burning towns and the wrecks of numbers of gallant ships, even to that which carried Lord Kitchener and his fortune.

A Far-Reaching Catastrophe

THEN, as if destiny was tired of his long patience, I heard of his fall from office at the end of the year 1916. One of his ministers, Mr. Lloyd George, had replaced him at the head of affairs.

I remember, the event had over me, at the time, a curious psychological effect. The fall of the Asquith Cabinet and that of the Minister Briand had followed very closely the defeat of Rumania, and it was very commonly believed that their fall could be attributed to this defeat.

Far away in my small country, in my hospital overcrowded with wounded, in Bukharest, capitulating under the cannons of long range, I was rejoicing to think of a new order of things for Europe.

How many times my poor country had been invaded in the course of centuries, without in the least disturbing in their serenity the distant gods of Downing Street. In blood and tears the European solidarity was to be founded, since, at the announcement of the fall of a capital, small and far away, great ministers also fell in London and in Paris.

These were the ideas which the name of Asquith awakened in me, and I had no reason to reflect further on the fate of this statesman, fortunate or unfortunate, when, two years later, a conversation enlightened me and put me all at once in a position to know him.

In the first days of May I made a short stay in Paris, before going to London to assist at the marriage of our cousin with Elizabeth Asquith.

It was after one of those luncheons of celebrated men, in the tradition of Monsieur de Talleyrand, that I had picked up the first disenchanted rumors of the congress that was just finishing.

This day Italy had abandoned the green table. It was a time of retreats. America retired from Mr. Wilson; France withdrew from Monsieur Clémenceau; confidence and credit had fled.

English—no one could be more so than Herbert Henry Asquith; everything in him—the depth, the form, the tone, the heredity without alloy—belonged to old England. He enchanted by the quality which, in terms of breeding, is called "pure bred."

Tall but square, impressive but jovial, strong-limbed, and subtle in his smile; sometimes I imagined him wearing on his immaculate hair the pointed crown of the Saxon kings and sometimes the black felt of the Roundheads.

The first time that I saw Mr. Asquith was at a luncheon at his house in Cavendish Square, and he caused me two surprises: This orator was a silent man, this leader of empire was a shy one. Sitting beside him at his table, I had the impression at first that he was grateful to me for observing and sharing his silence.

Lord Asquith, Priscilla Bibesco and Mr. Lloyd George

At the other end of the long table, Margot Asquith, justly celebrated for her wit and her engaging conversation, sufficed to animate the debate. She shone, she dazzled, she attacked daringly every burning subject.

"How invaluable such a wife must be to the repose of such a man," I thought, on looking at them both.

This luncheon, accepted by us on coming out of Victoria Station, was to be without ceremony. But a private party at the Asquiths' was not what a stranger might suppose it would be.

The king of Portugal, the ambassador of Spain, with the ambassadress and a number of people, Liberal members, an ex-minister, private secretaries, men of the Foreign Office, were guests at this luncheon which had been announced to us as being quite intimate.

A Timid Man

ALL the same, the interests of the company differed greatly from those of a similar gathering on the other side of the Channel. Of the peace there was no question; just as there was no curiosity about it in the public papers.

England is a family absorbed in its domestic affairs and a bill on the beer and the marriage Bibesco-Asquith filled the pages of the newspapers which I bought in Dover.

As soon as one touches the soil of England the Continent recedes. I knew this peculiarity, and also I had been informed that Mr. Asquith considered any man or woman who permitted himself or herself to speak of politics at his table as being altogether devoid both of heart and imagination.

Our conversation began in this way: On his side, by a little sniffle, a sort of drawing in of a deep breath, which was the prelude to the conversation of a timid man: "Do you know Spain?"

A strange look, at the same time direct and furtive, accompanied the question. Because I knew this country, he no longer feared to give me his impressions; he simply awakened mine.

He constructed the towns without effort, in a low voice, by short, balanced phrases. I knew that he had left London a few days after his defeat in the elections of East Fife, and I admired him that he had chosen as diversion from his worries the journey to Spain, dear to romantics, and that he should have been impassioned to the point of being able to make, on his return, this marvelous description, this fleeting *chef-d'œuvre*, designed for the amusement of a stranger in his house. On rising from the table I was dazzled as by the sun.

It rained when we came out of St. Margaret's after the celebration of the wedding. The first carriage which stood before the porch, after that of the bride and bridegroom, and that of Queen Alexandra had gone, was his. He took me by the arm and made me get in quickly to escape the rain and the crowd.

Mrs. Asquith and two of the bridesmaids—young bacchantes, wearing on their heads bunches of grapes and dressed in gauze—joined us quickly and the carriage moved on. Then, from the crowd massed before St. Margaret's, a great cheer arose. The man of the street saluted the old chief on this day of paternal emotion. Not

once during the long drive to Cavendish Square did I dare to lift my eyes to him.

My father also—whom I had lost—had wept on the day of my marriage, and the remembrance of those manly, stealthily shed tears, coming from a strong-minded man, was perhaps the beginning of the warm feeling which attached me ever afterward to Mr. Asquith; his great sorrows had not made him insensible.

I was invited to spend at The Wharf—the country house of the Asquiths, just out of Oxford—the first Sunday which followed the marriage of their daughter Elizabeth The Wharf is not a castle; it is not even an ordinary country house. The Wharf is a village which belongs to the Asquith family.

It is composed of several cottages, the house of the father being an ancient mill; that of Mrs. Asquith was in other times that of the ferryman; the old presbytery serves as a lodging for the eldest daughter, her husband and children. The one-time public house of the village is now the house of the son, Anthony Asquith, and his friends. It is here that they meet for meals, for bridge, for conversation and the games of society.

The Thames—the illustrious river—at this point still narrow and twisting, unites in its windings this little hamlet of comedy. I have always thought that the English countryside had something of a dream, but nowhere more vividly than at The Wharf have I felt myself the plaything of this dream.

I enter the mill one Sunday before midday, as one enters a mill -freely as the pigeons which feed on the grass under the cedar tree—and I find the miller reading in his armchair.

Ghosts at Oxford

HE IS reading Horace in a little old edition brought from Spain. I see over his shoulder this line of the Latin poet, marked by a nail: "*Delirant reges plectuntur Achivi.*" It is the quotation that I found later on, one day, in his book The Genesis of the War, in the chapter dedicated to the Kaiser William II.

While he arranges his spectacles I inspect the cupboards, full of good flour, the shelves, full of honey, which cover the sides of his study. I find the Greek and Latin authors, the classics in all their forms, the old French and English writers, and also the modern. All grinding seems good to this mill.

One reads here something of everything -novels, books of travel, and even police tales. The host confessed his appetite for reading, ever renewed, which has never declined since his young days. It is always the same appetite that he comes to satisfy at the mill, every Sunday holiday.

He tells me that he has reread every year Scott and Dickens. I see on his table the Troades, commonly called the Trojan Women, of Euripides, translated by the great English scholar, Professor Murray.

Gilbert Murray is his friend, his neighbor. "I will make you acquainted," he said to me, "if you will come with me this afternoon to Oxford." It was in this way that I learned the good news. Friends of the family had told me that Mr. Asquith went to Oxford nearly every Sunday, but that he took with him only those whom he believed worthy.

To visit Oxford for the first time with Mr. Asquith was a little as if I had visited Combourg with Châteaubriand, or Weimar with Goethe. His memory dated from there; he had blossomed in these fields; he had received there the angelic salutation of the glory softer than glory itself; he had tasted the first transports of speech and the scholastic triumph without precedent which marked the dawn of his great renown. Athenian of the English *portique*, there was harmony between his town monitress and himself.

After having made about twelve kilometers in a country of pastures, golden with buttercups and backed by low, wooded slopes; and after having saluted the fugitive apparition of the Thames, twenty times lost and twenty times seen again at a turn of the landscape, we arrived at Oxford toward the end of a beautiful day in May. Professor Murray, the pretext of our excursion, was not to be found.

It was to Balliol, his college, that Mr. Asquith first conducted me. We made a little pause at the Fountain of Martyrs, a little oration in the chapel, where my companion confided to me the name of the foundress—the Lady Dervorguila, who founded it in 1262—that my piety might know to whom we were indebted; and we penetrated into this world, separated from the world; into this school for seraphim which is a college of Oxford. We wandered a long time in the green courts and in those somber halls where the setting sun drew from the ancient libraries the sighs and cracks of the old woodwork. We loitered on the stone stairs and in the interior courts where grows the English ivy—that ivy which has not its equal in Europe because no invader has disturbed its growth for nine hundred years.

Lord Oxford and His Grandchild, Priscilla Bibesco

A phantom followed us in our dreamy investigation. It was that of a youth of Morley, in the county of Yorkshire, second son of Joseph Dixon Asquith, who had prepared here for his vocation of lawyer and had awakened the echoes of these somber halls fifty years ago. We wandered thus, always speaking of him—for he continued to follow us—until we reached the great dining hall. Silent servants placed the dinner service on the long oak tables—the same old service of silver, the silent servants as of old. Mr. Asquith showed me, with a sign, the place which the young man of Morley had occupied in that time long past.

In front of us on the black wainscoting, above the table of the dons, higher by a degree than those of the students, I saw a series of portraits, the celebrities of the college. In frilled ruff, a minister of Elizabeth, one of Charles II in a wig, the Cardinal Manning all in red, Robert Browning, Swinburne; in fact all those who, formed in the mold of wisdom of Balliol, came thence for the advantage, the prosperity and the good renown of England. Among these famous men was one face with tight-shut lips which I began to like.

"Do you know that old gentleman over there?" my companion asked, sniffling a little and lifting slightly his broad shoulders. From the place at table which is that of the young phantom, one can see the portrait of Herbert Henry Asquith amid the other illustrious men of Balliol.

Lord and Lady Oxford With Priscilla at The Wharf

In His Father's Footsteps

WHEN we left the old college another young shadow that I had not yet remarked joined us in the great courtyard, at the place where, under the arch of the postern, is a long table of names carved on the stone. With one finger which, in the twilight, seemed to me uncertain, Mr. Asquith followed the long alphabetical column; at the head of Fellows Killed in the Great War, at the letter *A* came the name of Asquith—Raymond—the son of his youth. All his sons, like himself, had gone firsts from Oxford and had been for him the living proof that he was that which, in his proud modesty, he believed himself to be, *sir Britannicus*—this and no more; not the man of genius, the monster, the exception, but simply an Englishman, the best Englishman possible, a product which the race keeps always in reserve for the days of adversity.

His first-born, Raymond, had equaled him in his university triumphs. At twenty-five years of age he had carried off from Balliol the same victories. Then he was dead, face to the enemy, in that war for which he, Herbert Henry Asquith, had assumed the responsibility before God and before the British people.

And toward the end of the year 1916—with everything going from bad to worse for the Allies, as it was bound to do, because they could not wait until the innocent were armed like the guilty; because it took time for right to become force—when the press and the opposition accused him of taking the war

(Continued on Page 49

The Wharf—Property of the Asquiths, on the Bank of the Thames

THE DUKE STEPS OUT

"If You Wear a Pair of Eyeglasses and Carry a Stick and Gloves and Use That Manner of Yours ——"

By LUCIAN CARY

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

XIX

NORAH brought six members of her company with her to the Duke's supper after the theater, and they spontaneously took over the task of entertaining the Duke's guests. The comedian had with him the paraphernalia by which he constituted himself a dance band of three pieces. He blew a jazz whistle, played a banjo and manipulated a drum and traps by means of foot levers all at the same time. When he got tired two other actors combined with Tommy Wells and a fraternity brother of Boss Walker's who could play the piano to form an orchestra consisting of the piano, the jazz whistle, the drum and a saxophone.

By midnight the party was producing more light and laughter than Professor Kingsbury's house had ever known before. By one o'clock the party had become so completely self-starting that the Duke was able to pause in his duties as host and dance with Susie Corbin.

The Duke felt when he put his arm around her and she parked her head on his shoulder that she was in a friendly mood. He had a delicious sense of intimacy with her as they danced in the living room while the amateur band boomed and blared, creating a wall of sound between them and the other dancers. The noise gave them privacy. Their heads were so close together that they could hear each other, but nobody could overhear what they said.

"Is the thesis done?" the Duke asked tenderly.

"Not quite. It will take another four or five days. But I'd promised myself I was coming to this party anyway."

"You promised me," the Duke reminded her.

"I think," she said deliberately, "that it's the best party I ever saw at Minnewaska."

"That's nice of you," the Duke said. "I was a little worried about it beforehand. It's the first party I ever gave in my life."

"Of course it's awfully superior—like everything you do."

"How superior?"

"Champagne is pretty swanky nowadays—real champagne. And it's superior, or swanky, or something, to have Norah McCune."

"Only there's nothing superior about Norah."

"She's a perfect whiz," Susie Corbin said. "So many warm-hearted people are dull. But she's got a nice malicious sense of humor that gets you—at least, it gets you when somebody else is the victim. I loved her pulling you out onto the stage with her and singing that encore to you. She did it with so much dash and you were so reluctant."

"I felt like a fool."

"You didn't look like a fool. You looked like an awfully nice Yale boy who was sure it was frightfully bad form to be out there in front of so many people and yet was sort of liking it in spite of himself."

The amateur band stopped to rest. The Duke had to drop his arm from its happy position around Susie Corbin's waist.

"I suppose I did sort of like it," he admitted.

"Of course you did. You aren't so much of a prig as I thought you were at first."

"Does that mean I get another dance?"

"No," she said, "I promised Tommy Wells the next dance. But it means I really want you to come to my party at Smitty's."

"Are you really going to go through with that party?" the Duke asked.

"Of course I am. Boss Walker says it's probably the only place in the United States where you can get perfectly pie-eyed for two dollars, and we're all going to try it." For a fraction of a second he looked at her clear candid face and saw it as it would be if she drank eight drinks of raw moonshine brandy. And he knew that she was never going to look like that if he could help it.

The amateur band had recovered its breath. Tommy Wells was bearing down on them to claim his dance.

"I hope you won't try it," the Duke said. "But I want very much to come to your party."

"Do," she said, and smiled at him over Tommy Wells' shoulder as he danced away with her.

The Duke's guests began to go home at half-past two. Norah sent her troupe back to the hotel in the Duke's car with Barney.

When Boss Walker opened the last bottle of champagne the party had dwindled to six. They had all got on their coats except Norah and Pauline, when somebody put on a dance record on the phonograph. The Duke danced with Norah.

As they all gathered round the table where the champagne glasses stood, Norah put her arms around the Duke's neck and looked up at him and said, "Darling, I'm tired. I want to go to bed. I want to go to bed right here."

"Pauline," the Duke said, "would you put Norah to bed? You know where the rooms are."

"Surely," Pauline said.

The Duke was aware of a sudden and painful pause in the conversation. Professor Gardiner covered it by calling attention to the champagne. They made it last until Pauline came back downstairs. Then Susie Corbin and Helen Scott and Tommy Wells and Boss Walker said good night a little hurriedly.

"Now you have done it!" Pauline burst out when the front door had closed behind them.

She turned to her husband. "You and I will have to stay the night, Jack."

He grinned. "Yes, we will. And I'm tired and I want to go to bed. I want to go to bed right now."

"Run along then. Take the bedroom we used tonight for a men's dressing room. I've got to talk to Jimmy for a few minutes."

"Oh," Pauline said when Professor Gardiner had gone up, "why didn't you tell her she couldn't stay? Why didn't you throw her out?"

"You mean that letting Norah stay here is too unconventional?" the Duke asked.

"It's absolutely and completely impossible," Pauline said. "Haven't you any sense?"

"My dear Pauline," the Duke said, with a kind of insulting politeness, "Norah McCune's an old, old friend the oldest friend I've got. We were kids together. And I'd as soon think of throwing my own mother out as of throwing her out. And if it's true that people who go in for promiscuous petting and getting drunk are going to be shocked at my putting Norah up for the night, I've had enough of them. I don't care what they think—or do or say."

"Have you had enough of Susie Corbin?" Pauline asked.

"No," the Duke said. "If she doesn't understand I'd take some trouble to explain to her. But I'm sure her feelings weren't outraged."

Pauline raised her eyebrows. "Did you notice her face when you asked me if I'd put Norah to bed?"

"I can't say that I did."

"You should have," Pauline said. "If anybody ever looked startled and shocked and contemptuous, she did."

"Pauline," the Duke said, "are you being honest or are you just trying to make your argument good?"

"Oh," Pauline exploded, "I don't have to make my argument good. Do you think I don't know what Grandison is like? Do you think I don't understand college students and their code?"

"Look here," the Duke said, "Susie Corbin is planning to give a party at a low dive called Smitty's—some sort of lunch room and dance hall where you can buy a drink of bad brandy for a quarter. Do you mean to tell me that she can plan a party like that in one breath and object to Norah's staying all night in my house in the next breath?"

"I do," Pauline replied.

"I don't believe she's such an idiot."

Pauline smiled her most superior smile. "It's you who are the idiot. Anybody who tries to argue conventions logically is an idiot. Conventions just are. And at Minnewaska convention does not wink at what you have done."

The Duke paced up and down the living room with his fists clenched in the pockets of his dinner coat. At best he had committed a faux pas, and like most people, he felt worse than if he had committed a crime. He paused suddenly, struck with a new side of the situation.

"Pauline, it isn't possible—it isn't possible that anybody would regard Norah's staying here as unconventional when you and your husband are staying also. Your being here makes it absolutely above reproach."

"It would ordinarily, of course. The trouble is that when Norah told you that she was tired and wanted to stay, and you asked me to show her the way up to her room, it was altogether too obvious that neither of you had the slightest idea that you were doing an unconventional thing. You didn't know that Jack and I would insist on staying. It didn't occur to either of you that it was necessary."

"That's true. I didn't think of it. And I'm sure she didn't either."

Pauline smiled triumphantly. "What have I been telling you?" she cried. "The most shocking unconventionality is an ignorant one."

"There seems to be one worse than that," the Duke said grimly. "You have convinced me that the only unforgivable unconventionality is an innocent one."

"That's a good line," Pauline said in her snootiest tone.

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean that it's clear enough that you and your Norah were ignorant, but not so clear that you were innocent. . . . Oh, you needn't look so astonished. I saw when you tossed that tremendous bunch of roses at her feet in the theater, and she did that silly trick of pulling you out of the box to the stage and singing that provocative little song of hers to you, that she was crazy about you. She was so bursting with pride in you that she had to show you off. I said something about it to you and you tried to throw me off by asking me if I didn't know an actress when I saw one. I thought to myself, 'Yes, of course she's an actress—only why go through with that particular piece of acting?' When she put her arms around your neck half an hour ago and called you darling and said she was tired and wanted to go to bed right here, I knew I had guessed right the first time. For if ever a woman went through a performance that said 'I own this man,' she did."

"Pauline," the Duke said, "that's enough. I'm going to bed before I'm driven to saying something I shall regret."

"Perhaps the most disillusioning part about the whole thing is that you didn't consider for a moment what you might be doing to the rest of us."

"In what way?"

"Suppose the story gets out—it's the kind of story that will travel if it ever starts—and the faculty discipline committee hears it. They'll have us all up to tell what we know, and they'll find out that the party didn't begin till after the theater and they'll know it lasted long past any permitted hour, and then somebody'll admit that champagne was served and you'll have to admit that you didn't register the party in advance or have any sort of permission for it. Every student who was here will be fired. Professor Widdecomb and my husband will merely be asked to resign from the faculty."

"I shan't permit that to happen," the Duke said.

"Just how are you going to prevent it?"

"I'll go before the discipline committee and take the responsibility for the party. If they want to fire me they may."

"But you can't take the responsibility. It's against the rules for coeds to attend unregistered parties and it's against the rules for them to drink champagne. If the girls who were here tonight are convicted of being here they'll be sent home no matter what you do. And as for Jack ——"

(Continued on Page 30)

Norah Put Her Arms Around the Duke's Neck and Looked Up at Him and Said, "Darling, I'm Tired"

PLAIN PEOPLE

By E. W. HOWE

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT JOHNSON

I am Certain That Within a Few Weeks Hundreds of Citizens Were Enjoying Our Jokes on the Other Papers

XI

AGAIN at Omaha and Council Bluffs, after discharging the duty of visiting my family, I soon found myself longing to visit old friends in Bethany, and took the road again, gradually working that way. After reaching St. Joe, the foreman of the Herald said he had received a letter from W. S. Stretch, an editor at Falls City, Nebraska, asking for a printer. As work was slack, I put the letter in my pocket and began looking up the town. The printer was wanted, I recall, because one of the men was working on the United States census, which must have been that made in 1870, so I was in my eighteenth year when I landed in Falls City, after a journey by stage, for the town had no railroad.

I had been receiving considerable pay for my work, and the offer of twelve dollars a week at Falls City was so low I made preparations to leave. The owner finally raised his offer to fifteen and then to eighteen, as he was in desperate strait. I closed with him temporarily, and he thought so well of me that he later paid me twenty—very unusual wages in the country at the time. Twenty dollars a week would be regarded as oppression now.

For a considerable time Stretch and I did all the work on the home-print weekly. I appeared for work on Monday morning and Stretch had two cases of long primer thrown in. As he thought himself a fast man, he intended taking the conceit out of me the first day. I never reached first rank among what printers called the swifts, but I could always beat any ordinary man I ever knew, and easily beat Stretch, which he afterward laughingly confessed made him so mad he thought of discharging me. A good many said I could best Sid Bennett, but I knew better. I think one of the sincerest regrets in my brother Jim's life was that he could never set type as fast as I could. He tried it for years, but I would always run away from him.

At St. Joe, Omaha and on the road, my acquaintances were mainly printers. At Falls City I soon came to know not only everybody in town but most of the farmers. One of these had been a shipowner and captain; all sorts of people were coming into my life. I think it was at Falls City I first began observing farmers as a class, and I have never known any like those in American fiction or cartoons. A farmer in the Falls City neighborhood had been a stage owner in the West and was really a remarkable man. A man named Lincoln was said to be a relative of the martyred president; certainly he looked like him, and was a fine man. J. Sterling Morton lived at Nebraska City, later became Secretary of Agriculture and had a remarkable family of sons. One of them became Secretary of the Navy and two or three others noted in the world of big business. During a grasshopper year, I remember a mass meeting at which a United States judge ridiculed the idea of issuing aid bonds, and that a Falls City farmer named Smith tore him to pieces and was a much better talker. The farmers I have known since have been mainly bright and capable, and ready and able to spring to arms to enforce their rights.

A boy living in Falls City at that time was called Skip Dundy. Later he was one of the prime movers in building Luna Park, in New York, and named it for his sister. I attended the marriage of Luna Dundy, and knew the family well. Skip Dundy was also one of the promoters of the famous Hippodrome in New York.

Twenty dollars a week was so much money in that day, in a small town, I could not spend it all, although I tried. I wore better clothes than I had before, lived better and saw more of respectable life. At first I boarded at a very good hotel, where everyone was kind to me. Soon I was living with a doctor and his wife and had a sitting room and bedroom of my own. No other resident of the town knew such luxury, and it cost only three-fifty a week with board. Had anyone charged more than three-fifty in that day, I think there would have been a riot.

One of my friends was a young merchant, a somewhat dissipated man considerably older than I, so I advanced my age two years to accord better with his. My women friends thought I was being ruined by this man, but the truth was I could not learn to be a drunkard, although willing, and was always telling him drinking was foolish. Long afterward he confessed the belief I had saved him from a drunkard's grave. I made many excursions with him during my idle time, but never found any sense in what he did, and so told him. All the wonderful things my friend proposed in the way of dissipation and good times turned out so poorly that I was always complaining, and finally converted him to sobriety.

My experiences with this wild fellow never did me the slightest harm—indeed, they made me a sober man. For a time, on my way to dinner, I stopped at a saloon for a drink, but the absurdity of the performance soon caused me to quit it. The saloon keeper claimed to have very old and rare liquor, but to me the whisky of the old days was as bad as it is now. Whisky was always a mistake—an old foolish invention modern men should have long ago abandoned.

There was little amusement in the town except church services and socials, and these I attended. Very soon I was singing in the choir and playing the organ. At the special services I sang the Ninety-and-Nine and other gospel songs then famous. At Gallatin, Maysville and St. Joe I never attended a church service; so far as my life was concerned, such attendance was not suggested. If anyone I knew was religious, the fact was never brought to my attention as important. But at Falls City the church was a community center, the pastor an interesting and popular man; whoever went anywhere, went to church. I do not recall any of the religious discussions at Falls City that had distinguished Bethany, but everyone went to church on the ringing of the bell, as they went to their meals, and said little about it.

A band was organized and I played in it. I never knew a note, but could always play any instrument I attempted well enough to become a nuisance. I soon graduated from a bass horn to a tenor, and as soon as I learned a tune, would play it with the cornets. Then they called me a solo tenor and I became famous for it. We had a teacher named Fred Duerfeldt, who had a son named Emil. This combination resulted in my first considerable compliment. He told us a good deal about his wonderful son, who played in the band at Arago. I was praised so much that finally Professor Duerfeldt became jealous and said indignantly I was no better than Emil. I had no idea I was as good, for the professor had often led us to believe his son Emil was a wonder.

I am satisfied the band's playing was always disgraceful, but we gave concerts, played at celebrations, had benefits and raised money. I recall one member of the band who could never play a note, but country people never heard music and anything satisfied them.

I sang comic as well as sentimental songs at the band concerts and, although I blush now to think of it all, was quite a character. A dramatic society was organized and of course I was in it. We presented The Rivals and I was generously praised, to which I modestly replied that there was nothing in the part. After reaching the understanding I was always slow in acquiring, I discovered there was so much in the part I had taken that Joseph Jefferson became famous in it. But the humiliation did me good. I began looking for other foolish notions I probably entertained.

There were some really superior persons in the town, and they became my friends, which was a blessing, for the only education I have was acquired in that way. I was

probably a well-meaning young fool at the time and willing to learn whenever opportunity presented.

It seems to me now that I knew as smart people in Falls City, an insignificant Nebraska village in 1872, as I have known since anywhere. There was a poet whose verses seemed about as wild and beautiful as any I have seen in maturer years. This man was a drunkard and always appearing in the printing office where I was employed to read the beautiful things he had thought up. He usually wept over them, and I believe Stretch and I wept with him. A Methodist preacher I knew there was as eloquent a man as I have ever heard, not excepting a bishop who once came from the East. The county in which Falls City was located voted bonds for a railroad never built and the bonds fell into the hands of the well-known innocent purchasers. A Falls City man was district judge, and he destroyed the bonds in open court, for which act of rugged justice he landed in Congress. In a neighboring state a similar issue of bonds annoyed the people forty years, and the county commissioners became outlaws for refusal to make a levy to pay them. Finally there was a compromise and the county paid a great sum of which it did not owe a penny.

Two citizens of the town had been appointed to rather important positions elsewhere and they frequently had distinguished visitors. These I knew, and learned from them, after many humiliations. I had entrance to the best homes and was generally fortunate. I did not always behave, but pretended to. I accepted the conventions and believed I should obey them as well as I could

The owner of the paper got married and went away for two weeks, leaving me in charge. Many said the paper improved under my management, which wasn't true; I know I would be ashamed of everything I wrote then if I should see it now. There was even talk of raising money and starting another paper, with me in charge, but there is always talk of this kind in a one-paper town, and it means nothing.

A young fellow named Charley Morden had been sent for to assist me during the absence of the proprietor, and later it was decided to keep him. Maybe Mr. Stretch heard, on his return, the favorable talk about me and concluded to spend all his time writing. Charley Morden was a little older than I, but had never shaved—a practice I indulged in regularly. He had fuzzy down on his face and I coaxed him to shave, which improved his appearance. We became friends at once and I invited him to occupy with me the magnificent suite at the doctor's home.

Charley Morden was long manager of the Oregonian, at Portland, Oregon, and I frequently hear that no citizen of that town is more respected. I often think of him as one of the strongest influences in my life. The sentimental talk found in books, magazines, newspapers, and indulged in by statesmen, preachers and women, never did me as much good as the practical example of a printer who was not more than nineteen years old. He was religious, but not offensively or foolishly so, as some are. He said his prayers regularly every night before going to bed, and I thought it rather a nice custom, he did it so modestly, although I never adopted it. Everything else he did was after this fashion, and I have highly respected him from that day to this. Many of his daily practices were so much better than mine that I adopted them. He read a good deal, and I took that up, greatly to my advantage. I have read a little every day for so great a number of years that I was surprised to find, on reading H. G. Wells' Outline of History, that I knew something of nearly every subject mentioned. This information has been acquired from newspapers, books, magazines, listening to conversation. One may acquire considerable education without realizing it in the course of a busy and long life.

I know there are two or more opinions on almost every subject, and it has always been my disposition to accept the majority opinion as the best. I noted that Mr. Wells did this in his book, and quarreled with some of his scientific assistants, in certain cases, as to what bulk opinion is. All my life I have believed that after the majority of men have decided to accept a thing, it is the best we can do.

My first employer at Falls City finally sold a half interest to a congressman and later a man came into the firm who was president of the Nebraska senate. Both became my intimate friends, and I was able to advance, although they did no more for my education than to talk to me in a friendly and intimate way. I have always been an admirer of able men and willing to listen to their conversation. I think I have learned more from listening to smart men talk than from reading. My opinion has long been that millions of the ablest men that ever lived never wrote either books or magazine or newspaper articles.

A young man I knew in Falls City was Frank C. Grable, now an old fellow and secretary of a fruit company in Florida. Recently he wrote about me and I find much interest in his estimate of my character in that day, since I have often wondered what sort of man I was at eighteen. Mr. Grable was very religious, a clerk in a bank, and wrote in 1927:

"His"—my—"industry was remarked upon favorably, and I never heard of his taking a day off or doing any act the people found fault with. At our bank it was agreed his note was good, but he never let us have it."

My father talked so much of my laziness that I am rather proud of the testimony of this witness that, at eighteen, I worked steadily and was reasonably well-behaved, since I have long preached the importance of good conduct and industry.

Of course I was soon in love in Falls City. This is a part of my life of which I shall write little, as no one may write candidly about it and meet the approval of editor or public. There I was first introduced to love as it is known in fiction, castles and romance. What gallantry is displayed by knights and courtiers! It was all expected of me in Falls City. I had had a coarse notion of men managing women, learned at Fairview and Salt Lake City. At Falls City I discovered that, in better society, men are managed by women. It was a tremendously new, interesting and agreeable experience. I went with the best set, all considerably older—sleigh rides, visits to neighboring towns, hay rides, horseback rides.

The object of my special affection was lately from the East, which I greatly respected because of favorable reports. She had been educated in a girls' boarding school and carefully reared—as fine a woman, I thought, as Mrs. Kost, of Gallatin, must have been as a girl—and here she was going with me, appreciating me beyond my deserts, giving me music lessons on a melodeon and other agreeable attentions when I visited her almost every evening of the week. It was the first fine thing in my life, impressively presented. I do not know how long I lived in Falls City—except it was a lifetime. My experiences there were all pleasant except going away.

I had some sort of disagreement with Mr. Stretch which must have been trifling, for I recall he not only apologized when I quit but said he could not get along without me. I have always had a latent sulky disposition and would not make up. So I went out into a desolate world, for I had been very happy at Falls City. I left my heart there, and doubted I would ever be able to get it back.

(Continued on Page 36)

A Band Was Organized and I Played in It

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Revaluing the Franc

FOR important reasons, of both fact and sentiment, the interest of the world in the reconstruction of depreciated currencies has centered in the French franc. Therefore the revaluation of the franc is an event of first-grade significance. In a sense, it is not too much to say that the return of the franc to the gold standard signifies that the war is over. The fact of stabilization and the exact new value given to the unit of currency are of importance to Americans far beyond the circle of tourists who spend money in Paris and of investors who hold French securities. Since revaluation of the unit of currency has an influence on prices, American buyers of French goods and American producers of goods for export to France are deeply interested in currency reform in that country.

Extended experiences in reconstruction of depreciated currencies have developed an orderly technic in the process. A government undertaking the reconstruction of its currency needs to possess strong political power at home, adequate resources in gold and other monetary instruments, and the sympathetic coöperation of the governments of other countries. The last election in France gave to Poincaré sufficient political power to provide the domestic basis for the long-deferred reform of the currency. The governments of other countries, particularly those of the United States, Great Britain and Germany, have displayed a benevolent attitude, from which the government of France could draw the assurance that the exchanges would not be raided. For some time the government and the Bank of France have been accumulating resources and preparing the steps for return to the gold standard. In the effective stabilization of the franc for some time past, the desired reform has been kept in mind.

When Great Britain returned to the gold standard with the pound sterling at par, this involved a heavy strain for the time being—a strain corresponding to that of a deflation. In fact, manufacture and trade in Great Britain are believed to be still suffering from the drastic return of the pound sterling to par—continuing burdens that are being borne in the conviction that the long-term benefits will more than compensate for them. When the complete depreciation of the mark had practically wiped out the domestic debts of Germany, the German Government could afford—was in fact compelled—to create a new unit of currency, with international assistance and practically under international supervision. The Italian lira was next stabilized, and in fact revalued, at close to five cents—about a quarter of its par value—a correct procedure dictated by fiscal wisdom and accomplished with political courage. These were the precedents, disregarding small countries, that France had before her. Her problem was to secure the most serviceable currency with the least disturbance to agriculture, manufacture and commerce, with the least distortion of existing relations between debtors and creditors and with the least strain on her foreign relations.

The French internal debt is now believed to be close to three hundred billion francs. The external debt of the country, largely owed to the United States and Great Britain, is something below eight billion dollars. What remains of French private investments abroad is not a matter of record. The present value of prewar French loans to Russia and of postwar loans to Eastern European states is a matter of conjecture. The capital value of payments due from Germany to France under the Dawes Plan can only be surmised. Combined, French credits abroad cannot balance the face value of her foreign debt. But the internal debt of the country exceeds the external debt in importance.

The French franc, worth 19.3 cents at par, has been as low as two cents. All the way down the line and back, debts have been paid off and new debts incurred; there have been borrowing and lending, liquidating and refunding. Under such circumstances, wherever the new value of the franc is set, losses are inevitable. Nor is it possible to fix a point of greatest equity—or, rather, of least inequity. After a currency has been seriously depreciated, reform is based more on the considerations of trade and industry than on the relations of debtor and creditor.

Thrift is the outstanding characteristic of the French nature, and in a country with a population of some forty millions there are known to be as many as six million bondholders. These bondholders wished the franc revalued to make their securities as remunerative as possible; indeed, many reactionary bondholders believed the franc ought gradually to be brought back to par. This would have represented a continuous deflation over a long period of years, constituting an impossible burden on other classes. Industrialists, traders and workmen were interested in a relatively low point of revaluation. The new value of the franc has been set at a little above 3.9 cents gold, close to the current trade value—to be exact, 25.52 to the dollar. It is believed that export trade can be effectively maintained, and even expanded, on this valuation, and that the hugely profitable tourist trade of the country will be continued. Since stamping a new value on the franc implies resumption of the gold standard, a difference of one cent either way would be enormous when applied to the internal debt. It will be urged, as in the case of Germany, that legislation should be enacted for arbitrary revalorization of certain securities, but this the French are trying to avoid. Germany's experience in revalorization of securities was disastrous.

France has been gradually accumulating a large stock of gold—presumably the second largest in the world. Over a quarter of a billion dollars of gold has gone from this country to France during the past eight months. A considerable amount of French gold lies earmarked in this country, and the French foreign balances in American banks are heavy. Also, postwar French investments in the United States, largely the expression of flight of capital, are known to be considerable, the securities remaining to some extent in trust in American banks.

The external conditions for revaluation of the franc have been more favorable than at any time since the war, and probably as favorable as they could be expected to become. There was one wing of French opinion desirous of deferring revaluation of the franc until after a definitive settlement of German obligations to France under the Dawes Plan. Indeed, there was considerable strength supporting the view that the path of greatest wisdom would be to defer commitments at home until foreign receipts and commitments could be settled. But as against this stood the gains to be secured by early revaluation.

In a peculiar sense and to an unusual extent, currency policy in France is dependent on domestic politics. When, in a country cursed with the bloc system of politics, a fortuitous set of circumstances made a currency reform feasible, historically minded Frenchmen felt that the opportunity ought not to be allowed to pass. Incidentally remarked, sentiment supporting revaluation of currency seems likely to favor debt settlement with the United States. Also, we may now expect to see new French securities floated in this country.

With revaluation of the franc, the last postwar currency reform of large magnitude has been accomplished. The work has not been finished by any means, since straggling countries still remain outside of the sound-money fold, and several of the new currencies are not yet out of the woods. But the sentimental effect of the long-deferred revaluation of the franc will be marked the world over.

Railroad Progress

THOSE who believe that progress in transportation bears an intimate relation to national welfare cannot fail to welcome the plan of some eighty-six participating railroads to take over the property and business of the American Railway Express Company. This integration of facilities has been long in coming, but has no doubt been thought out with painstaking care by the parties at interest. Surely there can no longer be any good reason for a separation of the functions performed by railroads and by express companies, and indeed such grounds as may once have existed have long ago disappeared. The more fully the railroads themselves perform such functions as are essential to the service rendered, the more confidence, generally speaking, will the public have in their good faith and integrity.

A completely integrated business is probably an abstraction. We are all dependent upon others; no individual or business enterprise can wholly provide for all its needs. Something it must farm out or buy from other concerns. The public might resent any corporation becoming utterly self-sufficient. The United States Steel Corporation and others have carried integration to great lengths; but, theoretically, the possibilities have not been exhausted by any company. Then, too, there is always a nice question of fact whether it is more or less economical to farm out a special function. Economy does not always lie in integration, by any means. A railroad may actually save by renting out the privilege of express service or dining-car service or car repairing.

Unfortunately, policy in these respects has not always been governed entirely by sheer economy. Farming out is too subject to abuse, to "honest" graft, to be resorted to except under circumstances most favorable to the parent or central concern. In large corporations, with many stockholders and none too large profits, there is always the temptation for insiders of easy-going ethical standards to farm out to small companies owned by themselves the more profitable titbits of operation. The standing of the railroads in public respect has suffered in the past from such practices. It is a sign of higher standards that the railroads are sloughing off these methods.

Express operation has not enjoyed such a high-handed and juicy monopoly since the introduction of the parcels post a number of years back. Prior to that time the express companies occupied positions which aroused much criticism, beginning twenty or more years ago and not ceasing until Congress inaugurated the parcels post. Further changes were made when Mr. McAdoo took over the railroads during the war. But while the express business is not now the monopolistic agency that it once was, we assume that the railroads would not deliberately arrange to take it over if there were no prospects of a reasonable return.

No one wants to see the railroads attain an actually monopolistic control over transportation. But the interest which the carriers are taking in bus routes and air transport is in every respect wholesome. Railroads will long remain the backbone of mass transportation. They can further coördinate and integrate as well as extend the methods of transportation with nothing but gain to the public.

HOW HONEST ARE PEOPLE?

By Samuel Crowther

NOT long since, the president of one of the largest banks in the country announced that his institution was prepared to make loans to salaried men and women in amounts from $50 to $1000 at a flat interest rate of 6 per cent without extras or service charges of any kind, and that the borrowers might pay within a year on the installment plan.

The bank asked no collateral or impressive documents. It offered to loan on a plain promissory note, with two comakers, and they were asked to give only elementary financial statements. The payments on the note were to be credited not to the note but to a thrift account and on this the bank would allow 3 per cent, so that the eventual cost of the money to the borrower for a year would be at a commercial rate.

Five years ago, any bank president who proposed to his board that they go into small-time money lending would, without more, have been taken as barmy and been retired. And especially this bank, which requires a minimum balance of $3000 in its checking accounts and can discount more than $14,000,000 for a single borrower—and often does. The loans of a national bank to any one person or company are limited by law to 10 per cent of capital and surplus. No other bank anywhere can make so large a loan as this one. Its directorate includes the keenest and wealthiest business men and bankers in the country—the kind of men who do not mix business and charity and who get the facts in hand before they take a chance. Evidently they decided that lending to shoestringers was good business. They did not put it quite that way. Neither did they claim to have been touched by the heat of a charitable emotion. The president in his public announcement said:

> In its desire to round out a comprehensive banking service to all classes and to make closer contact with the people of the [illegible] and specifically those individuals who were minded to thrift, the bank some six years ago opened a compound-interest department where deposits of one dollar and upward would be received, with interest thereon compounded monthly.
>
> The ease of the practice of thrift through this department, together with the introduction which it gave compound-interest depositors to the checking, commercial, investment, trust and safety-deposit division, was quickly recognized. The popularity of the service resulted in its extension to all our branches throughout the city. Our thrift depositors now number approximately 175,000 in New York City alone.
>
> Our contact with this great number of small depositors has brought us to an understanding of their problems, their periodic necessitous financial requirements, and a realization that to give to them the opportunity of safeguarding their savings by deposit without furnishing, on the other hand, a means by which they can, under necessity, borrow on reasonable terms, constitutes an unbalanced relationship and points to a lack of comprehensiveness in financial service.
>
> To provide this we now have inaugurated a plan for the extension of loan facilities to persons of moderate means who more or less constantly face the emergencies which cannot be met with funds accumulated out of their current income.
>
> Our contact with people of this class has given to us a confidence in the integrity and character of the average individual. While it is not our purpose to encourage anyone to borrow except under the stress of circumstances, we have faith that loans so made can and will be paid, and incident thereto the spirit of thrift can be kept alive.

Thus at one swoop this bank not only offered money credit to a class of men and women who have never had bank credit but offered it on strictly business terms. What of it? It is already possible to buy almost anything from a toothbrush to a pipe organ on installments. They represent money. What difference does it make if money joins the game and sells itself on easy payments? Your average man is already paying on a house, an automobile, a radio and perhaps on a few other odds and ends such as fur coats. He is supposed to be daily trying to find a way to make two and two add up to five. If he can borrow money, will it be anything more than setting him the task of making two and two equal six? The country is already cursed with credit. Why add to it? Before long everybody will owe for everything and own nothing.

It is not quite so open and shut as all that. We may be cursed with credit, but on the whole we seem to stand up pretty well under the curse—and even come back for more cursing. Those who saw only disaster in the selling of automobiles on installments are still looking for the disaster. If the credit now outstanding for goods and chattels compels the wage earner to make five out of two plus two, then somehow he has conquered that ancient mathematical problem. For he does pay

The granting of goods on credit has not been considered in the same case as the lending of

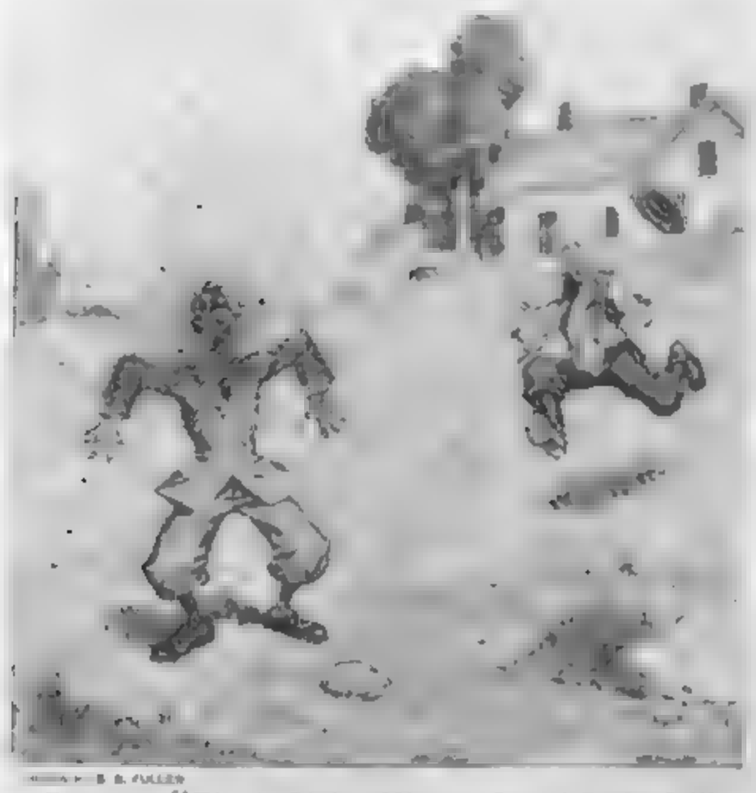
Continued on Page 110

ALL ABOARD

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Beauty Specialist: "I'm Sorry, Madame, But I Believe I Have Lifted Your Face Just a Bit Too Much"

Old-Timer: "Great Snakes! I Reckon I'll Just Have to Put Slim Out of His Misery!"



Farmer: "That's Right, Mister—Stand Right Still Until They Git Swarmed!"

Ballade of Lost Heroes

I'VE mourned for things that have passed away
Irrevocably as last year's snows,
But never with quite so much dismay
As now when I face the recent rows
Of bold biographies that disclose
The truth of many a great career.
"Ah, where," I ask as my anguish grows
"Ah, where are the heroes of yesteryear?"

How far, it seems, I have gone astray

(Continued on Page 68)

The Man Who Knew All the Words of "The Star-Spangled Banner"

"Willy, Tell That Beggar Out in His Car to Step on the Gas and Roll Away! We Can't be Bothered With Taking Food Out to Mendicants"

Movie Star: "Now, Marie, Hurry and Fasten My Gown, But Don't Drop the Mirrors"

Celery Soup—a delightful summer selection!

Served hot with cold meals, this soup is a splendid tonic and invigorator

Crisp, snow-white celery, with all its deliciously refreshing flavor and vegetable healthfulness! Blended with nourishing, golden butter and seasoned with the utmost delicacy! Campbell's Celery Soup is such a delightful choice to vary your menus, in the summer and all the year. And it's so beneficial, especially for children.

Whether you prefer to prepare it as a Cream of Celery or as Celery Soup, according to the easy directions on the label, you find it one of the most delightful of soups. Your grocer has, or will get for you, any of the 21 Campbell's Soups listed on every label. 12 cents a can.

Eating Campbell's every day
Makes me dance at work or play.
So I sparkle as I go
On the light fantastic toe!

Campbells' Soups

LUNCHEON DINNER SUPPER

THE BIG HAT

By WILL JAMES

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

MAYBE it's been noticed how, in the last year or two, the cowboys don't wear as big a hat as they used to. The first of that came to me while I was at one of the annual Chicago rodeos, and being it's at such events that styles are set, I got to wondering who or what was responsible for the change and the skimping on crown and brim.

I went on to other rodeos and noticed that the shrinkage in the size of the hat was pretty general. Of course it was still big enough for folks to notice, and the press cub could still describe it, in his very usual way, as a four or ten gallon hat, or as many gallons as he cared to make it.

But to me they looked small, and maybe that was on account that when I come to Chicago for the rodeo I was green from my home grounds, which is in a mighty open stretch of Southern Montana, and the boys there most all wore Stetson's top size.

I'd come from where we're a year or two behind in catching up on styles, and when I got to Soldier Field Arena, the change or shrinkage, even though it didn't average more than an inch to the brim, struck me sudden. There was only a half a dozen riders there wore the big ones, and I was glad there was that many, because there's a whole lot to the feel and looks of that big hat and I'd sure hate to see it disappear.

I'd Set My Horse Through What I Claim Was Some Pretty Hard Jumps, and I Was Getting Onto the Hang of Him in Good Shape, When All at Once My Hat Slipped Out of My Fingers

The Cowboy's Parasol

I GOT to wondering on why the shrinkage in the man's-size hat that way, and figgered that maybe some top-hand cowboy had set the new style somewhere or other, which sometimes happens, and for no special reason—no more than when pants changed from peg top to balloon.

But I hope that style, or whatever it is, don't affect the big hat too much, because there's a powerful lot of use for it in its size which style shouldn't interfere with, and I don't think beaver hair ever was used to a better advantage than when it's turned out into the curved six-inch brim and seven-and-a-half-inch crown cowboy headpiece. That hat, costing from fifteen to fifty dollars, is one of the cowboy's pet possessions, and under it he feels a whole lot like he's riding in the shade of a juniper tree all the hot day long. The only time it comes off his head is when he crawls between his soogans to sleep, and even then it's the last thing to come off and the first thing put on as the cook hollers "Grub pile" at daybreak.

The only time the big hat might be changed for some other headpiece is when the cowboy goes a traveling by rail from the home range to the rodeo grounds, or on other such rambles. He'll then most likely buy a cap and fit himself out to blend in with the folks around him, but while traveling that way—with a cap on his head—he'll have his hat in a bag close by, and when he gets to the other end and amongst his own, it won't take him long to make the change to his pet hat. The cap will go a sailing to a corner till he goes traveling again.

For in the rodeo grounds or on the range, the cowboy has a lot of use for that big hat. It comes in mighty nice to haze a brone with, and in the wild-horse race at the rodeo you can see the cowboy turn his stampeding horse with a wave of it by his eye; a pull of the rein wouldn't mean anything with the wild pony. That goes for on the range, too, as there's where the cowboy has a heap more to do with the wild horse than just trying to make him win a race.

There's many other uses for that hat which comes in with the everyday work of the cowboy. Like, for instance, corralling a spooky bunch of stock; a wave of it at the end of a long arm will turn a bunch quitter and save a hard ride getting him back. A hard-shell derby would be sort of comical there.

Then again, the big hat goes mighty fine when a feller is riding a bucking horse, specially if that feller rides on skill and balance, and not on main strength. That hat in the rider's hand has the same use as the long stick has for the tight-rope walker, and if handled right, a lot of balance can be laid in there that is to the rider's advantage.

I found that out one day when I got bucked off in a catclaw bush, and I blamed my downfall to earth to losing my hat. I'd set my horse through what I claim was some pretty hard jumps, and I was getting onto the hang of him in good shape, when all at once my hat slipped out of my fingers. Well, after that I somehow couldn't keep track of my saddle no more. I felt like I figger a cat might feel if he went to turn a sharp corner at full speed and all at once lost his tail. Anyway I lost a considerable lot of balance when that hat slipped out of my fingers, and it wasn't long afterward when I took a "squatter's right" in the thick of the catclaw bush.

When I got on that horse again I took a firmer grip on the hat; he didn't get to throw me no second time.

There's a feeling that goes with them hats that's mighty dependable whether you have it on your head or in your hand. On your head, the low and wide-curved brim protects your eyes from the glare of the sun and keeps it from scorching your neck.

Both sides of the brim are trained to a curve, so that in a high wind the brim won't flap either up or down, for a cowboy often makes a breeze of his own when he's chasing a critter, and a flapping brim has a great way of coming down over a feller's eyes just about the time he's throwing his rope.

Then there's the high crown which keeps a good air space between the head and the top of the hat, and that helps considerable, specially when you're trailing a herd of tired stock acrost the hardpan flats of the desert. But you don't have to be out on the desert to find things hot; I've seen it mighty hot up on top of high timbered mountains at times, and I found that the high crown goes well wherever the sun shines.

A Man's-Size Hat

SO, ALL in all, whether the hat is on the head or in the hand, it sure has its use; besides what we call real style, also a heap of comfort. It sets on the head the same way a good old square-skirted double-rig saddle sets on a horse's back—and that's perfect. Another advantage in the good-grade big hat is that it's also light in weight—near as light as the little peanut of a hat the town man wears.

Not so many years ago, when the big hats growed to their biggest, I knowed a cowboy who wouldn't allow anybody to wear a bigger hat than he did. It was up in Oregon one day that he run acrost another cowboy who had him cheated by half an inch on the brim, and this feller does nothing but go up to him, measures his hat, and orders himself another a half an inch bigger.

I was with him when he received the hat, and even though it was some man's-size, I figgered it sure looked good on him, because that cowboy was some man's-size hisself. He knowed how to wear it and how to use it, and with it at the end of his long arm I expect he could of turned a blind bunch of wild elephants or hazed a brone to committing suicide.

(Continued on Page 122)

Once in a While That Same Hat Is Throwed in a Mad Cow's Face What's Come to the Rescue of the Calf Which the Cowboy Is Branding

S W I F T

A combination dish that is unusually tempting and savory is Stuffed Peppers served with Premium Bacon. Crisp and tender, with fat and lean in just the right proportion, Premium's appetizing strips lend new richness of flavor, new distinction to a wide range of accessory dishes.

Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon

The two convenient ways of buying Premium Bacon merely depend upon your personal choice. If, like many others, you want a generous supply always on hand, buy the whole piece, in the original parchment wrapper as shown at the right. Or Premium may be bought in the pound and half pound cartons—even, thin slices, free from rind and ready for your use.

Stuffed Peppers and Premium Bacon

Brown slices of minced bacon with chopped onion, celery, and green pepper. Add to rice cooked with tomatoes and seasonings. Fill parboiled green pepper shells with savory rice and broil until tops are browned. Serve with slices of broiled Premium Bacon.

Swift & Company

THE DUKE STEPS OUT

(Continued from Page 21)

The Duke was completely flattened. And Pauline, observing that she had made him miserable, turned toward the stairway. She paused at the first step.

"I'm going to bed," she said, "before I'm tempted to say anything more about what you've let us all in for."

"One moment, Pauline. Is there any danger that any of the people who were here tonight will talk?"

"They'll talk among their friends who didn't get invited. But the real danger is that the neighbors or the servants will say something."

"Chinese servants don't talk—that's why I chose them."

"The caterer's people weren't Chinese," Pauline reminded him, and said good night and left him to meditate on the world in which he lived.

It was, he saw, a world in which a father of the highest standing could put detectives on his trail; in which detectives and a policeman could break into his house in his absence and attempt to go through his private papers and knock him out with a chair when he returned unexpectedly; a world in which the loveliest of girls could give a party in a speak-easy; but a world in which he could not permit a woman who as a girl of ten had been a friend to his mother, who had wheeled him down Ninth Avenue in a gocart when he was a baby, and who now held an honored place in her profession, to spend the night in his house.

Professor Gardiner had gone to his nine-o'clock class when the Duke got down the next morning. The Duke saw that for the second time in his college career he would have to cut his classes. He had sent Barney to Norah's hotel for her street clothes and sat down to his training breakfast of coddled eggs and thin, hard, dry toast, when Pauline appeared in her party frock of the night before, looking particularly refreshed and happy.

"You seem pleased with yourself," the Duke said when he had ordered grapefruit and bacon and eggs and toast and jam for her.

"I am," she said. "When I woke up this morning I began to remember the party—the way you do the morning after—and I thought to myself it'll be a long time before anybody in Grandison gives as good a party as that was."

"You managed it beautifully, Pauline."

"I certainly did," Pauline said; "and this morning I'm going home in my evening clothes."

"I'll send for clothes for you," the Duke offered.

"No," Pauline said, "I want to go home this way. I want to skip up the walk in a dance frock and a party coat and know that Mrs. Barton, who lives next door, is peering at me from behind her window curtains and asking herself what I've been up to now."

Norah came down in one of the Duke's dressing gowns over a suit of the Duke's pajamas and greeted Pauline like an old friend. To the Duke's surprise and relief, the two women chatted amiably through breakfast, disappeared together while Norah got into her street clothes, sat side by side in the back seat of the Benham while the Duke drove to the Gardiner house, and kissed each other good-by with warmth.

"Why so thoughtful?" Norah asked as soon as they were alone in the car.

The Duke shook his puzzled head. "I shall never understand the world," he said. "You know what's happened to me since I came here. Well, to repeat all off, last night after you went to bed I had a nasty argument with Pauline about you."

"I heard you," Norah said. "I giggled myself to sleep over it."

"You heard what we said?"

"Of course. You were standing in the front hall shouting at each other so that every word came up the stairs."

"Did you hear what a devil of a time I had persuading her that when you asked if you might stay the night you were perfectly innocent?"

"Yes," Norah said, going off into irrepressible laughter.

"What's so funny?" the Duke inquired.

Norah's whole face was alight with delight in her own mischief. "I wasn't innocent."

"You weren't innocent?"

"Certainly not, darling. I was compromising you as artfully as I knew how."

"Norah," the Duke said, "I resent that. I think that's carrying a joke too far."

"Dear boy," Norah said, "it wasn't a joke—I mean it, it was only partly a joke. I did it to help you."

"You didn't help me. And I can't imagine in what way you thought you were helping me."

Norah patted his arm affectionately. "Wait and see," she said. "I must tell you that in spite of myself, I liked your Susie Corbin. She's young and arrogant and rebellious and lovely. Whatever it is that makes women matter, she's got in full measure."

"I told you she was a smash, Norah."

"That meant nothing to me. You'd think any girl you fell in love with was a smash. It's a mere accident that the girl is so grand. Your fighting has kept you from meeting nice women and you're much too proud to like the vulgar ones. You were bound to fall in love the moment you met a girl of your own sort. It's just your luck that she's not one of those pathetic daughters of the rich who marry and divorce three husbands and never know love. Your Susie is much too alive to do that. But she's still full of defiance. She doesn't yet know that a woman's greatest triumph is to yield to the man she has chosen. However, she is the sort who discovers it. If she does fall for you she will do it thoroughly, and you do not know how rare that is in woman."

"Do you think there's any chance that she will fall for me, Norah?" the Duke asked.

"Oh," Norah said, "all men are babies when they fall in love. I can't bear to see you so humble. When Jake got this fight with Honeyboy Kerrigan, did you say to him 'Do you think there's any chance I can beat him?' Of course not. You went into training at once with the intention of beating him. Why can't you go about winning this girl in the same fashion?"

"You forget that I'm a prize fighter and she's ——"

"Oh, tush!" Norah interrupted.

"You don't think it's a handicap?"

"Of course it's a handicap. To all proper people prize fighters are vulgar, ignorant, savage beasts who cannot even be depended on to fight honestly. And I imagine many of them are beasts. The girl will be horrified when she learns that you're a fighter. But you are not going to overcome her distaste by sitting around and asking yourself if you have a chance."

The Duke reflected, when he had said good-by to Norah, that she could not know the feelings of a properly brought up girl. Norah was a daughter of the tenements who had become a chorus girl at sixteen and spent more than a dozen years in the fiercely competitive world of the theater. His situation was worse than she could imagine.

Barney jerked him out of his reverie when he got home.

"Kid," Barney said, "do you know it's only a coupla weeks till you'd be in there with a good tough boy, and you're all of six pound overweight, and that cut on your forehead is still a red welt that a good slap would open? Snap out a this! Ya've got no time for skirts."

The Duke shook himself and drove to Cranesville with Barney and knocked three sparring partners in succession so groggy that Jake wired for more men to box with him.

"Well, Barney," the Duke said, as he stretched himself out on the rubbing table, "how did I look today?"

"Kid," Barney replied, "when ya go like that ya make me feel that the man don't live who can last fifteen rounds with ya. They can't hit ya, an' how ya can hand it out! Ya looked like the champeen of all time."

xx

THE Duke received, a day or two later, his notice from the dean of women to appear at her office. He read it through twice, and called up Pauline and read it to her.

"It's happened," Pauline said.

"You think she's heard about the party?"

"Of course. Though she has no business to summon you. She's supposed to report anything she hears about a man to the dean of men. She's so incorrigibly curious that she probably couldn't bear to do that. She wants to question you herself first. You'd better come over here at teatime and we'll frame up the story. I'll ask Susie to be here too. She's got the low-down on Florence Atwater and she knows how to handle her."

When the Duke arrived at Pauline's house after his daily work-out at Cranesville, he found her alone. She gave him tea, as usual, and refrained from saying "I told you so." Instead, she announced that she had decided the best thing the Duke could do when he met Miss Atwater was to make a flat denial of everything.

"One good thumping lie that you can stick to might do the trick," Pauline explained. "Then there's no danger of getting mixed up in your story."

"You mean to tell her that there wasn't any party at all?"

"Precisely. You see the chances are ninety-nine to one that she's merely heard some gossip. She hasn't anything tangible to go on. She will be a little flabbergasted if you tell her that the gossip is entirely without foundation. She may think you're lying. But after all, what's she going to do? How's she going to prove anything on you? She isn't a prosecuting attorney, with a staff of policemen and detectives at her elbow."

"But look here, Pauline, the whole town knows that I had a theater party."

"Naturally," Pauline said. "There's no use denying that part. But if you nicked the rules a bit in doing that, you didn't break them to smithereens. It'll be regarded as one of those minor things for which you should be warned but not punished. After all, you know, the university doesn't want scandals. All the sensible people on the discipline committee would rather wink at something they suspect than dig in and find out exactly what happened. Because if they do find out that somebody's been naughty, they've practically got to act, and they don't want to act. It gives the place a bad name with parents."

"In that case," the Duke said, "I wonder that Miss Atwater bothers to have me up on the carpet. If she's heard something why doesn't she forget it?"

The doorbell rang. "That's Susie now," Pauline said. The Duke jumped and opened the door.

There she was, looking delicious in a sport dress of tan wool, with a cardigan to match, and a saucy little felt hat. She was cool and amused, with a little quirk in her smile to the Duke that said "I know what you're like now."

Pauline gave Susie tea while she expounded her theory of the blanket lie. Susie listened without comment while Pauline had her say, and the Duke, gazing at her as she sat with a tea cup balanced in her hand, thought she was perfect at once so interested and so well poised, so quiet.

When Pauline had finished she turned to the Duke. "What do you think, Mr. Van Blarcom? Do you think you can tell a whopper like that convincingly?"

"I can tell it," the Duke said, "and I can stick to it. But whether it's convincing or not depends on what the lady already knows."

Susie nodded. For a moment their eyes met. Then she turned to Pauline.

"That's the only question," she said. "If the neighbors have told Miss Atwater that there was a party, or if the caterer's next job was that reception at Professor Buffum's yesterday and she and her cooks told Mrs. Buffum's servants, and Mrs. Buffum called up Miss Atwater, a blanket lie wouldn't go awfully well."

"Oh," Pauline cried, "of course that's happened! What'll we do?"

"I can stand being fired," Susie Corbin said.

"I can't stand your being fired," the Duke said.

He rose and put his back to the mantelpiece. His ears were a little pink, but he had an idea. Susie Corbin put down her teacup and looked up at him with that same little smile—not hostile, merely knowing and amused.

Pauline spoke hopefully: "We could get hold of everybody who went to the party and all agree to swear that there wasn't any party and stick to it. The discipline committee might know we were all lying, but they wouldn't dare do anything when they couldn't break our story."

The Duke shook his head. "I've been thinking," he said, "and it occurs to me that I might get away with the opposite thing from telling a blanket lie. I might tell Miss Atwater the truth—I mean, nothing but the truth. The fact is that I did give a party. But it wasn't anything to call up the newspapers about. I'm not ashamed of it. I feel that it was a nice party. It's true I didn't register the party or ask permission of whomever you are supposed to ask. I didn't know that it was necessary. It's true that I had champagne. But it's also true that nobody got drunk. The party was properly chaperoned by two members of the faculty and their wives. The worst that could be said of it was that it did technically violate the Self-Government Association rules."

"He has an idea, Pauline," Susie Corbin said. "He really has—and I like it."

"If you tell Miss Atwater that I was one of the chaperons," Pauline said, "she'll go right out after me. She knows I've always made fun of her and it would be her official duty to get even with me."

"But I shan't tell her who the chaperons were, or even who any of my guests were," the Duke explained. "I shan't lie about you. I shall merely say, 'Of course, Miss Atwater, since I've got all these people into trouble, I can't give them away.'"

Pauline turned to Susie. "What do you think?" she asked. "You know Miss Atwater better than anybody else."

"I think it's a sound idea," Susie Corbin said. "Miss Atwater's incompetent. I mean, she hasn't the faintest notion what the girls in her charge are really like, and never will have. But she is sort of decent. She's human. And it would set her up to have a good-looking young man with a deferential manner tell her the truth about a party. It'll perhaps be the first time in all her experience as a dean that anybody has had the nerve to tell her the truth spontaneously."

"I thought you told her the truth, Miss Corbin," the Duke said. He was remembering his first dinner party, when Susie Corbin had given so devastating a report of her talk with Miss Atwater about how many men had kissed her.

Susie Corbin evidently remembered also. There was no denying the sudden delicate flush in her cheeks. She blushed.

(Continued on Page 33)

How one mill saved $25,000 and raised production in 3 years

Why executives ask us to come again

Many executives say, when we first call upon them, "Why should I bother about oil?" But when they begin to see the wide difference between oil and scientific lubrication — and how much that difference means in plant efficiency —they usually ask us to come again.

Sometimes correct lubrication means a very considerable cash saving almost at once. Here is an example of this from among thousands in our files:

In 1922 the lubrication costs of a large sugar manufacturer were $12,810. During the following year he adopted Gargoyle Lubricants and applied them, in accordance with Vacuum Oil Company recommendations. In 1923, 1924, and 1925 his annual lubrication costs were reduced to $4,468, $3,688 and $4,360 respectively.

But more important than the oil saving in this mill was the fact that better operating results brought an actual increase in production of 24.4% during these three years. Reduced friction meant smoother and more efficient operation.

Every saving or improvement which we have helped to make in the thousands of plants where we have acted as lubrication advisors has started with a *conversation* between a representative of the Vacuum Oil Company and an executive of the plant.

Correct lubrication can bring about definite economies and increased efficiency, no matter what kind of product you manufacture.

Will you match a few minutes with us?

In a short talk one of our men can explain to you many of the varied possibilities that scientific lubrication might accomplish in your plant. His advice on lubrication matters, backed by the 62 years' specialized experience of the Vacuum Oil Company, will be found authoritative and helpful.

A talk with him can be arranged to suit your convenience.

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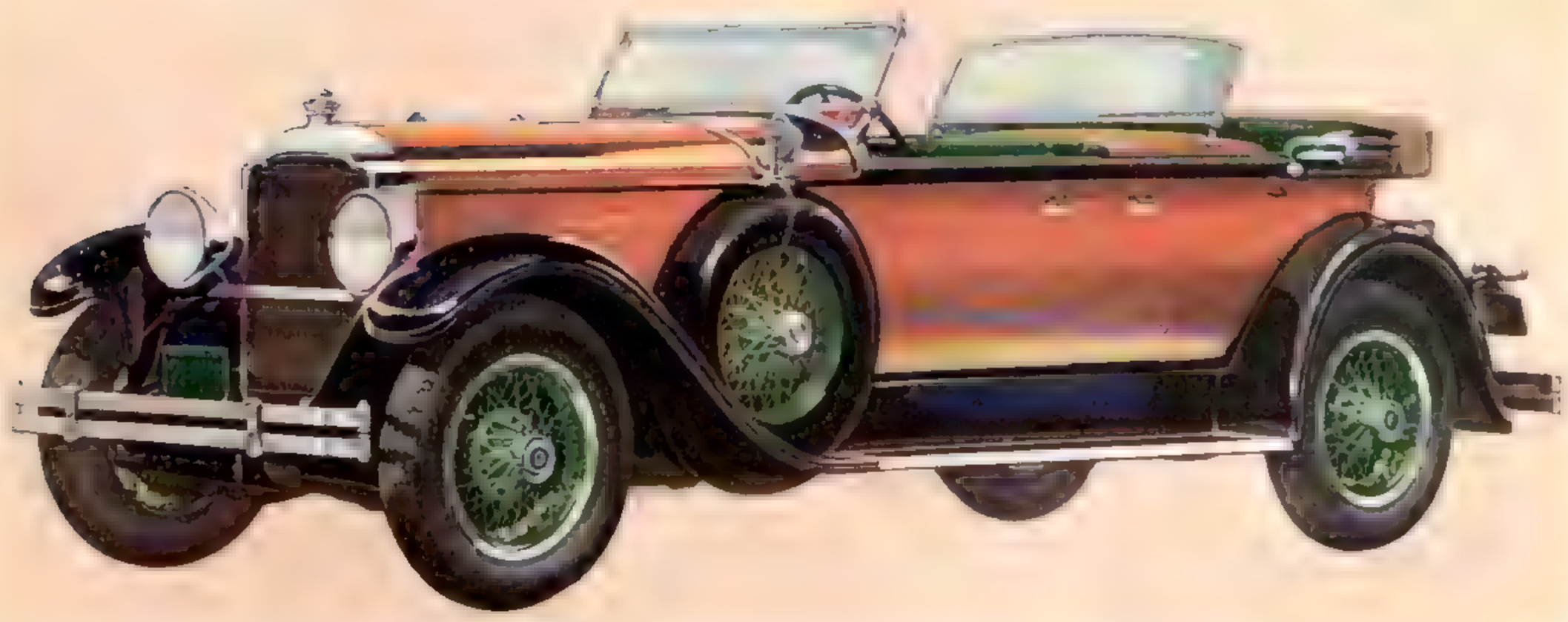
PACKARD

ASK
THE MAN
WHO OWNS
ONE

"I suppose I have owned every really fine car built in this country. And I even imported a couple. You know I drive myself and always get a lot of real pleasure out of my cars—not just transportation. A fine car appeals to me as much as a good horse. I quit experimenting three years ago and went back to my first love. That car has everything I want or expect in the way of looks and performance. You'll be glad you got a Packard. I wouldn't drive anything else."



(Continued from Page 30)

"I told her the truth only about generalities," she said quickly. "Besides, she wasn't cross-examining me to find out when and where I'd violated the S. G. A. rules. She was merely gratifying her own personal curiosity and she made it quite clear that she wouldn't use anything I told her against me."

Pauline shook her head. "I think it's risky to tell a woman like that anything."

"I'm going to try it," the Duke said.

Susie Corbin nodded. "I think you'd better. Get all dressed up as if you were going to an afternoon reception, and chat with her as if you felt that you and she belonged to the same generation and wondered what the rest of us are all about." She gave him a cool, appraising glance. "I wish you had some way of making yourself look a little older," she said thoughtfully.

"I am twenty-four," the Duke said.

"That isn't enough older than the rest of us. Do you suppose you could find a pair of eyeglasses that would help?"

"A pair of Oxford eyeglasses, with a wide black ribbon?" the Duke asked.

"Exactly," Susie Corbin said. "If you wear a pair of eyeglasses and carry a stick and gloves and use that manner of yours ——"

"What manner?" the Duke asked. "What do you mean?"

Susie and Pauline laughed. Susie said, "I mean, be yourself, Mr. Van Blarcom"

"You see, Jimmy," Pauline explained, "you have a manner that reminds us of a nice curate—nobody would ever suspect you of knowing actresses."

"I don't know actresses," the Duke protested. But it was no use to protest, because they both thought Pauline's remark was funny.

"If I were you," Susie Corbin said, "I'd hurry down to a jewelry store and see if I could find a pair of eyeglasses."

"I was only waiting to see if I might walk as far as the Gamma Delta house with you," the Duke said.

"I think the eyeglasses are ever so much more important," Susie Corbin replied.

They both went to the door with him and wished him luck, and Pauline made him promise to hurry down the moment his interview with the dean of women was over and tell her about it.

The Duke went off with the feeling that the two women would discuss his character in a lively and wholly irreverent fashion, with a great deal of laughter at his expense. He wondered if he did have the manner of a solemn ass. In any case he and Susie Corbin had understood each other perfectly. They had the same idea of the right way to approach Miss Atwater. They had the same feeling about the truth.

XXI

THE Duke managed, by having his clothes laid out in advance, to box nine hard rounds at Cranesville and still reach the office of the dean of women by five o'clock sharp, a picture of informal elegance.

The Benham had been washed and polished until it was spotless and shining and Barney had been forced into a chauffeur's livery. The Duke had been tempted by the idea of wearing a cutaway and a silk hat and spats. He never had worn the cutaway. But he decided that it would be laying it on a bit thick. He had chosen instead a sack coat and waistcoat of Oxford gray worsted, and a pair of tweed trousers in a fine check that the tailor had especially recommended to go with that jacket, and a bowler hat. The eyeglasses were a nuisance, especially as he was carrying a stick, but he thought Susie Corbin was right in recommending them, and they would be something to occupy his hands with in an embarrassing moment.

He was secretly encouraged by the flurry he created in the dean's outer office. And when he was shown into Miss Atwater's presence he was almost at ease.

Miss Atwater was a large woman with a tendency to breathlessness, and the executive manner. As dean of women, she was father, mother and Beatrice Fairfax to more than three thousand coeds and she took her responsibilities seriously. She was sometimes discouraged that the girls who came to her for advice were so invariably troubled because they were not popular, whereas those others, the popular ones, never came to her for advice at all and seemed never to be troubled about anything, unless it was the fact that the vast continuous house party which they considered the university to be was periodically interrupted by examinations which you had to pass. But Miss Atwater was naturally of an optimistic disposition. She felt that she was doing a useful work in the world.

"I've heard a great deal about you, Mr. Van Blarcom," she said to the Duke.

"Indeed?" the Duke said, adjusting his eyeglasses.

"Yes," Miss Atwater continued, "your name has come up a good many times in the last few months, and once, at a meeting of the faculty discipline committee, it was suggested that we ought to investigate the persistent rumor that you were not a bona-fide student—that you had been sent here to make a first-hand study of a Middle Western university. My answer was that as long as you conformed to our requirements there was no reason to investigate you."

"That was most awfully kind of you," the Duke said.

"The truth is I thought the gossip about you absurd. I didn't believe you were somebody important visiting us incognito. But now that I've seen you, I should not be surprised if there is something in it. You don't look like a college boy."

"I don't do it awfully well, do I?" the Duke said. Miss Atwater smiled and the Duke smiled back.

"Then the rumor about you isn't wholly without foundation?"

The Duke twirled his eyeglasses, frowning at them. After a moment he looked up at Miss Atwater.

"No," he said, "it isn't wholly without foundation. I am trying to understand college life from a somewhat—a somewhat alien point of view. I wish I felt at liberty to discuss the circumstances of my being here. But I don't. I can only assure you that my purposes are not a—a—inimical to the university."

"I'm not going to press you about the circumstances," Miss Atwater said. "They are not important, from my point of view. But unfortunately I have just had a most disturbing report about you. I am informed that you recently gave the wildest party that has ever been given in Grandison—a party at which chorus girls from a musical show mingled with college women and college men, a party at which liquor was served, a party that lasted till dawn."

"It's true that I gave a party, Miss Atwater. But it didn't last till dawn. There were no chorus girls. Principals from the theater do not ordinarily mingle with chorus girls socially, any more than officers mingle socially with privates in the Army. And there was no liquor—nothing but champagne"

"From our Middle Western point of view, Mr. Van Blarcom, champagne is liquor."

"Really?" the Duke said.

"What would you call it?"

"Why," the Duke said, "I'd call it a mild wine. I went to a great deal of trouble to get it because I was anxious to give a good party, and yet I was unwilling that anybody should become intoxicated. I can assure you that nobody did get intoxicated either."

"Suppose," Miss Atwater said, "you tell me exactly what happened."

"I'd be glad to," the Duke said. He proceeded to give Miss Atwater a complete account of his party, beginning with his anxiety to return the hospitality he had enjoyed since he came to Grandison and his pleasure in learning that his old friend Norah McCune was to appear at the local theater; and explaining how he had made up a list of guests by asking each of the students whom he had met repeatedly to bring several friends, so that the party had ultimately numbered about forty, counting Norah McCune and the principals from her company and two professors and their wives. When he had finished, Miss Atwater laughed heartily.

"I don't see what's so funny," the Duke said.

"Why," Miss Atwater said, "the superb innocence with which you have violated all the rules by which we set most store at Minnewaska is funny. I can understand perfectly that you thought in giving your guests champagne you were protecting them from the evils of drink. But to us the idea is humorous."

"My dear Miss Atwater," the Duke said, "it may be humorous, but I can assure you it is also intensely practical."

"Mr. Van Blarcom," she said, "your frankness is disarming. It is plain your intentions were of the best. And if there is any way to settle the matter without a wholesale expulsion I shall take it." She gave him a warm, motherly smile.

"You see," she continued, "the problem you have created has never come up before. Ordinarily students do not have the facilities for giving parties—at least, mixed parties—except through some organization. If a club or a fraternity wishes to give a party, that party must be registered in advance either at my office or that of the dean of men. Whoever is in charge must fill out a card, which we furnish, stating when and where the party is to be given and who the chaperons are. The chaperons must be officially approved. We hold the chaperons responsible for seeing that the party breaks up at the appointed hour. Except at prom time a party must stop at one o'clock. And the general rule is that university women must be at home by eleven o'clock unless they have special permission."

"I did hear something about that when I first came," the Duke said. "I was told that was the rule. But I must say it doesn't seem to be rigidly enforced."

"We can't enforce it rigidly, Mr. Van Blarcom. We should need a hundred proctors to enforce it. Nevertheless, it is the rule and I believe that most of the women in the university obey it most of the time."

The Duke twirled his eyeglasses thoughtfully. He believed that the day was saved, but he wanted to be sure.

"Miss Atwater," he said, "is there anything I can do to straighten out this affair? I mean that I can't bear the idea that I have got a lot of young people into trouble. Would it do any good if I were to withdraw from the university?"

"No," Miss Atwater said, "there is nothing you can do. These young people are supposed to look out for themselves. They are supposed to know whether a party is registered or not, and to stay away if it isn't. I suppose it would be too much to expect them to stay away from a party at which they had a chance to meet Norah McCune. Nevertheless, the university women are responsible to me for being there. And the faculty people who were there have no excuse at all."

"Don't you suppose that the whole trouble is this?" the Duke asked: "Though I am technically a student at the university, still, as you say, I am not a typical college boy. None of my guests thought of me as a student, amenable to student rules and student discipline, but rather as a town resident. After all, I'm not living in a fraternity house or a dormitory, but in an establishment of my own"

Miss Atwater nodded. "Yes," she said, "that's true. And it does seem a pity that fifteen or twenty students should be expelled from college for a comparatively harmless episode. I am inclined to take the matter under advisement, and if I do, it will probably remain there indefinitely."

"You could really do that?"

"I can and I shall—on one condition. You must promise me that you won't give any more parties without registering them in advance and getting permission like anybody else."

"I shall be very glad to promise you that, Miss Atwater."

"I shall count on you."

The Duke rose to go, but she stopped him with a gesture. "One moment, Mr. Van Blarcom," she said. "Would you mind telling me what you think about the younger generation? Do you find that she is as bad as she's said to be?"

"I don't know what to think," the Duke replied. "My first impression was unfavorable. But if I were to judge by what I've actually seen in the few weeks I've been here, I'd have very little to base an indictment on."

"That's just what I think," Miss Atwater said.

When the Duke had bowed himself out he told Barney to drive to the Gardiners', but on the way down Green Street he saw Susie Corbin walking alone. She had probably had tea with Pauline and was on her way home to dinner at the Gamma Delta house. The Duke had Barney stop the car and jumped out and caught up with her. She looked at him with that same amused smile he had observed the day before.

"I've just come from Miss Atwater's office," the Duke said, "and it's all right."

"You high-hatted her out of it?"

"I did what we agreed I should do."

"I'm glad it worked," Susie Corbin said. "I'd hate to be fired a month before graduation. And it might have been serious for Pauline and Jack and the Widdecombs if Miss Atwater had gone through with an investigation."

"I'm rather proud of myself," the Duke said. "I may have appeared a little more innocent than I am, but I didn't lie to her."

"You're marvelous at appearing more innocent than you are. But you needn't think that you can high-hat me out of seeing you as you are—not any more."

The Duke was amazed at the hostility in her tone. "What on earth do you mean?" he asked.

"I mean that I think of all the hypocrites I ever met, you're the worst. It makes me furious to remember how you've put it over."

"But I haven't put anything over on you," the Duke said.

"I really don't care to discuss it," Susie Corbin said.

"Look here," the Duke said, "will you go to dinner with me? My car is right here and ——"

"No," she said, "I won't go to dinner with you."

"When can I see you?"

"I'm giving my party at Smitty's tonight. You're invited."

"Are you really going through with that?"

"Of course I am. I turned in my thesis this afternoon and tonight I'm going to celebrate."

"But ——" the Duke began. There really wasn't any argument he hadn't already used.

"You really aren't getting anywhere, are you?"

"No," the Duke admitted, "I don't seem to be getting anywhere."

"Why try then?" she asked cruelly.

The Duke went back to his car and got in beside Barney. He was so angry that he kept telling himself he would not go to Smitty's. But when they reached the house he said, "Barney, I'm stepping out tonight."

"Not without me, you ain't," Barney said.

"All right, we start at ten o'clock."

"Kid," Barney said, "what about yer sleep?"

"One night more or less won't matter; you know I'm on edge right now—better to ease off a bit."

Barney drove off to put the car up, grumbling.

XXII

THE Duke parked the Benham well off the road across from Smitty's.

"I wouldn't wonder if there was a crap game going somewhere around, Barney," he said

Continued on Page 35

VALUE

Always the unfailing guide to surpassing value in a motor car body, the emblem—Body by Fisher—is a symbol of greater value in the complete car, as well. This greater value is obvious in every phase of construction of a General Motors car—and particularly in the superior style, beauty and durability of its Body by Fisher · · *Cadillac · La Salle · Buick · Oakland · Oldsmobile · Pontiac · Chevrolet*

(Continued from Page 33)

Barney understood. "All right, kid," he said. "I'll find somebody to play with, but don't start any rough stuff! One little slap would open that cut on your forehead."

"I'm not laying for anybody, Barney. I just want to sit here a while, and then I'll go in and dance a few dances and go home."

The Duke sat in the car when Barney had gone, and he watched and listened while an odd nostalgia stole over him—a homesickness of which he did not at once recognize the origin. Smitty's was little more than a large shed, or a collection of sheds crazily joined together, which poured a blaze of light from every door and window into the warm dark of the May night. On one side was a lunch bar—the original hot-dog stand.

On the other was a dance pavilion where, evidently, Susie Corbin's party was in full swing. An automatic piano was pounding out Among My Souvenirs. Some fresh young voice began to sing. The piano ceased, but the voice kept on, with others joining in the chorus:

"I count them all a-pa-a-a-art,
And as the tear drops sla-a-a-art,
I find a broken hea-a-a-art
Among my souvenirs."

The Duke knew that the sentiment was a little cloying, but it got him just the same. And after a moment he knew why. It got him because the scene reminded him so forcefully of the Happy Days Carnival company and the summer he had run away from the charity society. Many a night he had sat under a tree in the dark, outside the circle of the carnival company's lights, and nursed his bruises and listened to Kitty Garnett and Joe Daley singing in the tent show, and decided that no matter how much he got kicked around he would stick until he had learned all the Frisco Kid had to teach him—until he had learned to box. He'd had sense enough to know, even then, that the Frisco Kid was a rare teacher. He was too old to fight. He was nearly forty years old. But he knew everything and he could teach it. The Duke remembered that Kitty Garnett and Joe Daley would be singing, It's a Long, Long Way to Tipperary, and he would have that same homesick feeling he had now—that longing for something that never was.

The Duke shook himself and went into the pavilion. Along one side of the room was a row of tables—old-fashioned dark walnut café tables, with two legs at the end against the wall and one leg at the clear end, which Smitty had evidently salvaged from some abandoned saloon. At one end was the automatic piano—an enormous machine which responded raucously to the weight of a nickel dropped in a slot. At the other end was a wide doorway leading into the lunch bar, which was now crowded with students and truck drivers breaking their all-night run to Chicago and a sprinkling of farmers' sons from the country roundabout and town toughs from Grandison.

Susie Corbin was sitting at a table with Boss Walker and Tommy Wells and a girl the Duke hadn't met. Susie waved her hand at him and he walked over to her table. They made room for him and he was introduced to the girl he didn't know and Susie asked him if he would have a drink.

It made him furious to see Susie Corbin in a place like this, asking if he'd have a drink.

"Or," she added, "is this one of your nights to disapprove of drinking?"

"I'd like a drink, thank you," the Duke said.

She signaled the waiter, a shambling chap in a dirty apron, who set down a bar glass nearly full of an oily whitish fluid, and a tumbler and a bottle of cheap ginger ale. The Duke lifted the bar glass and sipped the stuff.

"You have to drink it quick, Van Blarcom," Boss Walker said.

"Or else," Tommy Wells suggested, "you have to kill it with ginger ale."

The Duke decided to try it neat and drink the ginger ale afterward. It was pretty bad, but he doubted if it was any worse than the whisky that the Frisco Kid and Kitty Garnett and Joe Daley had drunk so much of.

Somebody dropped a nickel in the automatic piano. The Duke leaned toward Susie Corbin. "May I have this dance?" he asked. She nodded. "Now," he said, as he put his arm around her, "are you going to tell me why you think I'm a hypocrite?"

"No," she said. "I've said more than I meant to already." She looked up at him provocatively. "You take life much too seriously," she added.

"I take you seriously," the Duke said.

"Let's not talk," Susie Corbin said. "Let's dance."

The Duke was obediently silent, and he had the feeling that in spite of having it in for him, she liked dancing with him. He managed to sit next to her at the table after that, and whenever she got up to dance with somebody else he poured most of the moonshine brandy out of her glass on the floor under the table and filled the glass up with ginger ale. He saw that Boss Walker was slowly getting sullen and Tommy Wells was slowly getting maudlin. The girl he hadn't met before was evidently not used to drinking. She got pale and ceased to touch her glass.

The Duke sat and waited and watched and tried to be agreeable for two hours. Then he saw that a dozen men from the lunch bar were crowding in the wide doorway to watch the dancing. They were daring each other to cut in on the college boys. The Duke shifted his chair a little so that he could get out of it quickly.

Susie was dancing with Boss Walker when a big truck driver in dungarees and a blue chambray shirt, open at the throat, jumped forward and seized her arm.

"Here," he said, "I'm cuttin' in!"

Boss Walker looked up insolently. "Beat it," he said briefly.

The truck driver hit him with a short clubbed right on the side of the head and knocked him down. Susie shrank back as the truck driver tried to put his arm around her.

"Here's where the free-for-all starts," the Duke thought, as he caught the truck driver's arm. The man jerked his arm free and lunged at the Duke's head with his left. The Duke ducked just enough to let that left go by his head and swung from his ankles. He landed too high to knock the man out; he landed square on the man's nose and he would not have gone down if he hadn't staggered back over Boss Walker as the Boss got to his hands and knees.

The Duke took Susie Corbin by the arms and turned her sharply around so she faced the outside door and put one hand under each elbow and lifted her off her feet and ran her right out through the door and across the road to the Benham.

"Get in and start the engine," he said, and turned to run back, taking off his coat as he ran.

He knew what was going to happen. He knew that gang of truck drivers and town toughs would start in to clean up the students and there were more than enough of them to do it. But he did not know Smitty.

When he stepped into the pavilion again a sudden quiet had fallen on the place. Smitty, a tremendous man with cauliflower ears, and scars over both eyes, was standing over the truck driver who had started the trouble, with a baseball bat in his hands. Barney lounged in the doorway of the lunch bar with his hand in the bulging pocket of his coat. The college boys had gathered in one little knot and the truck drivers in another.

"The first man that moves gets his," Smitty said. Nobody moved. Smitty turned and saw the Duke. "Sir," he said to the Duke with deference, "what shall I do wit' him?"

"Oh, let him up," the Duke said. "He looks as if he'd had enough, and our crowd is going home."

"Aye, aye, sir," said Smitty, and bending down, he boosted the man to his feet expertly.

The truck driver was pretty groggy. His nose was spread all over his face and he had a rising lump on his head where Smitty had tapped him with the bat. But he could walk.

Smitty herded him and his friends into the lunch bar, while Barney continued to lounge in the doorway of the bar with his hand in his coat pocket. Susie's guests began hurriedly to find their wraps. The Duke turned to go back to the Benham and met Susie Corbin coming in.

"It's all right," he assured her; "there isn't going to be any fight."

"Oh!" she said, with a little gasp of relief.

"I'd like it a lot if you'd let me drive you home," he said earnestly.

"I think I will," she said. "Wait till I've said good night to everybody."

While the Duke waited Smitty came over.

"Champ," he said in the Duke's ear, "I wouldn't 'a' had this happen for the world. I got to chinnin' with Barney and I didn't take notice till that roughneck got started."

"It's all right," the Duke said. "No harm done."

"Is your hand all right?"

"Absolutely," the Duke said. "I got him on the nose."

"Barney was tellin' me about ya tonight. Barney an' me used to be in the Navy together. He trained me when I won the heavyweight championship o' the Atlantic Fleet. An' if you'd busted your hand on that big boob I'd never forgive myself."

The Duke held out his hand to Smitty. They shook hands cordially.

"I'm glad to meet you," the Duke said. "But don't give me away. These people I'm with don't know who I am."

"Sa-a-ay," Smitty boomed, "didn't ya hear me call you 'sir' in there just now? Leave it to me, boy. An' I certainly wish ya the best o' luck Decoration Day."

"Thanks," the Duke said. He saw Susie Corbin coming down the room. "And tell Barney I'm ready, will you, Smitty?"

Smitty gave him a large wink as Susie Corbin came up.

"Mr. Van Blarcom," she said, "I asked your man to drive Boss Walker home."

"Really?" the Duke asked, his heart leaping.

"Yes; do you mind?"

"I'm glad you did," the Duke said simply. "I haven't been alone with you in months."

They talked of indifferent things almost all the way to Grandison. She had made the occasion—at least she had helped to make it. The Duke had the feeling that she had made it because she had something special to say to him. But until she spoke he could not risk breaking the spell. He wanted forever the deep pleasure of having her there beside him and talking idly, or not talking at all, as if they were old familiar friends.

"I suppose," she said at last—"I suppose you think that I didn't know you were spiking my drinks all evening."

The Duke stopped the car beside the curb. It was only a mile farther to the Gamma Delta house. She did not protest.

"I didn't know you knew I was doing it," he said. "Did you mind?"

"I was amused," she said. She turned and looked at him. He could see her only dimly in the darkness of the car, but he thought she was smiling at him. Her voice had the feeling that she was smiling at him. And again he felt that terrific tension between them—a tension that made the lightest word momentous. "Why did you do it?" she asked.

There was only one answer. He took a deep breath. He opened his mouth to say "Because I love you." But he stopped himself on the word "because."

"Because," he said, "I couldn't bear to see you get drunk."

"I wouldn't have got drunk anyway. I didn't want to. And the party was an awful flop. It was partly the place. I didn't like Smitty's. Going there for a party was one of those grand ideas that turn out to be not so good. The waiter's apron was too dirty. When if I should get drunk I'd want to do it gayly—I want to be happy. I don't want to get angry or maudlin."

"Those are the two ways in which people mostly do get drunk," the Duke said. "I have seen a great deal of drinking, and when you drink enough you almost always get either angry or maudlin—or both. If you want to get happily drunk you need to be happy to begin with; and when you are happy, you do not need to get drunk."

"I know all that," Susie Corbin said. "Everybody knows that. Why do you have to say it? You got your way tonight. Isn't that enough for you? Do you have to preach always?"

"I'm sorry, Susie," the Duke said. "I should have said what I feel ——" He stopped, startled that he had called her Susie. He was on the verge of saying all the rest—the things he couldn't say until she knew who he was.

"Well," she said, "how do you feel?"

"Happy," he said. "I'm so happy to know that you didn't like Smitty's, and that you're safely out of it that I don't mind if you do snub me."

"I was frightened for a moment," she confided. "When that big roughneck hit Boss Walker and knocked him down I didn't know what was going to happen. I thought he would kill you. Boss Walker is so strong. He made the All-American last fall. And you're so slight compared with him. I suppose you're wiry."

"Yes," the Duke said, "I'm wiry."

"You must be very quick too. I couldn't see what you did. I saw him strike at you, but he didn't hit you, did he?"

"No," the Duke said, "he missed."

"But you must have hit him, because he staggered back so suddenly and fell all over Boss Walker."

"I imagine he tripped on Boss Walker," the Duke said, beginning to get uncomfortable. "Anyhow we got out of it all right."

"You must have given him a push at just the right moment," Susie Corbin persisted.

"Perhaps I did," the Duke said. "It's hard to remember afterward what you did in a moment like that. You're excited and you don't have time to think much."

"I was so excited that I didn't think at all," Susie Corbin said enthusiastically. "The first thing I knew I was sitting in your car."

The Duke waited. He was anxious to change the subject. And he could not think of any adroit way of doing it, so he said nothing and waited. It was hard to wait, because the moment they were silent the air between them became so charged with feeling that he had to grip the rim of the Benham's wheel to keep from putting his arms around her and telling her that he loved her. And he couldn't do that not till after Decoration Day.

"I want to ask you something," Susie Corbin said in a strained little voice. She hesitated, as if she were getting her breath, and went on more easily: "One reason the party didn't go tonight was that Boss Walker and Tommy Wells were both sore at me. We're giving our formal party week after next. You know that each fraternity and sorority has the privilege of giving one big formal party a year? We always give our big party the evening of Decoration Day. Each member of the chapter asks the particular man she wants. There are other guests, of course, but they are guests of the whole chapter. I went to the Psi Chi formal with Tommy and to the Theta Beta formal with Boss Walker. And the trouble is that each of them is afraid I'll ask the other to our formal and I don't know which to ask, and they haven't been nice to each other for the past two or three weeks and tonight they weren't very nice to me. I've got to do something about it right away. I've put off deciding so long now that the

Watch This Column
Our Weekly Chat

YOU will be pleased—I am confident—to know that Laura La Plante—beautiful, talented and sincere—has been chosen to play the character of "Magnolia" in Universal's production of Edna Ferber's romantic story of "Show Boat" which has had such a popular run in book and on the stage. This is a rôle that many of the foremost screen and stage actresses were eager to undertake, yet though our search and tests were thorough, the conclusion and unanimous opinion unerringly pointed to Miss La Plante. I am proud to accord her the honor because I know she will give the part the artistic interpretation it demands. Added interest to you comes from the fact that the opposite rôle of "Ravenal" will be played by that excellent actor, Joseph Schildkraut. I tell you this in advance so that you may be on the watch for "Show Boat."

—C.L.

BESSIE LOVE and TOM MOORE contribute a delightful comedy to Universal's Fall list of gems in *"Anybody Here Seen Kelly?"* I certainly want you to see it. It is from Leigh Jason's original story yet it carries literally the spirit of the familiar old song, and tells the story of a little foreigner's search in this vast republic for her lover and eventually finds him patrolling a beat. It is droll, splendidly acted, well directed and full of surprises.

Laura La Plante, the "Magnolia" of "Show Boat"

You must keep your eyes open this Autumn for the word "Universal." Whenever you see it on front of a movie theatre you can make up your minds that you are going to be handsomely entertained. Here are some of the attractions:

"Uncle Tom's Cabin", the great American classic, with a company of talented stars including MARGUERITA FISHER, GEORGE SIEGMANN, ARTHUR EDMUND CAREWE, LUCIEN LITTLEFIELD, VIRGINIA GREY, JAMES B. LOWE, the celebrated colored actor (Uncle Tom), MONA RAY, and others coming rea. soon.

Tom Moore in "Anybody Here Seen Kelly?"

Don't forget "Lonesome", the different kind of photoplay with a "different" comedian, Glenn Tryon, and beautiful Barbara Kent

"The Grip of the Yukon", William McLeod Raine's startling story of the far north, starring FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN, NEIL HAMILTON, JUNE MARLOWE and others.

Bessie Love in "Anybody Here Seen Kelly?"

"The Michigan Kid", a typical Rex Beach story, starring the always excellent RENEE ADOREE and CONRAD NAGEL.

"Foreign Legion", starring NORMAN KERRY, LEWIS STONE and brilliant cast.

Why not cut out this list and hand it to the manager of your favorite theatre? Tell him you want to see them all. You really ought not to miss one.

Carl Laemmle, President

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one I ask is going to think he's my one and only boy friend and the other one is going to be furious."

She paused and the Duke waited for the rest. She surely didn't expect him to choose which of his rivals she would ask.

"So you see," she said, "I'm in a jam."

"I see," the Duke said.

"You aren't so awfully helpful, are you, Jimmy?" Susie Corbin said.

The Duke, his right hand gripping the Benham's wheel, managed not to jump when she called him Jimmy.

"I don't know how to help you," he said almost angrily. "I can't urge the advantages of one over the other."

"It's plain that you like Tommy Wells better than the Boss," Susie said. "Why don't you say that? Why don't you tell me to ask Tommy?"

"I'd be delighted if you didn't ask either of them," the Duke said.

"I had begun to think you were a complete dumb-bell," Susie Corbin said. "But you aren't. Because that is the same brilliant thought that I had." She waited, as if she expected the Duke to speak. But he said nothing. "So," she said, "I'm asking you."

The Duke could not bring himself to say what he had to say. He just sat there like a fool.

"Miss Susan Corbin requests the pleasure of your presence at the Gamma Delta House"—she laughed—"the evening of May thirtieth at nine o'clock. Dancing. R. S. V. P."

"I—I can't come," the Duke said stupidly, in a voice so strained he hardly recognized it as his own. "I have another engagement—in Chicago."

"Oh!" she said in a tone charged with astonishment and chagrin. She recovered herself quickly. "I'm sorry," she added in her lightest social manner. "It hadn't occurred to me that you'd be going to Chicago for the week-end. I took it for granted you would come."

"It's absolutely impossible," the Duke said. "It's one of those engagements that you can't very well break."

The Duke knew that she wasn't really accepting his explanation. He could feel that her friendliness was as completely gone as if it had never been. They were nothing but casual acquaintances and she didn't like him. He was out and the ring had been cleared and the crowd was going home.

"I'm afraid we'll have to be going," Susie Corbin said. "The others will get there before we do." The Duke started the car. "You must let me out at the corner," she said. "That's where I'm to meet Helen. It's way past hours and we have to help each other through the butler's pantry window." The Duke stopped at the corner. No one was in sight. "Turn off your lights," she said; "we'll have to wait."

"I wish you'd tell me why you think I'm a hypocrite," the Duke said.

"Oh," she said, still in that tea-party tone, "it isn't a matter of any consequence at all. I'm sorry I mentioned it."

"But you did mention it and it isn't fair to drop it there."

"That's true," she admitted. "I will tell you what I meant. I suppose you know that you have the air of being morally superior to practically everybody else in the world. You look down from lofty heights on petting, drinking, telling lies and I don't know what else. You were especially down on kissing. You talked as if you thought there ought to be a law against it. I was annoyed with this attitude of yours. I thought you were the world's worst prig. But there was something about your ridiculous rectitude that I admired. You weren't quite human. But I respected you the way you do respect people who are sternly upright even when you know they're stupid about it. It was an awful shock to me to find out that with you it was just a pose. It made me furious. I'd got used to your keeping your past a secret. I decided it was really none of my business whether you were a bootlegger or what before you came here. But ——"

A car came down the street and stopped fifty yards away and its lights went off.

"There they are," Susie Corbin said, and stepped out of the Benham.

The Duke leaned toward her. "When I come back from Chicago I'll tell you what I was before I came here and what I am still, but what I won't be any more. I'll have a lot of things to tell you when I come back from Chicago."

"No, you won't," Susie Corbin said. "Because I'm not going to see you any more. I'm not interested in hypocrites."

"Listen," the Duke commanded, "you've said that before. But you haven't given me any reason for saying it. You said you were going to tell me why you thought I was a hypocrite, but you haven't done it."

"Oh," she said, "you know. You know that Norah McCune gave it away. When she put her arms around your neck, we all knew."

"She did that to tease me," the Duke said.

"Please stop talking." She nodded her head toward the group that was approaching from the other car. "They're coming. And I'm tired of alibis. There's no reason why you shouldn't be her lover. I don't blame you for that. I'm not a schoolgirl. But I can't stand your attitude about it. Go and spend the week-end with her in Chicago, but I'm through. I don't want to see you again—ever."

The Duke could not reply because she was immediately surrounded by Helen Scott and Boss Walker and Tommy Wells and the girl who had got pale when she tried to drink Smitty's Italian moon. Somehow he said good-by. And then he listened all the way home to a lecture from Barney.

"Why didn' ya whistle, kid? Ya know ya didn't have no business to hit that rube. Ya only had to put two fingers to your mouth and blow. I'd 'a' come on the run. I was right there in the lunch room talkin' to Smitty. What if that crowd had ganged ya? Where'd I be? Where'd Jake be? Ya might 'a' got kicked to death and got that cut on your forehead opened again and maybe broke your hand. Whad'ya havta pick fights for?"

"Now, Barney," the Duke protested, "I didn't pick a fight. That truck driver tried to grab the girl and I hit him once and ran out of the place with her. I was as careful as I could be."

"Ya was careful o' the girl. That's all ya thought of. That's all ya ever think of."

Barney went on and on, and the Duke let him go. The less he argued with Barney the sooner Barney would get his feelings off his chest. When Barney's bellow trailed off to a grumble the Duke promised him he would be good for the rest of his training period.

"I'm not on speaking terms with her any more, Barney, so you needn't worry."

"Huh!" Barney said with great emphasis.

"What's that?" the Duke asked.

"Huh!" Barney said again.

The Duke was singularly heartened by Barney's skepticism. After all, when Susie Corbin knew about his fight with Honeyboy Kerrigan, she would know that he hadn't gone to Chicago to meet Norah McCune. He wished he could see Norah. He wanted to tell Norah what he thought of her attempt to help him.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

PLAIN PEOPLE

(Continued from Page 23)

On the train by which I left—a railroad had been built to the town during my residence—an incident happened I have always remembered. Opposite me sat a young and pretty girl, and I do not believe I stared at her more than men usually do; but while I was looking at her, she winked at me. I would not have been more astonished had a rabbit shot at me while out hunting, for I had always believed men made the advances. I had seen some abandoned women, but regarded them as cast-offs of bold male pursuers. Therefore a pretty girl, apparently respectable, winking at me was a revelation—my first notice that women must be known and studied a long time before one may understand them even remotely.

XII

I SHALL never forget how sordidly and meanly I lived in Omaha, after an agreeable life of nearly two years. No one in Omaha knew that the Falls City Cornet Band had accompanied me to the station or that the choir of the Methodist church gave a notable social event in my honor the evening before my departure. There were two prominent men in Omaha who had visited in Falls City and my relations with them were cordial, but I did not look them up. I was like a rich man who had become bankrupt and gone into hiding.

When I went to a printers' boarding house, the rough surroundings almost overwhelmed me, as I had acquired dainty ways at Falls City. In a few weeks I went West, and all I recall of the journey is the great number of antelope I saw on the plains. I often doubt the buffalo stories told of the early days of the West, but the antelope, I believe, were as numerous as is claimed. I read of men who killed a hundred a day when they were most plentiful, and people say it was a shame. They needn't worry; no such thing was done. All phases of the Western story are exaggerated atrociously by the oldest inhabitants.

I soon met Joe Franklin at Denver and we at once resumed our old relations. He always had a notion that it was a man's first duty to live rather comfortably, and had pleasant quarters, which I shared. He told me he had joined his wife in Ohio, as intended, but after a few weeks again realized she was too good for him.

For a time I subbed on the Rocky Mountain News, and then went to Golden, twenty miles away, in response to a hurry call from the proprietor of a weekly there. As he agreed to pay me Denver prices, I almost bankrupted the office, greatly to the indignation of the other printers.

There was another paper in town, an insignificant one, and somehow I formed a plan of getting control of it. Then followed mysterious conferences with Joe Franklin, who was to be my partner. I was not of age, and he had no more practical sense than a child, so we figured and talked, and every figure, every conversation, was foolish. We made rows of figures, added them up, and then, to be safe, cut the result in two. We should have made all our figures in red ink, but did not know it, and rather enjoyed the excitement. Finally we agreed to pay an enormous price, went in debt heavily and became owners of the Golden Eagle. I cannot recall how long I ran it, but know I did everything wrong, with the best intentions in the world. A few years ago I looked over the bound file of the paper and quietly burned it, to prevent my sons seeing it.

Joe Franklin might have been of great assistance to the paper, he made friends so easily. Golden was then the headquarters of a railroad, a smelting works, a paper mill, a coal mine and a mining school, and had many agreeable citizens. My partner soon became famous with them, but did almost nothing to assist in getting out the paper. As a side line, he intended opening a piano store, and was so convinced that prosperity had at last singled him out for a blessing that he sent for his wife.

(Continued on Page 38)

BUILDING
THE FORTRESSES
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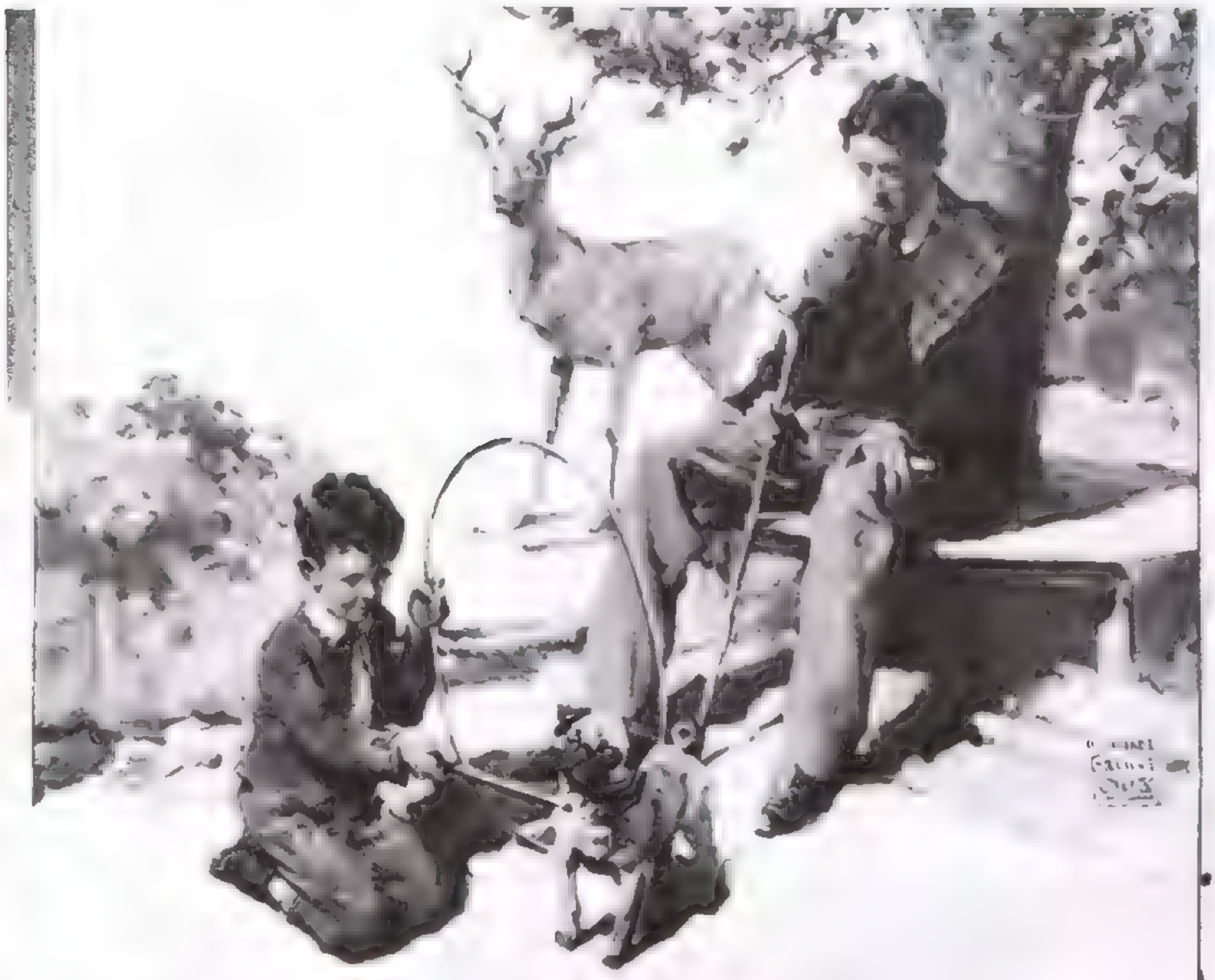

Sick for 2 months–

YET HE MIGHT HAVE BEEN WELL IN A WEEK

A doctor friend of ours told us this story:

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A Firefly is the safe lighter for the pocket and the house—safe from little fingers that know no better or from careless older ones that throw away supposedly extinguished matches.

Even among lighters the Firefly is the safety lighter. It is impossible for it to fly open in the pocket and burst into flame. Yet when you *need* it, a quick touch of the thumb gives you a sure unfailing light. And because of a patented cap that seals in the vapor and fluid, the Firefly gives most lights for each filling.

Firefly Lighters, in a wide variety of metal, leather and specialty finishes, sell at prices from $4.50 up. If your local shops are unable to show you a range of Fireflies, write for an illustrated circular.

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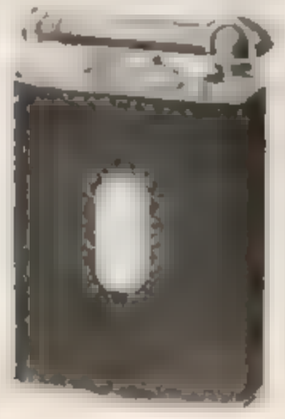

ALWAYS WORKS

(Continued from Page 36)

I liked her at once, but as Joe continued to drink as much as ever and spend too much time with the friends he made, she soon confessed she was discouraged with the experiment. They lived in rooms back of the office and I boarded with them. Mrs. Franklin's father was editor of a weekly paper in Ohio and her acquaintance with her husband began there. She was a typesetter, and every day worked with me in getting out the paper, in addition to doing the housework. Joe appeared occasionally, as good-natured as ever, and told how everything was going fine. He said my writing and the success of the paper were the talk of the town, but I knew better. At times he would have a short fit of industry, but soon drifted away to associate with his friends.

Once he went to Denver; some special thing was going on in a concert hall where he had played and they said no one could manage it as he could. I was compelled to go after him finally, and he returned so good-natured, so full of enthusiasm for the success of whatever he had been doing, that we could only smile and wish the dear fellow was more serious. Toward the last he spent most of his time in Denver, and finally sent me word he was not cut out for a publisher and generously offered to give me his half interest, which amounted to no more than half the debts we owed. For a time Mrs. Franklin remained and helped with the work. It was the worst mixed-up affair in history, probably, with only children to manage it.

Once I heard of a place in the mountains where the citizens were willing to give a considerable amount to establish a paper and insure it support. As I was not doing well in Golden, I arranged somehow to go to the place, but could find neither head nor tail to the story. Such stories are always going round, but I never knew one to turn out true. I was indignant then because of the unreliability of men, but am not so easily misled after long familiarity with them.

On my way home I left the stage at a place called Morrison, to walk to Golden. Night overtook me, and in walking along the road I encountered a party of rough-looking characters sitting about a fire. I was afraid of them in that lonely place. After I had gone half a mile, I realized that one of the men was following me, and when I hurried on, frightened, he called to me. It was Joe Franklin, and we sat by the road and talked half the night. Joe said he was not good enough for his wife, nor for me; that he was on the way to the devil and hadn't much farther to go, which I thought was true, judging from the rough crowd he was with.

I begged him to go with me to Golden, but he would not. Had I met him when I was a prosperous journeyman printer, I could have helped him, but as a publisher I hadn't a cent to offer him. Then we parted, and I have never seen or heard of him since.

When I told Mrs. Franklin about the incident, as I thought it my duty to do, she made no comment. The subject was never mentioned again by either of us, and in a few weeks she went back to her old home in Ohio, her father having sent the necessary money from his slender store.

Somewhere in my inner self now I have a feeling that Joe Franklin was the best friend I ever had. He hadn't a bad habit, so far as I knew, except drinking, and this did not debase him so much as it does others. I have always had particular aversion for drunken men, the habit is so inexcusable; but Joe was never drunk, although always drinking. I thought a good deal of his wife, but sometimes thought her efforts to reform him only made matters worse.

She was naturally a silent woman, and her plan with Joe was to look indignant and hurt and say nothing—the worst punishment, I believe, wives have invented for mates. Joe never complained, but one of his specialties was to make fun of silent men, as he was himself a great talker. I loved them both, but Joe much the better.

XIII

AT THE age of seventy-five I frequently think with regret, and occasionally with amusement and wonder, of the days I spent in Golden. The people were kind, as I have found them everywhere, but I knew so little as to be unable to take advantage of it. I was in my twentieth year—almost ready to be declared a voter, yet the mistakes I made indicate I was not ready for citizenship. I am not fully able to discharge that responsibility now. It seems to me I did not begin truly to appreciate the ordinary facts of life until I was between thirty-five and forty, and even after that age I made mistakes for which I am blushing now.

I suppose it is generally admitted that the New York Times is one of the world's foremost newspapers. Its editor in 1927 saw fit to employ a famous man named Jay E. House to write an article for the magazine section entitled Ed Howe, Country Editor Supreme. If at thirty-five or forty I was able to do work that attracted such an unusual compliment, why was I, at about the time I became of age, the very worst country editor in the world? For surely I was that in Golden, Colorado. I am no longer vain; I ask the question in a humble and thoughtful spirit. If I had any sense later, where was it concealed when I lived in Golden, and for a considerable time afterward?

No doubt when in Golden I had the confidence of youth which so astonishes the elderly; I suppose that when I knew nothing, I believed I knew everything. The disposition of young people to trust themselves and regard the elderly as old-fogy enemies is one of their greatest misfortunes, although called many beautiful things.

On the opposition paper at Golden there was employed a writer, a man of ability and experience. He was always saying in a new way that I was a fool, and it made me furious, as I did not then suspect it. Many years afterward, when I saw a mean thing about me and credited to a Denver paper, I knew this same man wrote it, for he went to Denver from Golden. Lately I am seeing fewer of them, and I believe he is dead, as he was considerably older.

During my poverty and blundering in Golden the knowledge that I was soon to be married was gnawing its way into my consciousness. I suppose I had boasted of prosperity at Golden to the lady to whom I was engaged. What young fellow would have neglected to write to the object of his affection that he had created a sensation in a new community? Love is not a thing to be candid and sensible about. To save my life I could not have written to Falls City that I was a failure in Golden and that the marriage should be put off.

Strangely enough, I actually attracted some attention as a writer in Golden. There was then printed in Denver a paper called the Mirror edited by a man named Stanley G. Fowler, who seemed to be an editor of experience and ability, and was so accepted by newspaper men. This man actually praised me! Every week he reprinted long extracts from my paper, and to add wonder to wonder, a Boston publisher wrote suggesting he might be interested in a book of the writing exploited by the Denver Mirror. I worked many nights getting up a collection of it. I am sure I wrote to the lady of my choice that a publisher in Boston was considering a book of mine, and did not later write her that the manuscript was returned.

When I say there was not a line I wrote for the Golden Eagle that had sense in it, I am not trying to be overmodest; I am only telling the truth as it is illuminated with fifty years of later experience in writing. I did not have sufficient judgment to devote my time to local happenings, as I should have done, but attempted to be witty when I had no wit. Instead of devoting close attention to digging out from under my terrible load of debt, I took vacations that were foolish, unnecessary and expensive, as is done today, and even more generally.

One of them was a long horseback trip into the wildest part of the Rocky Mountains with a preacher. In my early life I had considerable admiration for preachers, regarding them as unusual men. Later I outgrew this. I found others better able to instruct and benefit me.

In the mountains I found material for really interesting writing, for we visited the gold camps and met trappers and hunters and many other unusual characters. Had I written a good description of the town of Fairplay, as I had opportunity to do, it would have made my fortune today. I knew many of the frontier towns in that early time, and Fairplay was in many respects one of the strangest. My companion, the preacher, held services in one of its dance-and-gambling places on a Sunday night. I was familiar with these from my experience with Joe Franklin, but Fairplay was farther from the beaten path than anything I had seen before. Here was the naked truth even Bret Harte caricatured somewhat. Why did I not have sufficient wit to tell the story simply? I sang hymns in the rough place, and the men and women present generally knew the tunes and joined me. But they were not moved to tears; they were simply respectful, as people nearly always are in presence of religious services. I botched the story. On encountering it many years later, I burned it. But my admirer, the Denver Mirror, reprinted it. Fowler, the editor, even invited me to visit him, with a view of becoming his partner. Never was fool more cruelly treated.

The crucial test came when I was compelled to get money with which to go back to Falls City and be married. A date had been agreed upon before I left Colorado, and the object of my affection wrote that it was necessary for me formally to ask her father's consent, as it was time to begin her preparations and the coöperation of her father was necessary.

I wrote the letter; I had been so zealous a lover I could not have avoided doing whatever was suggested. So on a certain day I left Golden for Falls City, knowing anyone as poor, foolish and young as I was should not get married, but there was no way out of it.

I recall that on my way to the railroad station a banker named Everett came out of his door, and said, "Well, you poor fish, here is a year's advance payment on that advertisement of mine."

I think the amount was thirty dollars; without it, my bride would have been hungry on her wedding trip.

The bride had arranged the wedding on the grand scale with which she had conducted the affair throughout. There was in it a simulation of the grandeur of palaces, courts and cathedrals, although it occurred in a story-and-a-half house in a country town. There were bridesmaids, old schoolgirl friends who had come on from a distance, and a wedding march played on a melodeon. The bride threw her bouquet; there was a wedding dress and veil; two officiating pastors; the curtains were drawn—it was in the afternoon—and the lamps lighted. No detail was neglected that a romantic woman might hear of. I knew the bridegroom was not worth it; I was conscious that it was all rather ridiculous, and somehow resented it. The bride was excited and a little domineering, as I think brides usually are, and five minutes before the ceremony made me sulky by demanding that I make up with a relative I did not like.

I had invited father, and greatly to my surprise he was there. Just what this man of great experience in marrying thought of it all I never knew; but I recall that at the wedding feast he ate so much cove-oyster soup, not knowing there was to be anything else, that he could not do justice to the liberal offering that followed.

(Continued on Page 41)

Why do *most* *Car* Owners

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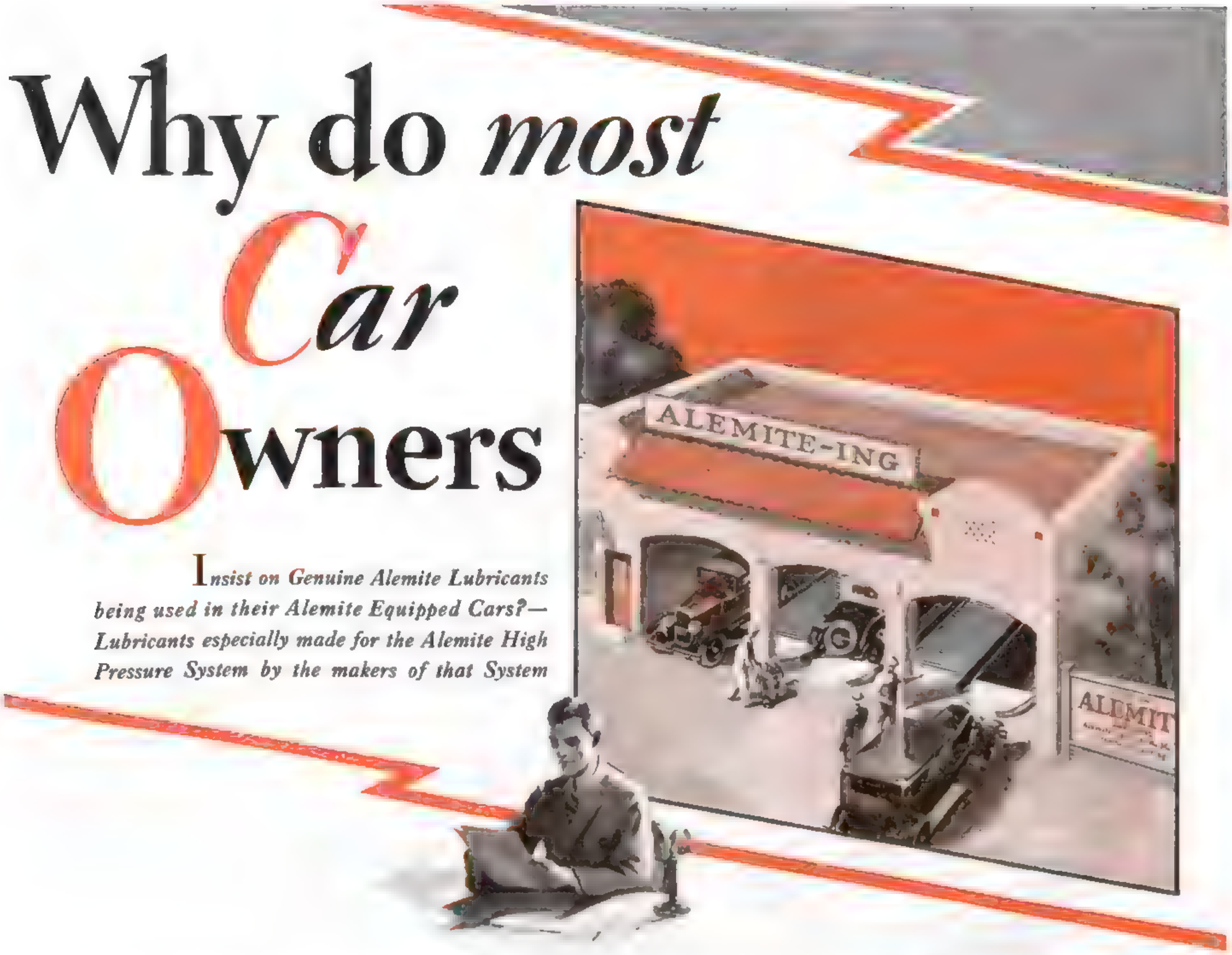

Where 80% of all repair bills come in, and the way to avoid them via *Correct Lubrication*

WHEN the manufacturers of 95% of all motor cars being made today adopted the Alemite and Alemite-Zerk High Pressure Lubrication Systems, they did it to effect longer life, smoother running and greatly reduced upkeep for their cars.

This because 80% of all repair bills, on the average car, were traced to improper lubrication.

The Alemite Systems provide your car with the means to PROPER LUBRICATION. For they force lubricants, under tremendous pressure, to EVERY VITAL CHASSIS BEARING on your car.

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By avoiding the irresponsible "Greasing Stations" that have sprung up everywhere and having your car properly Alemited, your car will last longer and run more smoothly with a minimum of repair bills.

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Fine qualities, these; fine for kiddies, fine for grownups—but to be expected from Goodrich—producers of famous Silvertown Tires, Zipper Boots and 32,000 other useful rubber articles.

And now the Goodrich Rubber Heel. For all ages and shoe sizes in black and brown. Found as "original equipment" on fine shoes and applied by shoe service shops at a cost no higher than you pay for ordinary heels!

Rubber Heels

THE B. F. GOODRICH RUBBER COMPANY

Est. 1870, Akron, O. *Pacific Goodrich Rubber Company, Los Angeles, Calif.*

(Continued from Page 38)

I spent my nuptial night in Atchison, Kansas, where I afterward lived fifty years. Neither of us realized what was to happen to us later in Atchison, although there was a premonition of it, as we had another fuss.

I dreaded going to Falls City. I dreaded going back to my wretched affairs at Golden. I knew the people at Falls City believed the marriage unsuitable because of my youth and poverty; I believed the people at Golden would. When our honeymoon was three days old we went to a hotel in Golden to live.

The rate was high, and I not only had no money but was greatly in debt. For weeks I worked every night until eleven or twelve o'clock to scrape enough together to exist. There was always one source of ready money—job printing, and this I solicited and got out at night at cut prices—any way to get it.

I had heard somewhere that every married man should own a home, so I bought one on credit, agreeing to pay a price much above its value, and lost it, with the actual money I had been able to put into it. I bought a cow and milked it, and have hated cows ever since.

In this house my first child was born—an experience terrible for the father as well as the mother. It is often said fathers are rough animals, but I believe I suffered as much as my wife; and the little girl that appeared in my life seemed the daintiest creature I had ever known. I stole a poem to celebrate the event, and my admirer on the Denver Mirror caught me at it and was never the same afterward. As a result, I have since been careful to give credit.

My affairs in Golden were so desperate that I soon had my brother Jim come out, but he had no knowledge of the kind required. He was a good printer, but knew nothing of the other problems confronting me. I had paid too much for everything, and doubt if there was a man in the world who could have worked success out of the mess. So we sold one-half interest to a young fellow for cash. This was used to pay my most pressing debts and the others Jim assumed for his half of the paper.

And then I went back in humiliation to Falls City, where I made most of the same mistakes all over again.

XIV

DURING my second residence in Falls City there was one happy experience—I attended the Centennial at Philadelphia. I had never been in a city, and when I walked down Market Street it was so wonderful that I was surprised an admission fee was not charged. For a week I had the best time I ever had in my life, or ever will have. I accidentally ran across father, who was an exhibitor at the fair. He was always inventing things, and had a contrivance that year to revolutionize the steam engine. He was not very cordial, having resumed his old Fairview temper.

In some way I found board and room at the home of a dentist, who had occasion to lance my first wisdom tooth. Two other guests were an elderly couple named Rathbone, from New York City. As there was not much harm in me, and I was very enthusiastic, I suppose these fine old people were amused, for they were very kind. When they invited me to accompany them to attend a Theodore Thomas concert at Forrest mansion, I said I would go, but did not expect to enjoy it, as there was nothing in classical music. I am blushing as I write it, for I said it to two cultured people.

When we arrived at the concert hall, the players were tuning up. I thought the program had begun because it sounded like the classical music I expected to hear. Presently the conductor appeared, wearing a swallow-tail coat, a thing I had never seen before and did not know existed.

When the orchestra began playing, the music immediately appealed to me as the most beautiful thing I had ever heard. I had been singing and playing for years and never heard any music. I was like a wild Indian from the plains with natural musical temperament; here was a beautiful thing I did not know existed. Once Mrs. Rathbone found me on my feet and pulled me down; I did not know what I was doing half the time.

The Rathbones were greatly amused because of my enthusiasm, and next took me to hear a solo concert by noted stars; and again my friends were surprised, for I did not like it. And I've been that way ever since. I do not care for soloists, although greatly moved by a capable orchestra, band or chorus. After hearing Paderewski play one number—in later years—I was ready to go home. I can get little out of the piano or a vocal soloist. The violin is the only solo instrument I will submit to, and then only to note how it may be manipulated. At present I never attend a solo concert except to see a noted man like Kreisler, and amateurs are painful to me.

I recall that Dom Pedro, then emperor of Brazil, was present at the Musical Congress I attended in Philadelphia. Brignoli, then quite old, was one of the singers, and his selection Embarrassment, which I murdered for years afterward.

While out seeing the world, I intended going to New York, and the Rathbones regretted they would not be there to show me about. But they insisted on my going to their home, which was in charge of servants, and this I did, carrying a letter to the butler. I've always wondered that the Rathbones did not accompany me to New York for the pleasure of noting my surprise, as I think they were a little disturbed because of my admiration for Philadelphia. Possibly they hesitated because I constantly wore a plug hat which did not look well on me. I recall I had my picture taken in it at Niagara Falls to prove I had been there, but cannot present it herewith, as I destroyed it years ago.

Somehow New York did not impress me as did Philadelphia; but I did not see much of it, as I was scared, and remained only a day or two. However, I found Madison Square Garden, where Pat Gilmore's band was giving concerts, and was thrilled again. There was a bar in the building, and by means of some sort of attachment I was able to buy a glass of champagne for twenty-five cents. I didn't like it and never have since. I have tasted a good many wines, in a good many places and years, but have never been able to understand the enthusiasm about them.

Music has remained my great passion. For many years I have employed big professional bands to give free concerts, when I could afford it. On one of such occasions Sorrentino, decorated by the King of Italy for proficiency in music, led sixty men before an audience of fifteen thousand.

Afterward he said to me, "The greatest event of my musical life! The appreciation! The attendance! Marvelous!"

If I had a fortune I should travel about three months every summer, giving two free concerts daily with such a band, with chorus added.

Herman Bellstedt, who succeeded to the leadership of the old Cincinnati Band, also gave concerts for me. The attendance was so great that Bellstedt and his men could not get to the music stand for a time. He was angry at first, but when I drove him to town that night, he repeated what Sorrentino had said:

"The greatest event of my musical life! The appreciation! The attendance! Marvelous!"

Once I employed Ellery's Royal Italian Band to give four free concerts, and thousands have told me they never heard any music until I provided it. I often wonder philanthropists do not give more attention to providing good music. The enthusiasm a country church member enjoys in listening to a sermon by his bishop I find in music. I experience every phase of sentiment in attending the performance of a great orchestra, which alone now satisfies me, provided the selections also accord with my understanding and taste. But I do not regard it as divine—only as one of the beautiful things men may know. When I leave the concert hall, my dream is over and again I walk carefully on the highways of the commonplace.

During my last days in Falls City I printed something about a stuttering man. I was a long time learning that the people are very sensitive about newspaper notoriety, and was in the wrong, but meant no harm. I had heard a funny stuttering story and attributed it to the man, and he was greatly offended. On meeting me we had one of the funny, harmless country-town fights in which two men push each other and are very angry and ridiculous. We were arrested by a constable and taken before a justice of the peace—the poet whose verses, I have confessed elsewhere, had caused me to weep. The best lawyer in town volunteered to defend me, and a lawyer almost as good represented the stuttering man.

These two performed as grandly as though delegates to a World Peace Congress, greatly to the delight of a large crowd that speedily gathered, including many women. The attorney for the stuttering man abused me as though I had been a tremendous criminal. I was never so humiliated in my life, since I knew him intimately; he was almost the best friend I had in town.

Then my attorney spoke for the defense. It was beautiful, eloquent, and brought tears to my eyes. A citizen asked the privilege of speaking, and also pleaded for me. This moved me still more—until his action brought out another citizen who denounced me.

I was utterly crushed, until I noted suppressed merriment on the faces of those present and realized it was all a joke—they were amusing themselves at my expense, making fun of me. Probably I should have suspected it earlier, since I knew the town men were much given to practical jokes, and as they were very bright and hadn't much to do, the jokes were frequently so amusing I had enjoyed them myself.

I am specially sensitive when a joke is on me, and nothing would have kept me from leaving Falls City. The lawyers later apologized and the stuttering man and I exchanged regrets, but at that time in my life I made a good deal of my dignity, and I would have left town even had there been no other place to go than the famous bad place described in church.

XV

I DO not know why I located in Atchison, Kansas, where I have been a citizen half a century. I had never been in the town except to pass through it a few times. I knew nothing of conditions there, and none of its people, and it had morning and evening papers well established. I only know I started a paper there in 1877, struggled along many years, and finally mine was the only one in town, after I had killed each of my opponents several times. My morning competitor assisted me somewhat in getting himself elected governor two terms; I have long believed that to get your opponent in politics is equal to getting him in jail. For four years his paper was run by hired men, and when he came back it was not paying expenses. The evening paper assisted in its downfall by a little more than the usual shiftlessness found everywhere in newspaper offices and in business establishments generally.

I will make oath I hadn't two hundred dollars' capital to begin with, and was compelled to borrow money with which to buy a quarto Gordon job press. I brought with me a font of brevier type from the wreck at Falls City, and with this outfit started a newspaper of one sheet, ten and a half by fifteen, of two pages only—the queerest daily paper ever seen in the United States, I have no doubt.

For the first two weeks we made fun of ourselves, to save the people that trouble, and hired a boy to deliver the paper free. I left my family in Falls City for a time, and for weeks my brother Jim and I did all the work, in addition to job printing. We slept

Who's Who on Brunswick

Electrical Records

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LEE SIMS

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Brunswick

The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co.

Chicago - New York

KLEIN—*The Standard of Safety*

Look in the hand of the man who [illegible] mechanic, carpenter, any man [illegible]

Only a leather strap—yet it bears the responsibility of human life. Drop forged buckles, snaps and rings, selected steer hide harness, minute inspection of even the rivets and stitching. No precaution is overlooked to insure the maximum factor of safety.

The man on the pole must have reliable equipment—that's why so many leading Public Utilities have standardized on "Kleins" "Since 1857"

Distributed through jobbers

Here are four pamphlets of interest to linemen—and to those responsible for the safety of linemen. Copies will be sent you on request. Check the ones you want.

- ☐ Safety for the Pole Climber.
- ☐ Specifications on Lineman's Belts and Safety Straps.
- ☐ The Safety Factor on Lineman's Leather Goods.
- ☐ Pocket Tool Guide.

Mathias KLEIN & Sons

Established 1857 Chicago, U.S.A.

3200 BELMONT AVE., CHICAGO

in the office, and usually worked not only all day but until late at night. We were able to do a large amount of work, owing to the early training father had given us. We wrote almost nothing. When I came in from the street, I placed my notebook on the small-cap case and put my items in type direct. Jim frequently set up news items from verbal skeletons I hurriedly gave him. If I had an advertisement, I put it in type and placed it in the form where it belonged. If I brought an order for job work, I kept it in my pocket and that night we got it ready for delivery next morning. There was always a profit of a dollar and a quarter in five hundred billheads, and we could get out such an order in an hour, as our methods were simple and quick. We had no job type at first—only that used on the newspaper—but our customers were good-natured and did not object.

I am sure that for four or five years the Atchison Globe was of little consequence, but somehow it was received kindly. I am certain that within a few weeks hundreds of citizens were patting me on the back and enjoying our jokes on the other papers, both edited by strong men.

Not long after I arrived one of them made a speech in a hall, and I was there to report it. A man I did not know asked me "Who is he?" I replied it was Noble Prentis, of the Champion. "The coming man in this town," said the man, "is that young Howe, of the Little Globe."

I never knew who he was—evidently a stranger—but he had absorbed some of the prejudice against the old papers. Many years later I was forced to take a dose of the same medicine and found it bitter.

At the end of two weeks we sent the carrier out to say that in future the paper would be ten cents a week; the price of the other papers was twenty-five. The boy came back with his pockets bulging with money. Most of the people to whom he had been delivering the paper free said they would not only take it, but would pay twenty cents for the two weeks it had been delivered at their doors. The second Saturday after the establishment of the Atchison Globe, it actually took in enough money to pay its expenses and the board and keep of the two men who got it out. From that day to this it has been profitable.

Even in that remote day I was familiar with the faults of newspapers, and these we made fun of. Our competitors made much of interviews, and these we mocked by running long display headings over imaginary interviews of three or four lines.

Mary Anderson was then a young, beautiful and talented actress, and came to town to play in Ingomar. I wrote an imaginary interview with her, in which she was not permitted to say a word; the reporter did all the talking and rambled on about Atchison people and Atchison incidents. It was all good-natured and harmless, and I have been told since that Miss Anderson cut the interview out of the paper and carried it away with her.

I interviewed Joseph Jefferson and Henry Ward Beecher without seeing them and, as I highly respected them both, was inoffensive. Mr. Beecher delivered a lecture called the Wastes and Burdens of Society. I was then only twenty-four, slow in coming to maturity, and this was the first notable intellectual event of my life. I understood him, and his talk moved me profoundly. Beecher wore a shiny black coat and looked rather tired and seedy, but I soon forgot criticism, as he delivered the best public address I have ever heard. Somehow he reached my understanding with his great intelligence and experience. Of all the speakers I have known since, not one has done me equal good. I do not recall a word he said—only that I walked out of the hall a better and wiser man from having heard him. I never cared for his writing, but that address made me his friend for life. Previously I had been in the grade schools of life; in Atchison I began attending college, with Beecher as one of the instructors. A recent book devoted to Mr. Beecher's life is unfriendly, but I found no charge against him that may not be made against almost any man, with many strong points admitted that most of us lack.

I have long been disposed to judge men by their average; if it is reasonably high, I am charitable with faults that look pretty black when hundreds of young reporters and old enemies take after him. In my own old age I feel I have never done well in anything—only what people call fairly well, at times. I have been a rough animal all my life, and have never known anyone in whom I did not frequently detect wildness suppressed because of knowledge that practice of civilized rules pays.

When I went to Atchison it was a town of twelve thousand, and had many bright men. Most country towns are drained dry of their best men by the cities, but Atchison in the old days had aspirations and prospects. It had been headquarters of the Ben Holliday stage line and of freighting to the West; the early trails from California, Colorado and Montana led to Atchison, and many of the big buffalo and Indian tales were first told there. It had a railroad before Kansas City and was an interesting, promising place with history and characters, including a gang of the most noted three-card-monte men in the West.

Oscar Wilde drifted in as a lecturer. I disliked him before he arrived and dislike his memory to this day, and my "interview" with him was unfriendly. Bob Ingersoll appeared, and as he read his lecture, I have never been able to understand his great fame as an orator. I often say now that the best shows I have ever seen I saw in Atchison. Frank Daniels appeared in the Electrical Doll in a hall over a livery stable. I have been familiar with most of the funny men of my time, and none of them equaled Frank Daniels. I saw Jeffreys Lewis in Forget-Me-Not, and she is the greatest actress in my memory, although I have witnessed performances by Sarah Bernhardt in Paris and by Ellen Terry in London. I saw Fay Templeton in The Mascot when she was a young, slender and beautiful girl. Country people are not so much out of the world as is believed by those who have always lived in cities.

Newspapers are always unpopular, however good they are, and we made fun of our competitors. One was Republican and the other Democratic and they made much of politics, usually ridiculous, and we exploited the ridiculous side. I think we were actually making money in a month. I had been deeply in debt in Golden and in Falls City, but never was in Atchison; it was the most curious, fortunate accident in the history of newspapers. I never had any trouble making money in Atchison but, owing to carelessness, had trouble keeping it.

The town had a great man everybody picked at. We soon discovered this, and picked at him, too, but always with good nature, for there was really no harm in him except vanity.

One of our best sources of copy was to pretend to receive letters from readers. These we actually made up, being familiar with the ridiculous letters sent to established newspapers. Then we invented imaginary controversies. We did particularly well with a series of letters from an imaginary hired girl who told of her ambitions, her distresses and the women for whom she worked. Jim represented the hired girl and did well. He had the better side, for I soon tired of replies from employers of hired girls and tried a young man who wanted to marry our correspondent. But Jim would have nothing to do with him, unless properly introduced, as the young woman he represented had an Uncle Amos who had been an alderman and she would not take up with strangers except with proper introduction.

In every town there are men able to write well and we soon attracted their attention. One contributor was anonymous. He was one of the best writers I ever knew anywhere. He worked for us faithfully for some months, tired of it, and I do not know yet who he was.

One man started a controversy which ran fiercely for weeks: Why Does Not God Kill the Devil? It seems a fair if delicate question, and I thought it very original and clever. A vicious active fiend has been in mischief many centuries. Why does not the all-powerful God kill him? I discovered many years later that the question was asked as far back as Daniel Defoe—Friday asked it of Robinson Crusoe.

In all my newspaper life I have benefited largely by bright acquaintances. In Atchison there was a negro called Parson Twine, as black as midnight but very original. Every time I met him he said something in which there was a suggestion, and I quoted him so frequently that he became famous locally. Sometimes I credited him with bold things I did not care to father myself. He liked it so well that for years he devoted his spare time to thinking up what he hoped were wise sayings. I have heard that Ralph Waldo Emerson knew a carpenter he cultivated because of his wisdom; all writers are mere reporters of what they hear and read. I knew railroad men who not only brought me butter and eggs from the country but thought up things for me while out on their runs; there was scarcely a citizen who did not occasionally say something worth while, if properly edited One young Irishman could analyze humanity almost as well as Nietzsche, although I do not believe he ever read a book or wrote a line. But how he could think and talk!

My half brother Jim, then about thirty, was a quiet, reserved man and could not work on the streets, so I did all this. I was able to solicit advertising, job work and subscriptions while getting news, and on returning to the office, was business manager. This was the method I was compelled to learn, but did it easily, and kept it up all my life on the Globe. In a little while we ran the paper four times through the job press, and had four pages. I was not only business manager, editorial writer, managing editor, paragrapher, advertising solicitor, circulation manager and typesetter occasionally, but wrote the society news. Once a milliner complained to me of a customer who was unreasonable and I wrote a hint item about it—later discovering I had criticized my own wife.

Men of the craft marveled that I did it, but I never found the system difficult, and it was very effective. Long after we had a three-story building of our own, perfecting press and typesetting machines, farmers would pay their subscriptions only to me, as a result of the old system, and it became a nuisance. We had subscription clerks, but the farmers would force their way into my private office and I was compelled to take them out to the proper department. When we were getting out a considerable paper, advertisers wanted me to write their advertisements, and mourners their death notices. All the petty complaints came to me—about the police court, the carriers, of which I knew nothing.

An old fellow came up to me on the street the other day and said, "The Globe never mentions me without telling my age. It is very offensive; I wish you would stop it."

I said to him he knew I had not been on the Globe in more than ten years, and had no connection with it.

"Yes, I know," he replied, "but you started it. You can stop it. I wish you would."

Recently a woman came out to my home to make a row because she had been refused credit at the Globe office. She kept saying, "I was always your friend; whatever the others said, I stood by you," and I couldn't get in a word to explain that I had not been in the office in months and had nothing to do with it. I dread to go downtown now because of people I meet who say they were always my friends, as though all the others had been my enemies.

In my active days I knew every man, woman and child, black and white, in Atchison, but could not remember names. This failing was a constant source of

Continued on Page 44

"I just couldn't afford to be laid up . . ."

Miss Anna G. Cronin (Letter at right)

Brockton, Mass.

"Not only did my position demand my being on the job every day, but for financial reasons too (I am the sole support of my widowed mother) I just couldn't afford to be laid up.

"Imagine my alarm, then, when I began to get nervous, lost my appetite and finally suffered complete nervous exhaustion. It was all I could do to carry on, let alone have any pep left after the day's work.

"Taking a friend's suggestion, I began eating Fleischmann's Yeast—three or four cakes a day. After three months I want to say I am sure the Yeast prevented a total breakdown in my health. I shall continue to eat it."

Anna G. Cronin

POOR digestion, bad skin, headaches, "nerves"—these are the commonest signs your intestinal tract is not clean. Signs that stagnating food wastes are flooding your body with poisons. Lowering your efficiency. Dulling your appetite for work or play . . .

A pure health food, fresh as any garden vegetable, Fleischmann's Yeast does not "scour out" your intestines, the way cathartics do. Gently, naturally, it stimulates the muscles, softens the wastes, makes elimination regular, *complete*.

Your whole being promptly reflects your new intestinal health—your digestion, your complexion, your bodily vigor—your very disposition!

You can get Fleischmann's Yeast from any grocer. Buy two or three days' supply at a time and keep in any cool dry place. Write for a free copy of the latest booklet on Yeast in the diet. Address Health Research Dept. D-71, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York City.

(RIGHT)

William McCartney's father writes:

Denver, Colorado

"WE HAD ALMOST GIVEN UP hope of Billy's ever being well again. He is six years old, and for five years he had suffered on and off from constipation. Day after day we would dose him with cathartics, but his health kept right on fading. His condition was so bad that we actually had to force him to eat.

"Finally we started giving him Fleischmann's Yeast every day, and he is now as 'regular' as a clock. Constipation all gone. Instead of living a miserable existence, suffering all the time and fearing to eat, he is now as active and well as any child in the neighborhood. No wonder I am a great booster of Fleischmann's Yeast!"

Patrick McCartney

(RIGHT)

Seattle, Wash.

"I USED TO WORK IN AN OFFICE, where the stuffy rooms and lack of exercise brought on stomach trouble. My nights were a succession of nightmares, my days miserable from nausea, bad breath and intestinal fermentation . . . I laughed when my wife mentioned Fleischmann's Yeast. But after eating it for a month I saw I was on the right track. Now, after two years, I'm thoroughly well. Without Yeast, I could never have taken up my present work as a fireman."

George W. Britain

(ABOVE AND AT RIGHT)

Memphis, Tenn.

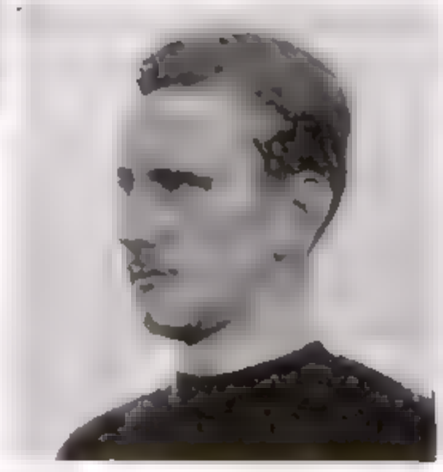
"ONE THING MY POLO PONIES and saddle horses never need is exercise—as I do a great deal of riding. My health has always been good

"At a rather early age, however, it seems I was troubled with severe skin eruptions. I don't remember it well myself but my doctor tells this story:

"For many years he had watched with interest reports in medical journals from all over the world of the beneficial results from eating Yeast (this was before Fleischmann's Yeast was generally used as a health food). So when I broke out with skin trouble he gave it to me instead of medicines. And my skin cleared right up

"My doctor is still recommending Fleischmann's Yeast and I have also eaten it since then myself."

St. Elmo Newton, Jr.



St. Elmo Newton, Jr.

The simple way to health:

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one cake before each meal or between meals. Eat it just plain, or dissolved in water, or any other way you like. For stubborn constipation physicians recommend drinking one cake in a glass of hot water—not scalding—before each meal and before going to bed. And train yourself to form a regular daily habit. Harsh cathartics can gradually be discontinued.

(Continued from Page 42)

trouble. A farmer I had known for years would pay me his subscription on the street and I could not remember his name. If I acknowledged I could not, he did not like it. There was a hardware man named Perry Hayes who knew everybody, and usually I was able to describe the farmer so accurately to Perry that he could name him, but frequently I credited the wrong man and this made more trouble.

One of the vivid memories of my life is of the first days I went on the streets of Atchison as a reporter and solicitor for the Globe, and one of the reasons I have loved the town devotedly fifty years is that everyone received me kindly. There was a noted man called the Old Spider, and I dreaded to meet him, but he welcomed me cordially and I was his devoted friend for life. He was a railroad lawyer and that may explain why I have always been a friend of the railroads. When he ran for state senator, I howled for him in the Globe until I was almost ridiculous. He promised great shops for the town; why should I not be for him? I was denounced at public meetings for supporting the railroad candidate, but he won triumphantly.

I never knew anything about the corruption in newspapers so commonly reported. No advertiser ever tried to influence me because of his patronage. I was always independent—sometimes too much so. The Old Spider once said to William Allen White—as Mr. White reported in the Emporia Gazette:

"They say I run Ed Howe. The facts are, he runs me."

He always consulted me in his railway campaigns, as he consulted most of the other citizens. And I never supported anything I did not believe was for the good of the town; and I was often mistaken, for the Old Spider never built the shops he promised. For a good many years he made big promises and never kept one of them, although I have no doubt he tried to. I never knew of a corrupt gang robbing the town; all the mistakes I have known in town building have been due to ignorance, extravagance or carelessness, and not to corruption.

Our first newspaper press was a second-hand country Campbell, still in use in a weekly newspaper office in Kansas. We operated this by hand power, and I frequently took a turn at the wheel, in addition to my other duties. One of our main sources of motive power was a printer known as Little Ed, who set type all day and then turned the wheel of the Campbell, when the paper came off, for extra pay. We had good printers who did not average more than two dollars a day. The modern linotype operators certainly average five times that, and many of them make much more.

In course of time we disposed of the job office and lost the profit from printing sale bills, so I persuaded the farmers to advertise their sales in the paper. In a little while no sale bills were printed in the town; we had all such business as display advertising in the newspaper

This encouraged me to extend the idea to political advertising; candidates also had a habit of tacking up posters everywhere on telegraph poles and barn doors. A man named John Taylor had an ambition to be sheriff, and I arranged with him to run a series of display advertisements in the Globe I prepared the copy, and in a little while his advertising was the talk of the county, as I was interested and put my heart into it. He was nominated, and then I repeated the performance in the election campaign, winning easily, although he was a Democrat, with seven hundred natural majority against him. This attracted so much attention that thereafter we had a large amount of display political advertising, and it has continued ever since.

During one presidential campaign a few years ago, I noted that all the big newspapers and periodicals of the country contained display advertising for the candidates. I have always claimed that I started the system. At first it was adopted in near-by towns, the circle gradually enlarging until finally it appeared in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, Vogue, the Ladies' Home Journal and every other important publication. Editors have no special reason to admire me, but advertising agents of newspapers have benefited somewhat from my activities.

XVI

TWO unusual newspapermen were early competitors of mine—Tom Stivers and Noble Prentis. There is a text enjoining us all to love our enemies, but we didn't do it in Atchison—we hated them. Both men soon went to better positions, much to my advantage, but I learned much from them before they departed. Stivers was what the French call a *raconteur*. I have rarely known a wittier man, but he was rather lazy and knew only such people as pleased him, whereas a successful reporter in a small town must know everybody and get along with them. Prentis was a good writer, but of no use whatever as a reporter in a country town. He once made a brief trip to England and wrote sketches called A Kansan Abroad, which would be accepted as pure literature if printed a hundred years from now. But he was a caricature as a reporter; reporting is one thing, literature another.

When I wrote the Story of a Country Town, which I did within five years after reaching Atchison, I dedicated it to J. P. Pomeroy, Charles A. Shoup and Frank Everest. Originally I had John E. Utt heading the list, but he said some witty thing about my enthusiasm which I heard of, so I left him out. No doubt his witticism was just, but it made me angry—one does not care to hear a special friend has said he is crazy.

I once met B. L. Winchell in Atlanta, Georgia, when he was regional director of all railroads in the South, and he told me John E. Utt was the best railroad man he ever knew; and Utt came to Atchison direct from the little village of White Cloud, where he was born. But he lacked Winchell's steadiness and did not reach his distinction.

In 1877, B. L. Winchell was his clerk in Atchison. Winchell's first promotion was to Kansas City, where he became assistant general passenger agent of the Kansas City, Fort Scott and Gulf. I was his tremendous admirer, and worried because his chief, an elderly man named Lockwood, hung on so long. I knew Ben would succeed Lockwood, in case of Lockwood's promotion or death, and I did a very impudent thing—I printed items in the Globe suggesting that Lockwood retire or die, if he couldn't earn promotion, and give my friend a chance. Fortunately the difficulty soon solved itself. Ben was promoted to the presidency of a Western railroad, and from that start went upward so steadily I was satisfied.

J. P. Pomeroy had come to town as the representative of a railroad whose general manager I didn't like. He called at the Globe office originally to capture me, but I captured him, and we got rid of the general manager. Pomeroy was about the first really cultured man I had ever known. He later ran a coal business, and I began writing for him the paid locals for which the Atchison Globe came to be famous. Half the present income is from this source, but I know of no other paper which uses it. A man goes about in the West now teaching the system to other papers, but with little success. The explanation is that we built it up in the course of many years and the people became accustomed to it. Pomeroy was looked upon in that early day as a tremendous advertiser, but I don't believe his account ever amounted to a hundred dollars a month. Our rates were low, but so were our expenses.

In 1878–9, George B. Harris was general agent of a little railroad in Atchison. Later he became president of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy, and probably did a good deal toward building its present fine reputation among the A-1 railroads. Many of the modest men I knew intimately in that day became famous as bankers, lawyers, judges; one man who lived twenty miles away, and was my special friend, sat in the Supreme Court of the United States.

When I knew these men they were as unusual as they ever became. I met many of them later, old and famous, but they were no more brilliant than when they lived in Atchison. Indeed, as younger men, they had qualities missing in age. So, although I have always lived in the country, I have not lacked association with the best quality of men.

When Atchison was much smaller than when I knew it first, noted men were frequently seen on its streets. Ben Holliday ran his stage from Atchison to California, and Horace Greeley, Artemus Ward and many others visited the town and wrote about it. Albert D. Richardson, who wrote one of the best books about the West, lived there for a time, and one of his children is buried in a cemetery below town.

Men on the way to fame are always at one's elbow. S. C. Pomeroy lived in Atchison in the early days, and his story found its way into Mark Twain's Gilded Age. Jim Lane, United States senator and suicide, was often there. I can stand at the desk where this is written and throw a stone to the spot where he once made one of his most famous Free States speeches. A party of Atchison men went out to capture old John Brown and he captured them. They were swearing men, and he made them say their prayers before he would let them sleep in his camp. Confessing that they knew no prayer other than "Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep," Brown made his prisoners say that.

In 1859, a new Republican committeeman in Atchison was excited over the coming of a strange speaker. The committeeman knew nothing of the man, but was anxious to get out a crowd to hear him, as he was a lawyer and candidate for county attorney. So he went among his friends, begging them to turn out as a personal favor. He asked members of the town band to play a piece in front of the church where the speaking was to be, and another inside to lure the stragglers in, and they agreed, but said they would not stay for the speaking, of which they were tired.

When the night arrived, there was a good audience, and the committeeman practiced a little on oratory in introducing the speaker, who had arrived in a buggy that afternoon.

"We have with us tonight," the committeeman concluded, "a man who brings a message; one whose name is a household word. I have great pleasure in introducing the Honorable ——"

And then he sputtered; he had forgotten the speaker's name. Looking quickly at an envelope in his hand, he completed the sentence:

"The Honorable A. Lincoln."

And then there arose a tall gaunt man who delivered the speech he afterward delivered in Cooper Union, New York, which firmly set his tent on fame's eternal camping ground. Lincoln's Atchison speech was delivered on the evening of the day John Brown was hanged, and he dared shake his long and famous bony finger at an unfriendly audience and say:

"If you secede from the Union, we'll hang you as you hanged John Brown today!"

Atchison was originally settled by Southerners, and those in the audience were mainly unfriendly, but the speaker charmed them. Lincoln was probably at his best when he lived in the country, and country people were his special friends. At the close of the speaking, many in the audience followed him to his hotel and sat about in the barroom to hear him talk of the country people he had known in Indiana and Illinois.

Lincoln was driven to Atchison in a buggy from Doniphan by a man named James Nesbitt. Long after, as a reporter, I haunted Nesbitt to hear him talk about his famous passenger. Nesbitt knew Lincoln was a wonder soon after they drove away from the Doniphan hotel and headed toward Atchison; he remembered much of his conversation. Nesbitt heard the speech at the Methodist church and later was in the crowd that surrounded Lincoln in the old Massasoit House until long after midnight. He recalled stories he said Lincoln told that night in the barroom. He quoted Lincoln as saying that his little son once asked him what he said when he proposed to his wife. Lincoln put the boy off, but he persisted, and finally Lincoln replied:

"Well, if you must know what I said when I proposed to your mother, I said yes."

The only paper in Atchison in 1859 was edited by John A. Martin, who later became my competitor. He favored Charles Sumner for the presidency and did not care for the Illinois upstart whose name was occasionally heard in the same connection. So Martin did not mention the coming of Lincoln in his paper or record his arrival or departure. I have often laughed quietly to myself of a country editor trying to kill off Abraham Lincoln by refusing to give him a notice.

I had plenty to write about on arriving in Atchison. Slade, the famous outlaw made so much of by Mark Twain, was often there in the early days, being superintendent of one of the roughest divisions of the Ben Holliday stage line, and the older citizens remembered him well. Slade became an outlaw from fighting them. When horses or mules were stolen on the stage line, he was sent for, and not only looked for the thieves but found them. He had a record of killing thirty-six men, and was finally himself hanged by a vigilance committee. I heard most about Slade from a harness maker named Clem Rohr, as unusual a man as I have ever known. Some men become educated at school, others from reading the newspapers and others from listening to conversation. Clem Rohr had educated himself by reading newspapers, and his extensive acquaintance helped. Everybody called at his shop, the man was so interesting and knew so much—and what he didn't know he made up. Bold men of his kind have made history everywhere and in all times. Once he was elected mayor, and a popular joke was that he had written to a friend that from his residence on a hill he "could see the hole of the town." Many great and intelligent men have been bad spellers. Rupert Hughes proves this fault against George Washington. As for ordinary people, not one in a hundred can write letters, spell all the words correctly and properly capitalize and punctuate. Clem Rohr told me his father had been one of Napoleon's guard and was with him in victory and at Waterloo, and I made it history in Atchison.

The richest man in town came to this country from Ireland as a stowaway on a sailing ship. Engineers on the Pennsylvania Railroad taught him to read, and later he built a part of that famous line, as well as many miles of railroad in the West. He was one of the most polite, intelligent and agreeable gentlemen I have ever known. People wondered how much he was worth. One day, greatly to my surprise, he showed me his books, bringing them to the office for the purpose. The total was enormous, but I have forgotten the figures. Opportunity is not hidden away in schools, but is available everywhere.

A citizen of Atchison when I went there was Robert L. Pease. The first stage company failed and Pease was in charge until Ben Holliday bought it. On one occasion Indians burned a Far-Western station and ran off a lot of stock. Mr. Pease at once sent out a new stage and six mules in charge of a driver with the curious name of Henry Hank. Somewhere in the Platte Valley a band of mounted Indians appeared. As the road was as level as a floor and the six mules young, the stage driver soon discovered the Indians could not catch him; so he concluded that he might as well be useful while jogging along. Slowing up his mules a little, he tied the lines about the brake rod, lay back over the stage roof and began shooting with a repeating rifle at

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The Old Timers called it

PENNSYLVANIA MOUNTAIN FAT

It's the 100% paraffine base that makes the New VEEDOL TOUGHER . . . LONGER-LIVED . . . SUPER-HEAT RESISTING

THE first oil well sunk in Pennsylvania produced crude oil rich in a substance long known as "Mountain fat." Chemists knew it to be paraffine—bluish white, waxy, translucent.

But not until the gasoline motor created new and difficult lubrication problems did the unique value of "Pennsylvania Mountain fat" reveal itself.

Now we know that paraffine-base lubricating oil . . . the New Veedol, for example . . . is so remarkably superior to ordinary lubricating oil that practically all airplane pilots insist upon it. Trust an airplane motor to tell the truth . . . quickly!

Motor failure in an airplane spells disaster. The driver of a motor car is in no such danger. But his engine suffers equally from inferior lubricants. Burned bearings, scored cylinders, seized pistons . . . these do not mean a tail spin and a crash. But they *do* mean delays, expensive repairs and certain deterioration.

The New Veedol Motor Oil is a scientifically proportioned blend of lubricating stocks refined 100% from Pennsylvania and other paraffine-base crudes.

Tougher, heavier-bodied, longer-lived . . . this New Veedol meets every challenge of fast, high compression motors. So efficiently that Commander Byrd chose it for his South Pole flight . . . And so economically that a steady stream of actual savings in money follows its use.

Tide Water Oil Sales Corporation, New York City.

MADE 100% FROM PENNSYLVANIA AND OTHER PARAFFINE-BASE CRUDES.
AT THE ORANGE AND BLACK VEEDOL SIGN.

THE *NEW* VEEDOL MOTOR OILS

another

important to the modern

Other Famous Delco-Remy Products

Lovejoy Hydraulic Shock Absorbers

STARTING LIGHTING IGNITION

KLAXON HORNS

Manufacturers of the following cars have adopted the Delco-Remy Dual Lock

NASH , STUTZ , MARMON , CADILLAC
LA SALLE , OAKLAND , PONTIAC
REO FLYING CLOUD

contribution motor car - - -

Delco-Remy

Dual Lock

one key -- on the dash -- Locks both Ignition *and* Transmission - -

Transmission locks have long been recognized, both by automotive engineers and the public, as the best and safest type of automobile lock.

But the great disadvantage of the old type of transmission lock was its decided inconvenience.

Located on the floor, it was hard to reach and awkward to lock or unlock in the dark. Dirt and oil from the key frequently soiled gloves and clothing. Frozen grease made it difficult to operate in the wintertime, and the key sometimes broke off in the lock.

Now these are all things of the past! Delco-Remy has perfected the Dual Lock, conveniently located on the dash, which locks *both ignition and transmission*, with one key. Shutting off the ignition automatically locks the transmission as well. You cannot forget to lock your car!

And since it is a *double lock*, the Delco-Remy Dual Lock provides maximum security from theft.

Far-seeing automobile manufacturers are adopting it as standard equipment on the cars they build. Demand the greater convenience and greater protection of the Delco-Remy Dual Lock on the next motor car you buy.

DELCO-REMY CORPORATION, ANDERSON, INDIANA

Delco-Remy

National MAZDA LAMPS

Moon Magic

THE magic of the moon is this: It reveals all beauty and veils all harshness in mysterious light.

This pearl gray lamp, this *inside* frosted MAZDA lamp, shares with the moon this magic. It veils the source of light, yet lets that light come through in a softly revealing flood. It makes it easier to attain lighting effects in which you and your home will look your best.

Most people have discarded old-fashioned lamps for these new MAZDA lamps. Better, stronger, easier to clean, they now cost less than ever.

NATIONAL LAMP WORKS *of General Electric Co., Nela Park, Cleveland*

A GE PRODUCT GENERAL ELECTRIC

MAZDA is not the name of a thing, but the mark of a Research Service centered in the Research Laboratories of General Electric Company.

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his pursuers. Mr. Pease told me that for months afterward wounded and dead Indians and ponies were found in that section. Henry Hank actually broke up a marauding gang that had long been a pest to stage drivers as well as to freighters. Robert L. Pease was a quiet, reliable man, and declared with all seriousness that Henry Hank killed or wounded nineteen out of a band of fifty Indians. I believe this is the only Western adventure story I ever heard I did not discount a little.

A popular man named McConnell kept a store which attracted so many gossiping idlers that I went there regularly for news. One visitor every evening was a man named Setleigh, who had been an officer in the English army, and it was said he was highly connected in England, which his remittance checks indicated.

The Englishman was a mean and witty talker, and I frequently credited items in the Globe to an imaginary paper called the Evening Set. Another regular visitor calling earlier at the store was of different type, and a boomer, so I credited his sayings to the Morning Glory, as his name was Gloman.

One chief of police was a wit and philosopher, with a natural nose for news, and he was of great assistance to me. I recall his once saying that the most troublesome spots in town were the negro churches, with their frequent entertainments running until very late hours.

A good-natured milkman called Doc Morrison tipped me to possible social items; if he delivered extra milk or cream at a home, a party or company was indicated and I looked it up.

I trained farmers to bring in items. To some of them I gave notebooks and pencils that they might jot down names and dates. This help to the Globe in that early day is somewhat reflected in 1928 in the sons of some of the men I trained, for everyone around Atchison is still good about giving items.

In getting out a special edition, a professional who had drifted in failed me and I got it out myself, in addition to my regular work. The edition was historical in nature, and when it appeared Printers' Ink said it was very unusual, as I believe it was, being carefully printed on a flat-bed press, profusely illustrated with half-tones, and consisting of so many pages that the mothers of the carriers assisted in its delivery with the aid of family horses and buggies. Its historical statements are still accepted as history in Atchison, as I had the assistance of many old-timers now dead. One had been a Pony Express rider and was still called Pony when I interviewed him.

A character I got much out of was Sarah Wilkins, an extensive farmer below town—a tall, angular woman who naturally knew about as much as anyone anywhere ever knew. Once she had a case in the local court and tried it herself, as she said there wasn't an honest lawyer in town. She talked familiarly with the judge, whom she knew well, in her homely, forceful way—and won. The case was appealed to the supreme court, and she won it there in the same way, although the judges were compelled to ask her to cease smoking a pipe during sessions of the court. When she appeared on the streets of Atchison, Mike Wilkins, her husband, would walk modestly in the rear, carrying a baby they had adopted—they never had any of their own. If she met a man who interested her, she stopped to talk politics or business with him, and her husband waited patiently and kept the baby quiet, but took no part in the conversation himself.

"Mike," she once said to me, "has always been good to mind."

Sarah Wilkins was easily one of the most unusual women I have ever known.

In the early days the Atchison Globe had no telegraph news. Jesse James was shot and killed only twenty miles away, and a hated evening rival scooped us, so we were compelled to make our local news as interesting as possible. Within six months we led in circulation and maintained it until we had no competitors to wrangle with.

We tried to report the most trifling things in an interesting way, and in this I gradually trained other reporters, some of whom turned out to be very clever. When the finest home in town was built the citizens took great interest in it, as we did, reporting almost daily its progress. One citizen expressed the opinion that the foundation was not high enough, so we began a good-natured campaign to have the house raised, quoting opinions and arguments. The house was an enormous one, built of natural stone, and the result was that the owner obliged us by raising it a foot and a half—all we asked. Little escaped us, although we never went quite so far as the Emporia Gazette, which once printed the names and costumes of those attending a large fire at two o'clock in the morning.

I never believed much in political or reform rows, and confined our activities to the ordinary affairs of the people. A German-American citizen once told me his mother had learned English from reading the Globe, and after that I was specially anxious to make the contents of the paper clean and informative, and the incident happened quite early in my newspaper history.

In the last complete year before this was written, the Atchison Globe, now a more important, larger and better paper than I made it, earned only a little more than half the amount it earned for me the last year of my ownership. The explanation is expenses, some of which I would not have believed warranted. I always worked hard myself and kept expenses down, although I paid one reporter sixty dollars a week—and it was earned.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A PRIME MINISTER OF ENGLAND

(Continued from Page 18)

too patiently, him who knew that no English minister could take it otherwise—he fell from power.

What mattered it to him that the press and his political enemies leagued with his friends? In this same time his son, Arthur, wounded at Gallipoli—who is today the General Asquith—insisted on being operated on without an anæsthetic because, in the improvised hospital, there was not enough ether for everybody. The great number, the ignorant, the democracies are never stoic, but the educated, the man responsible, must be. I am not far from thinking that the humaneness in the family Asquith produced something a little superhuman. It is today, in the light of his death, that I place them together—his sons and himself—in retracing in thought the road to Oxford which was for them all the road of the great school for heroism and self-control.

Never do they think, at The Wharf, of Raymond as gone; they speak of him as of a person living. He was for all the family a source of citations, of anecdotes; they quoted from him satiric verses in the humor of Swift. All agree he was the handsomest of the Asquiths, the most witty and amusing.

Julian, son of Raymond—familiarly called Trim—an infant at the time of his father's death, took rank in the family processions immediately after his grandfather, as is the custom in English houses, and today, at the age of twelve, he is the Earl of Oxford and Asquith.

A Visit to Rome

I owe it to the memory of Mr. Asquith to say that I have never heard him pronounce before me the name of Lloyd George. What I know of their disagreement, I have learned from others, and the conflict of their two characters is already a thing historic. The reserve of Mr. Asquith inspired in me too much respect for me ever to attempt to lead to this subject conversations that became more and more confidential and that enchanted me.

All the visitors at The Wharf passed their time exactly as they wished. At table the mistress of the house often asked her guests what they had made of the morning. One day when she asked me this question I replied: "I have been to Rome this morning."

They all exclaimed except Mr. Asquith, who smiled. What I said was true in a manner. I had made the journey to Rome, because, having encountered Mr. Asquith during my walk on the bank of the Thames, he had accompanied me to a mossy seat, and there, by the chance of a quotation from Montaigne, the word "Tiber" came to the surface and he spoke to me of a visit he had made to Rome, in terms so beautiful, so true and so varied that I had the feeling of breathing the air of the eternal hills.

Very soon after, we made a real journey together, and this was in Italy. In the month of September of this year I rejoined the Asquiths and my cousins Bibesco in Venice, at the palace Da Mula, and during this time we went to Ravenna. Leaving in automobile from the banks of the Brenta, we visited on the way Padua and Ferrara.

The contact with Italy directly or indirectly produces always in the spirit of cultured English people a kind of illumination. Byron and Shelley, after Shakspere, are the proofs, with many others. Never did I hear more beautiful verses than those which were reeled off on the road to Ferrara by the voice of him of whom they had said to me "He knows how to read."

Often he put questions to us—to his children and to me—to see how much we knew, or better to measure our ignorance, and he gave the replies. Above all, he wished us to know the correct names. Thus at Padua, of this Gattamelata, the *condottiere* whom his daughter, to please him, called always Gautemala, he, taking it up, pronounced the metallic syllables with a sort of voluptuousness.

The animated erudition of Mr. Asquith transformed our stay in Ravenna into a true feast of imagination. He knew how to tell us, at San Apollinare, what passage of Scripture justified the attitudes of the beautiful young men and the virgins of the mosaic, who all inclined gracefully to the same side, bowed to the Christ, like young palm trees bowed in the wind. These were the tender martyrs of whom it is written: "They will play with their palms and their beautiful crowns."

At the tomb of Galla Placidia he recounted to us the possible and probable life of the inhabitant of the Blue Grotto—an empress who was daughter, sister, wife and mother of emperors.

We came back to Venice and I was in admiration of all that I had learned from him in so few days, but before our departure I had occasion to know again the extent of his modesty. The day before we had to part, they to go back to London, I to Rumania, Mr. Asquith took me on a visit to the palace of the queen of Cyprus, near that Casa dei Spiriti which Byron haunted, to see an amiable couple who possessed, and deserved to possess, the most beautiful garden of Venice.

The Last Chance

Some English warships, among them the admiral's ship, had cast anchor the day before in front of St. George Majeur. It happened that the admiral made his visit to the palace Contarini at the same time that we did. On landing, we found on the quay three sailors of the English fleet, who were guarding his boat. These men were occupied in watching some urchins who were giving a bath to a little dog in the canal

When the old gentleman who accompanied me was passing over the planks one of the sailors lifted his head, looked at him and recognized him. At the same moment the two others did the same: they drew themselves up in line to do the honors. It was rapid; it was at the same time simple and prodigiously solemn.

I saw Mr. Asquith raise a trembling hand to his hat and blush. He was no longer Prime Minister, he was not even member for East Fife, but he was always a great symbol Britannic, and he did not know it.

The following year, in the by-election at Paisley in Scotland, he was elected and took his seat again in Parliament. He had just refused a peerage to remain a commoner, following the tradition of Fox and Gladstone.

When I went again to London the following spring, to assist at the baptism of Priscilla, his grandchild, I had the occasion to hear him in the House of Commons. I understood then what gave the force to his words. Inspired by a classic genius and aided by the study of the ancients, he had the secret to awaken insensibly the light in the spirits of those who listened to him, and I said to myself: "Here is the man of whom the electors of East Fife have deprived the peace of the world!" I had come to Parliament to be made an unbeliever in the Parliamentary system. The Observer wrote of him the next day: "His judgments are straight as a Roman road." Since his fall the Commons have never heard anything so fine as his speech. They heard him again on the seventeenth of January, 1924, when his decisive word took away the power from the Conservatives and conferred it upon the Labor Party. In refusing power for his party—in numbers the weaker—he had disappointed all those who offered to him the Conservative support. At his age, this was to lose his last chance to become Prime Minister.

He explained it with a magnificence of expression in proportion to the greatness of the sacrifice. He had saved the principle; he had brought back his party to the straight path; he had followed the divine rules of the game which had permitted the establishment of the English power.

I remained some days at The Wharf in the beginning of this year 1924. During the long evenings of winter, after walks in the country, more austere now, but more beautiful even than in May, when the spires of the Gothic churches could be seen from farther away, when the bells could be heard at infinite distances, he began himself for the first time to mix politics with our talks.

He made me read his first speech in the Commons, the most famous, also his speeches on Liberalism, on Free Trade, on the House of Lords and the Budget. He explained the position that he had recently taken; he leaned, in refusing the power, on the tradition of the great party of which he was the chief, the only vicar, notwithstanding the schism which, since 1916, had melted the Liberal majorities like snow in the sun.

Brought up, as I had been, in the contrary tradition, among the Tories of my country—all the parties of the Right are alike, be it only by their faults—I listened with a great curiosity of mind to the explanation of the other truth.

But where I followed him perfectly was when he explained to me the necessity for a square position, of clear and straight definitions and his horror of the confusion of

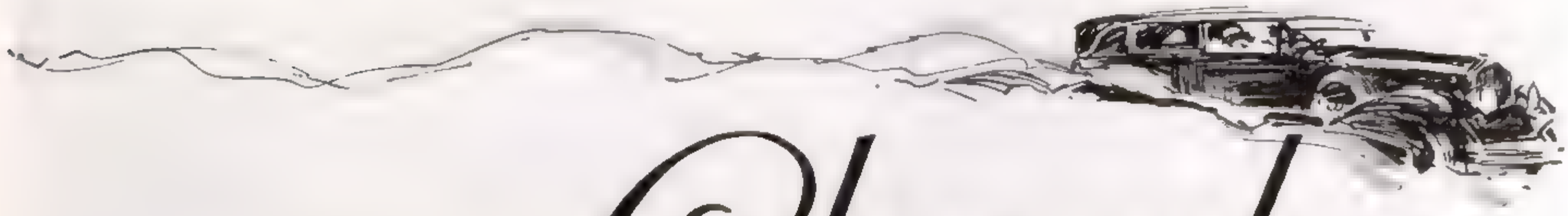
(Continued on Page 52)

Chrysler Originality Re-Styles All Motor Cars

Entirely original in style conception—creations of Chrysler engineering and artistic genius—the new Chrysler "75" and "65" literally stamp as old-fashioned the earlier precedents in motor car beauty. . . . ¶ Through Chrysler originality, a new mode has come into being. . . . ¶ In a new revelation of dynamic symmetry, Chrysler has swept into obsolescence the former American and European standards of artistic merit in automobiles. . . . ¶ Now, the mode is Chrysler—both abroad and at home. . . . ¶ The whole world pays deference to the originality in the new styles created by Chrysler.

New Chrysler "75" Prices—*Royal Sedan, $1535; 2-passenger Coupe (with rumble seat), $1535; Roadster (with rumble seat), $1555; Town Sedan, $1655. All prices f. o. b. Detroit. (Wire wheels extra).*

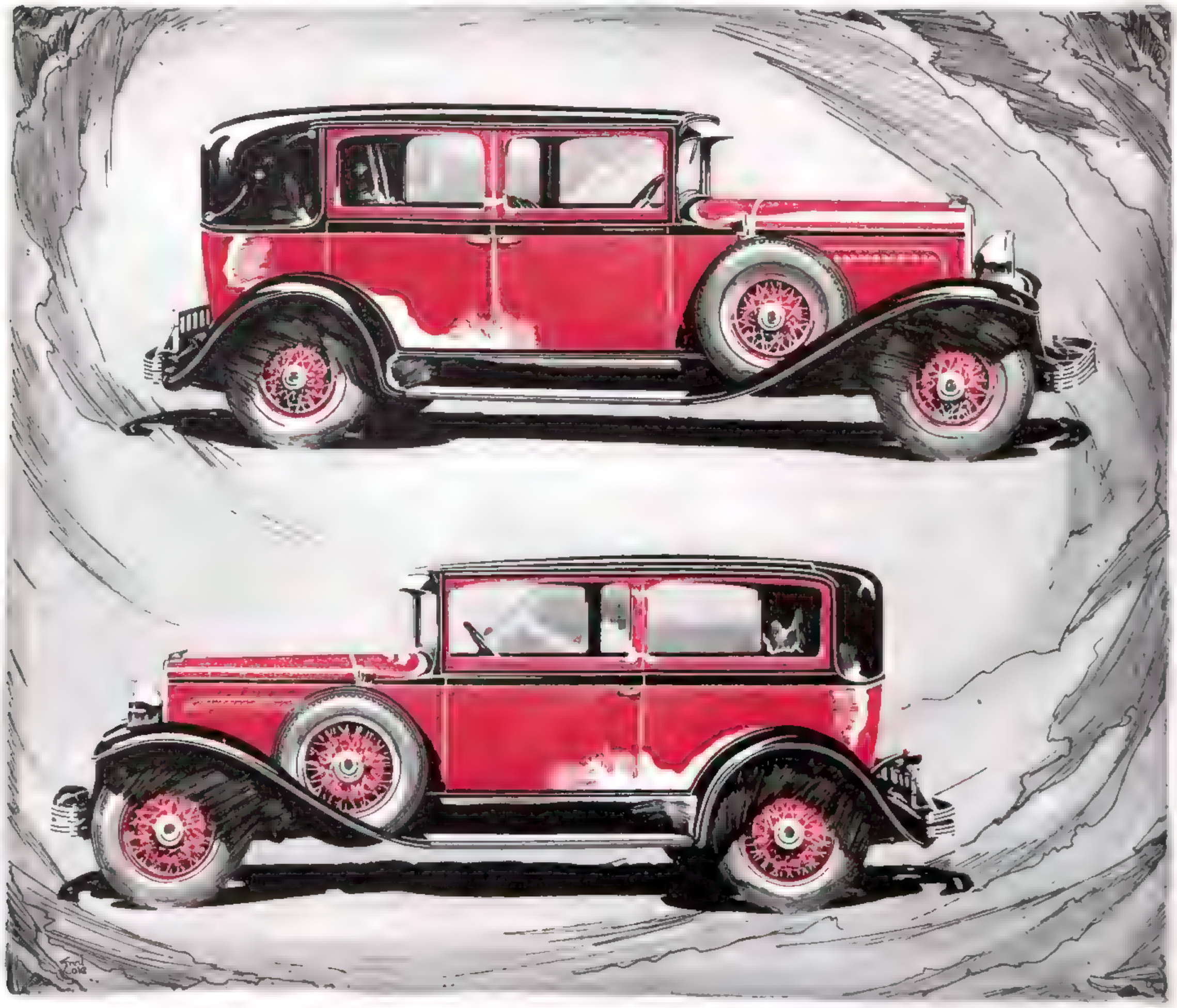
New Chrysler "65" Prices—*Business Coupe, $1040; Roadster (with rumble seat), $1065; 2-door Sedan, $1065; Touring Car, $1075; 4-door Sedan, $1145; Coupe (with rumble seat), $1145. All prices f.o.b. Detroit.*



Chrysler

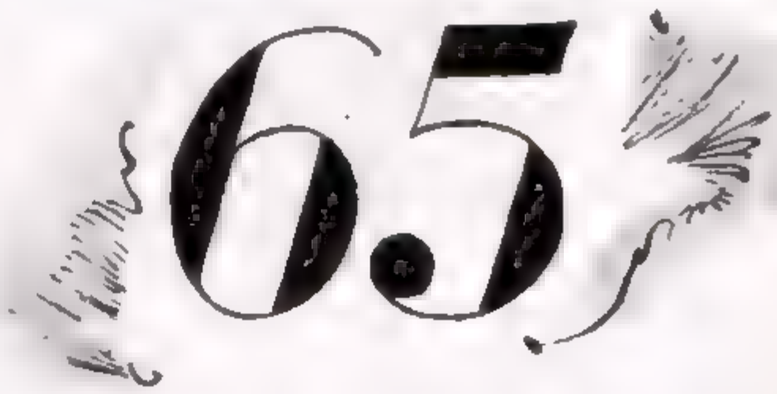
Features—New Chrysler "75"—New Chrysler-created slender profile radiator *— thermostatically controlled integral radiator shutters—new "air-wing" full-crowned fenders—new longer, lower, roomier bodies—upholstered optionally with fine mohair or broadcloth—**new arched window silhouette**—non-shatterable glass in windshield—**new "Silver-Dome" high-compression 75 h.p. engine, using any gasoline**—7-bearing counterweighted crankshaft—characteristic Chrysler speed, power and pick-up—new longer chassis with new duplex-channel frame—**new light-action internal expanding Chrysler hydraulic four-wheel brakes**—Lovejoy hydraulic shock absorbers, front and rear—spring ends anchored in live rubber.*

New Chrysler "75" Town Sedan $1655 (wire wheels extra).



New Chrysler "65" 2-door Sedan $1065 (wire wheels extra)

Features—New Chrysler "65"—*New larger engine—65 h.p.—**"Silver-Dome" high-compression head using any gasoline**—characteristic Chrysler speed, power and pick-up—**counterweighted 7-bearing crankshaft, only car at or near this price with this costly feature;** new, slender profile radiator—new bowl-shaped lamps—beautiful cowl moulding and cowl lamps—new, longer chassis and longer, wider, roomier bodies—**new arched window silhouette**—new "air-wing" full-crowned fenders—**new internal expanding Chrysler hydraulic four-wheel brakes, unaffected by weather conditions**—Lovejoy hydraulic shock absorbers, front and rear—spring ends anchored in live rubber, instead of metal shackles.*



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order in matters of government. This time again he led me onto the serene heights where art and politics meet; we found there Fox, Pitt, Lord Palmerston.

In returning from our walk we passed before the little church of Sutton Courtney. He interrupted himself to point out to me its entrance porch, which began by being Roman and changed in the middle by becoming Gothic. He saw there the image of an evolution without destruction.

He loved the church of his village; when he disappeared discreetly from his guests on Sunday after the tea, it was to return alone to his seat in the church and to read the Bible to the assembled parishioners.

One night in winter I slipped out after him and I heard him read the Sunday lesson to a handful of little farmers of Berkshire with that voice which had caused thrones to tremble.

Earl of Oxford

One year had not passed when the new elections defeated the Labor Party and brought back the Conservatives to power. This time Mr. Asquith was blamed by his people for having put the head to the storm, when he could have led them peacefully to port by a coalition with the Conservatives. He was abandoned by his electors of Paisley for having preferred omission to compromise.

After this fall, which he judged irreparable, he did as he had done after his great defeat of 1919—he traveled. I saw him in Paris with his son Arthur—the General Asquith—when they left together for Egypt and Palestine in November, 1924. We passed a day together on the Isle St.-Louis and we visited Notre Dame and the other churches near. I knew that during his pilgrimage in the countries of the Bible he was going to make a grave decision. It was left to him to make that drop in height, that going up to Valhalla, which the crown of England sometimes proposes to those of its servants whom the popular favor has abandoned.

Mr. Asquith came back, having accepted a peerage. This would mean that he would have the honor to wear in future the name of his old university; this would mean that he would have his place always in the High Chamber, where, out of all danger from the inconstancy of the public, his opinions would always be listened to with respect. This would also mean that never again would Mr. Asquith be heard in the House of Commons.

I possess a letter from him—the first signed "Oxford"—confessing that he was not yet altogether used to his new name, and he added in French, with an irony which he turned voluntarily against himself:

"*Mais c'est en forgeant, qu'on devient forgeron.*"

During the few days that he passed in Paris each year I found myself naming him to my French guests first as the Earl of Oxford and then Mr. Asquith, to make him known under his magnificent *pseudonyme*.

The discussions which began to be heard on the origin of the war found then an echo in our conversation, in spite of the care I took not to talk politics to him at table, or even away from the table. I recounted to him, to amuse him, how, during a dinner at the embassy, sitting beside his friend Lord Grey, a lady had asked the minister eagerly: "Now, tell me, Lord Grey, had you foreseen the war?"

A great silence and consternation followed, and without asking permission to speak, I said: "I think, madam, that Lord Grey had not even foreseen your question."

The incident had diverted him. He asked me what I thought Grey ought to have replied. I returned the question. It was for him to speak, because Lord Grey had been Minister of Foreign Affairs in his cabinet when the war broke out. He said then, very seriously: "I should have said yes and no."

One day when he lunched with us and a former diplomat who shared the very general opinion that England might have prevented the conflagration if she had declared her intentions three days sooner, I saw the conversation veering toward the forbidden topic. Finding the occasion good to put the question to the man who on this earth could the best reply, the diplomat drew forth only this quotation: "Without the consent of public opinion, the greatest talent could not triumph over circumstances." The passage is from Mirabeau. It can serve as a melancholy epigraph for the last chapter of a noble life.

The public opinion which would not have tolerated a declaration of alliance before the invasion of Belgium, the public opinion which thought that with Lloyd George in power the Kaiser would be hanged, will not always let itself be convinced.

In 1925, Mr. Lloyd George was obliged to return to his own party. The Conservatives, whom a triumphant majority had brought back to power, had no further need of his services. The newspapers of England and the dominions all spoke of the reconciliation of the two Liberal chiefs and published a photograph taken at The Wharf, which represented Lord Oxford and Mr. Lloyd George, and between them little Priscilla Bibesco, the granddaughter of the former.

Back to His Village

I saw him for the last time in life one day in May, in his garden, where, from his invalid chair, he surveyed his rows of tulips and the quiet course of the Thames. I brought him a book, which had been published recently in France by André Maurois, on one of his predecessors—Disraeli. He turned over the pages at once; his eyes fell on the picture of "Dizzy" as he appeared in his young days—curled, with frilled shirt, and covered with chains and jewelry. He looked at him for a long time and pronounced only these words: "Incredible creature." He expressed once again the feelings of the pure Englishman before that which was not English.

Westminster, under its domes, has re-echoed to the funeral chant "Nunc Dimittis." But the Abbey will not receive his ashes; the burial at Westminster—the greatest honor that England can render to one of her sons—he refused by the terms of his testament.

The Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow, the Rector of the University of Aberdeen, the High Steward of Oxford, the Elder Brother of Trinity House, the Prime Minister and First Lord of the Treasury from 1908 to 1916, the Doctor of Law at Glasgow, Cambridge, Edinburgh, Leeds, St. Andrews, Bristol, the Knight of the Garter, the Earl of Oxford has gone down into his tomb in the church of his village while arose the words of the Psalm:

"I will give to thee understanding."

"GO GET YOUR MONEY!"

"GO UP and get your money," I told him. "You're fired. Get a move on you too!"

When I turned around, there stood the boss in the doorway of the shipping room, looking on. I was surprised and taken aback, but I would have fired the man anyway, even if I'd known the boss was there.

As I nodded and went out, he said to me quietly, "Let's go up to my office, Tom I want to speak to you about some things"

I went along cockishly.

The boss settled down in his chair, facing me.

"Is that all you can say to a man, Tom—just 'Go get your money'? Understand I'm not criticizing this particular case. Maybe you were in the right, although I think you were a little too mad to know, but you'll never build up an organization that way. Nobody can possibly operate perfectly. Mistakes are legitimate and excusable. Show a man where he's wrong and straighten him out. Don't fire him first crack out of the box. You're a young man to be running a whole office like this. Authority sometimes goes to a fellow's head like a stiff drink. There is always the tendency and temptation for a man with authority to use it; often abuse it just to show off a little—show the boys who's boss. Don't forget one of the biggest expenses in all modern business is man turnover, and loyalty is about the biggest asset you can get in an employe."

I started to open my mouth to speak

"Wait a minute. I want to tell you about something that happened in the office where I started in working as a kid. Our boss smoked very good cigars and there were two fellows in our office who had a weakness for good cigars, but never had any money to buy them. One was Frank and the other was me. The boss kept his cigars right under the pigeonhole part of his roll-top desk and never pulled the top down or locked it when he went out to lunch. One day Frank went in there and took one of the cigars just to try it.

"We went out, he smoking the cigar. No more than the boss came in from lunch he called me in, because I was sorta the head of the office.

"'Fred, you been in my desk?'

"'Yes, sir.' I had, because I had gone there for a paper.

"'D' you take a cigar?'

"'No, sir.'

"'All right, you c'n go.'

"'Frank, you been in my desk?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Take a cigar?'

"'Yes, sir.' At least Frank truthed him.

"Instead of bawling him out and firing Frank on the spot, as he deserved, he replied quietly, 'Got a quarter in your pocket?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Let's have it.'

"Frank pulled out a quarter, with a last, longing look.

"'Go back in the shop, tell one of the metal workers to solder a tack on the underside of that and bring it back to me—bring a hammer with it too.' The boss was calm and stern.

"Frank came back quick. The boss took that quarter with a tack on it and hammered it right into the corner of his desk. It was there to stay too. Then he turned to Frank.

"'Now, whenever you come to my desk, that'll remind you to leave my cigars alone. Go back to your work.'

"That's all he said, but ever after that when Frank or I came to his desk or sat down to talk over orders with him, there lay that quarter staring up at us I could swear it used to wink sometimes. I never forgot it. Neither did Frank"

The boss went on: "I want men above all who are loyal—rather have 'em 100 per cent loyal an' 60 per cent efficient, than 100 per cent efficient an' 60 per cent loyal. That's just where the old system of hiring and firing breaks down. You simply can't build your organization up on it. The result of my old boss' unusual action was that Frank stuck with him for years through all kinds of job and money offers to leave, became one of the finest executives in that field, pulled the old man over a pretty stormy and rocky stretch of hotly competitive depression. Really saved the old man's business for him."

"But, boss," I burst in, my pride rather hurt, "this man blew away up and refused to admit he was wrong."

"Was he?" the boss shot back. "You both lost your temper—excusable in a workman, yes, but a master, no. He ought to be above it. Often I notice the boss turns out to be wrong, but fires the man anyway to save his face. My rule is 'Investigate first; fire last.'"

That ended our interview.

I thought things over a lot. Made some inquiries. Began to find out Powers wasn't so much wrong as I myself had been Gosh, it took courage. Got my hat and coat that evening and went over to Joe Powers' ramshackle home.

"Powers," I commenced awkwardly, "I've been looking this thing up today—afterward. I was wrong You simply made a mistake anyone's liable to do that. I came here to apologize. Guess I lost my temper. Will you come back?"

Monday saw Joe Powers on the job. Within a month he was practically running the entire shipping department, as the acknowledged leader by all. Another month he'd won a raise. The shipping department had never been run more efficiently or economically in the history of our business.

I finally put Joe Powers in full official charge of all outgoing goods.

On October sixteenth Joe came to me with an odd newspaper bundle. A present for me. I unwrapped it. It was a none too inviting jar of homemade marmalade.

"The wife sent it. On account of your birthday," he mumbled.

When I realized the sincere, simple thought behind the rude gift—few knew of my birthday date; how they ferreted it out, is mystery—the worn, overworked mother sweating over her stove ——

"An' she says I should work hard an' never quit you. I ain't gonta, never."

The boss pushed the balance sheet toward me. "So, Tom, I see it's worked," the old fox said.

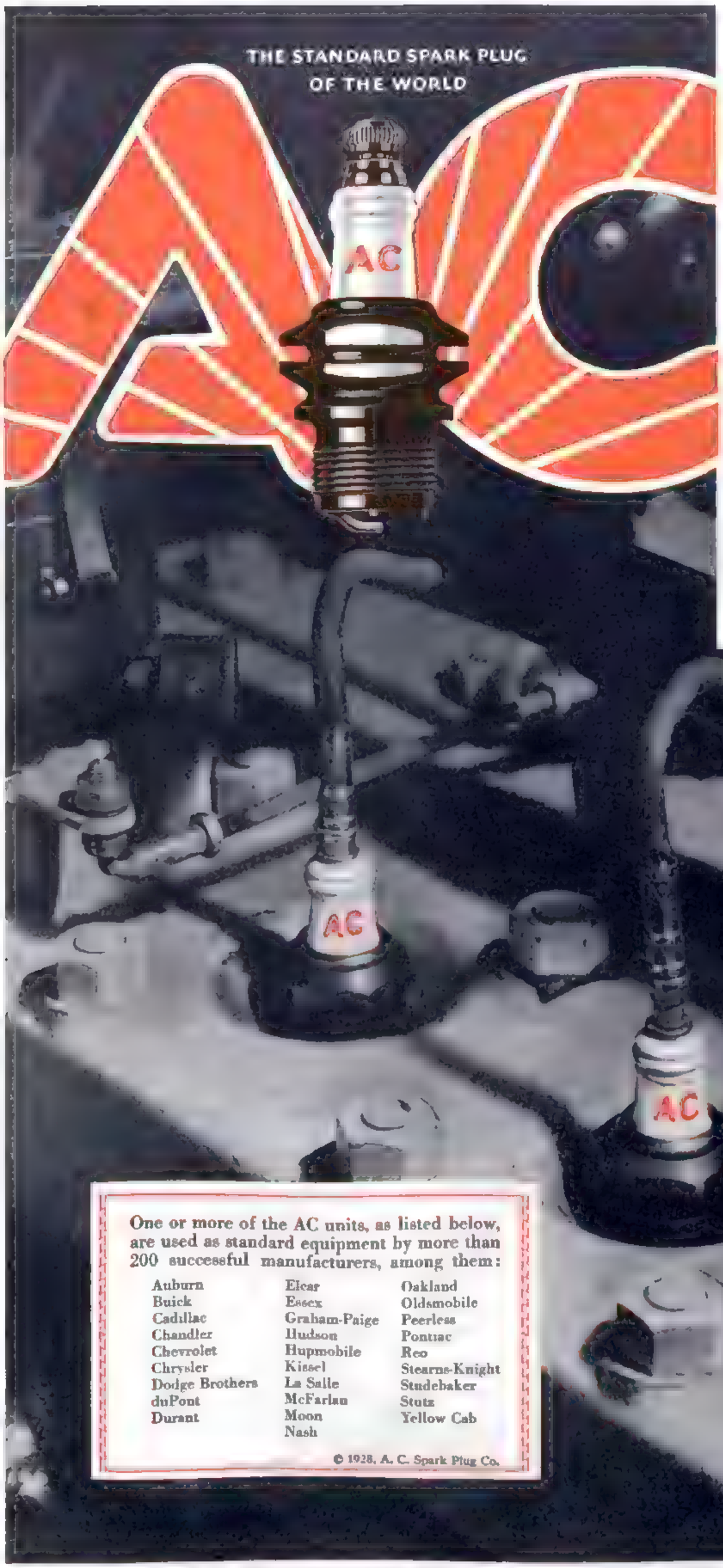
I pretended not to know what, but it was really all largely due to the new policy of firing he had no more than slightly suggested that day. A close investigation, a square deal, a second chance—in short, a more careful and intelligent handling throughout of human problems—had reduced our man-power turnover practically to nil and increased our efficiency in some departments 200 per cent. We had a willing, loyal organization that could lick an army of competitors' factories in a month.

The old point-blank hiring-and-firing policy had been relegated to the scrap heap—forever, I hope.

"You know," the boss mused on, "the night you went out to Powers' house with your hat in your hand and swallowed your false pride, I knew you were going to make good. That was a big act. Mighty few bosses would have been up to it. That's what builds an organization like ours, and organization builds a profit sheet like that. Now, Tom, there's a bonus check ready waiting for you up at the cashier's cage. Shall I say," he leaned forward and fairly shouted at me, with a smile: "Go get your money!"

And it was part of that which helped Joe Powers build a new home in the spring.

—*Reported by* HIRAM BLAUVELT.



Like taking weight off tips of a bird's wings

Today's high compression engines are designed to run at higher temperatures and high speeds. High compression, at its best, is like taking weight off the tips of a bird's wings.

To get this extra buoyancy and fleetness, the engine must be equipped with spark plugs capable of standing extra punishment.

AC has anticipated this condition with years of study and experiment. AC has thus developed spark plugs which more than meet the needs of high compression engines. These spark plugs have the added stamina which measures up to present day demands.

No matter what kind of an engine you are using, put in a new set of AC Spark Plugs after 10,000 miles. It will mean easier starting, faster pick-up, more certain performance. It may mean saving a big repair bill.

See your dealer today and insist upon AC Spark Plugs, proved, by every test, *standard of the world.*

AC-SPHINX Birmingham *ENGLAND*

AC Spark Plug Company
FLINT, *Michigan*

AC-TITAN Clichy (Seine) *FRANCE*

One or more of the AC units, as listed below, are used as standard equipment by more than 200 successful manufacturers, among them:

Auburn	Elcar	Oakland
Buick	Essex	Oldsmobile
Cadillac	Graham-Paige	Peerless
Chandler	Hudson	Pontiac
Chevrolet	Hupmobile	Reo
Chrysler	Kissel	Stearns-Knight
Dodge Brothers	La Salle	Studebaker
duPont	McFarlan	Stutz
Durant	Moon	Yellow Cab
	Nash	

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Dirt in oil means wear. The AC Oil Filter keeps oil clean. Put in an AC Renewal Cartridge every 10,000 miles. That makes the Filter good as new.

AC SPARK PLUGS AC SPEEDOMETERS AC AIR CLEANERS AC OIL FILTERS AC FUEL PUMPS
AC GASOLINE STRAINERS AC AMMETERS AC OIL GAUGES AC THERMO GAUGES

These micro-photographs show why E. R. Squibb & Sons produced a shaving cream

Nearly every man has his favorite shaving cream. With it, he usually gets a more or less satisfactory shave—judged by all existing standards.

Squibb realized that it was necessary to produce a very much improved cream or men would not care to change.

Therefore the advantages of using Squibb's Shaving Cream were proved before it was offered for sale. Proved in comparison with well known creams. The one way to do this is to show how hair is actually cut. These micro-photographs show it. They demonstrate how Squibb's sets a new standard in shaving.

No. 1. *Hairs cut, using a popular shaving cream, showing uneven, ragged cuts. This is why, at best, you often feel tugging or smarting when you shave —why your face has little "tufted spaces" even after a painstaking shave.*

No. 2. *Hairs cut, using Squibb's Shaving Cream, showing clean cuts, different from every other cream tested—though using the same razors. And the reason why E. R. Squibb & Sons can now say to all men: "Here is a cream that is a real improvement . . . that will give you a cleaner, easier, better shave—a more pleasant shave."*

After four years of laboratory experiment . . . and a year of testing in an actual barber shop—

Squibb offers you a cream that puts new ease into shaving

E. R. Squibb & Sons have produced a shaving cream different from any you've ever used before. Back of this product is the scientific ability of the same pharmaceutical laboratories that have served the medical profession for more than seventy years.

What the barber shop proved

A special barber shop was opened to test shaving creams. There Squibb's was used, side by side, with the best shaving creams on the market. Barbers judged it. Customers judged it.

Into the shop came all kinds of men to be shaved. Stiff beards. Silky beards. Tender skins. Tough skins. Various razors were employed. Hot water—and cold water. Daily records were kept. Hundreds of micro-photographs were taken of the hairs cut with Squibb's and other creams. Day after day, Squibb's made good on every laboratory promise. Proved to be an outstandingly superior product.

Now, it is offered to you—with all the reputation of the House of Squibb behind it. Get a tube from your druggist. See what a difference it makes. You've never known a shaving cream like it. You've never known how smooth and sure a blade can cut. How soothed and cool your face can feel. How *easy* shaving can be. Never before!

Your father, your grandfather before him, knew E. R. Squibb & Sons. No Squibb Product has ever been offered for sale that did not represent a distinct improvement over all existing similar products. Squibb's Shaving Cream follows this policy. It has been proved a real advance in the art of shaving. On that basis, you are invited to try it.

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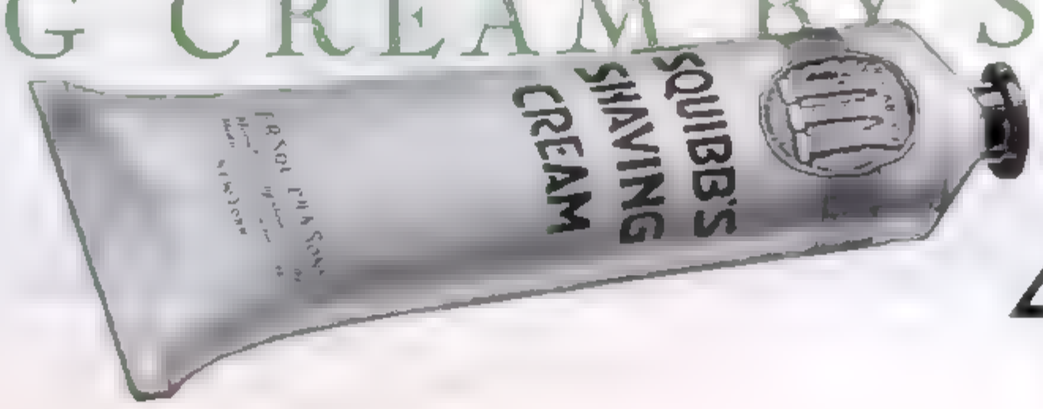
A SHAVING CREAM BY SQUIBB



40¢

MR. TUTT'S REVENGE

(Continued from Page 9

"Stick 'em on the line and let 'em slide down and give him a wallop on the snoot."

"Hah!"

Into Mr. Tutt's old eyes flashed a fierce and triumphant light. Who said a key ring had no uses? At last his carrying around of that jangling mess of metal—some of it for more than fifty years—was vindicated.

"Come on, Macduff!"

Mr. Tutt climbed up on the bank as high as he could, hooked the ring over the line and allowed the bunch of keys to ride like a trolley into the pool. It vanished from sight.

"Look out!" yelled Angus, leaping toward the canoe.

The strain on the pole suddenly relaxed, the line sagged, and a blurred streak shot through the water toward the rapids. The line tightened with a jerk, the reel sang. "Whee-e-e!"

"Gosh-a-mighty!" yelled Mr. Tutt, floundering toward the canoe. "I can't lose those keys!"

Again they were after him downstream, pell-mell, fifteen miles an hour, plunging into the rapids so that Mr. Tutt was drenched with spray, on again through a half mile of burned land where submerged windfalls menaced the canoe at every turn, under a bronzed tunnel of budding maples, past a black pool of oily, eddying water and into the turmoil of other rapids again. The salmon, with Mr. Tutt's keys above his gills, gave no indication of ever coming to a stop.

The sun had sunk behind the pines and its splintered rays sprayed the tree tops with a golden sheen. It was going to be dark before long. Mr. Tutt felt as if he were being towed along by a freshly harpooned whale. Neptune! Sea horses!

"'Canst thou draw out leviathan with a hook?'" he caroled. "I'll say you can—maybe!"

Leviathan was still going strong. For the past fifteen minutes there had been no relaxation of the strain on the rod. That salmon must indeed be a mighty fish! Then there swung into view a float, a boathouse and a low bungalow with wide overhanging eaves on the bank of a great pool.

"The Wanic Club," said Angus.

Directly in front of the bungalow and as if for the special edification of the Wanic membership, Leviathan leaped, like a silver cow jumping over the moon, and fell with a splash that churned the water into a maelstrom. Then he sank. Angus steered to the float.

Mr. Tutt reeled like a madman. The line straightened, pointing directly into the middle of the pool. Suddenly there came a terrific yank on the end of the line that almost twitched the pole from its resting place on Mr. Tutt's abdomen. Yank-yank! Yank-yank! Yank-yank!

"What in the name of Joseph H. Choate ——" groaned the old man. "This isn't poker! This is hitting below the belt!"

"He's jigging," explained Angus.

"Oh, he's jigging, is he? What'll he do next—fox trot?"

It was evidently Leviathan's final attempt at freedom. Once more he leaped, a feeble jump, hardly more than a flop, and floated over on his side.

"Reel him in slow!" admonished Rob, reaching for the gaff.

Tenderly Mr. Tutt steered the exhausted fish into the shallow water beside the float.

"Golly!" exclaimed Rob. "Forty pound if he's an ounce! He'd weigh fifty in midsummer."

Nearer and nearer he came, his great white belly upturned, making no effort to escape, until he was not more than ten feet away.

"Well, I *am* swandangled!" quoth Mr. Tutt.

Hanging at the point where the leader entered the salmon's jaw was what looked like a small pile of brush—Mr. Tutt's bunch of keys.

The salmon was gasping and a chain of silver bubbles streamed upward from his mouth. Gaff in hand, Rob leaned out as far as he could. Another foot ——

Unexpectedly a voice said directly behind them: "What are you doing on our land? This is private property. You're poaching! If you don't free that fish and get off, I'll sue out a warrant for you!"

"Hello, McDonald!" exclaimed Angus. "We aren't poaching. This fish was hooked three miles above here on the Tilford water."

"Tell that to the justice of the peace!" remarked the guardian curtly. "I found you here on our property killing a fish in front of the Wanic clubhouse. I ought to run you in, but I'll be reasonable. Free the fish, get into your canoe and paddle off as fast as you can."

He was a stern, bearded man and he had a shotgun in the hollow of his arm. To Mr. Tutt he looked full of hatred, malice and all uncharitableness.

"I beg your pardon," said the old lawyer. "I give you my word that this fish was not hooked on your property. We couldn't help it if he carried us downstream. I'm willing to get off your land, but I don't see what right you have to make me set free my fish. Besides, he's got my keys ——"

"It isn't your fish; it's our fish!" retorted the guardian. "You can't lie to me. Now get out of here!"

He took a step forward in the direction of the canoe. At that instant, and apparently in acceptance of McDonald's invitation to depart, Leviathan came to life. What he did will always remain a mystery to Mr. Tutt, but substantially, in effect, and to all intents and purposes, he stood up out of the water and walked away on his tail across the pool, shaking his head vigorously from side to side. Nearing the opposite bank he gave a particularly violent jerk, the leader parted and the old lawyer found himself holding a rod to which was attached merely a line.

Then all interest in life departed from Ephraim Tutt. With the strain gone from his stomach he felt as if the whole works had dropped out of it. Both life and it were the hollowest of voids. And obviously the person responsible was the bearded guardian of the Wanic Club.

With his eyes fixed mournfully upon Leviathan's vanishing point, Mr. Tutt remarked icily: "I trust, sir, that you are now satisfied!"

"I won't be satisfied until I see you off our property," retorted McDonald. "Start along and keep right on going. Don't let me find you camping around the bend when I come along. If I do, there'll be trouble."

Mr. Tutt had reeled in his line and was now engaged in unjointing his rod. All his muscles were quivering. Upon his features was an expression most un-Tuttish. It was one of those rare occasions when he was really angry, and the very restraint of his anger had something terrible about it.

"I shall do as you require," he answered in even tones. "But I shall do it only because you have a gun and I think you are enough of a scalawag to find some excuse to use it. I have seen mean men in my life, but never before anyone as mean as you. There is no reason why you should think I would lie to you. There is plenty of water to fish besides yours. At this season of the year no real sportsman could possibly object to my killing a single fish even on his private leasehold. Some people would open their clubhouses to a visiting fisherman; yet you will not even allow us to camp upon your land. Very well. You may be within your rights. I shall not question them, but"—and he turned and looked long and earnestly at Mr. McDonald—"I shall not forget you, sir! The time may come when I can exact amends from you, and if that time comes I shall do so! I'll not be content with your skin, either! I'll get your bones! . . . All right, Angus. Shove off!"

Each guide simultaneously ejected a thin line of tobacco juice in Mr. McDonald's direction as a farewell gesture and then with a few quick strokes drove the canoe to the other side of the pool.

"Where are you going?" asked Mr. Tutt.

"I want to look at the place where that fish broke your leader," answered Angus.

It was nearly dark. The golden javelins that had bathed the forest had slipped up and up until, resting for a second or two upon the tips of the pines, they had leaped into space. The pool itself was a black glitter reflecting the blue patches overhead. Angus steered the canoe to within a few feet of the opposite bank and began looking carefully into the shallow water.

"There they are!" he exclaimed, pointing with his paddle to something that shone with a pale glow among the stones.

"Where are what?" inquired Mr. Tutt, who had recovered sufficiently to light a fresh stogy and was reclining in the bottom of the canoe with his legs crossed before him on the top of a gunny sack.

Angus leaned over and lifted the dripping key ring from the water.

"I figured he'd drop 'em," he announced casually. "But, say! Weren't you using a Silver Doctor?"

"I was," replied Mr. Tutt. "None other."

Angus tossed the ring under the old lawyer's legs. Tangled among the keys was a six-foot mist-colored double leader to which was attached a brilliant scarlet-and-white Parmacheene Belle.

"This isn't the first time that fish has broke loose," said Angus.

Mr. Tutt expelled a cloud of fragrant smoke.

"Take another look," he suggested. "Perhaps Mr. Leviathan may have dropped his valise, his railroad passes or his flask."

III

"YES, sir!" quoth Angus as he squatted in front of the cooking fire an hour later. "I bet that fish would ha' weighed fifty pound in midsummer. You don't often find a salmon carrying another feller's tackle along with him. They usually manage to rub it off somehow. I figure this one was hooked beside the gills at the very end of last season and broke away. That's how he happened to be wearing that Parmacheene Belle. . . . Eggs is ready! . . . Plate, Rob!"

"Where do you suppose he is now?" asked Mr. Tutt, balancing the tin plate with its sputtering contents on his kneecaps.

"Off Anticosti somewhere, I guess!"

Mr. Tutt chuckled. He had got over the first heat of his anger. He had had a delicious supper and now, as the guides washed the dishes and arranged the camp, he sat with his back against a pine tree, smoking his nineteenth stogy, taking his ease. They had beached their canoe four miles below the clubhouse, safe from the interference of Mr. McDonald; the moon had come up and was peering at them through the trees; the air was perfumed with wood smoke and tobacco; Mr. Tutt gave a deep sigh of contentment.

"Who are the men that own the Wanic lease?" he asked.

Angus came over and sat down on his heels.

"I dunno exactly. But they're all millionaires—some of the biggest men in Canada. They've got a railroad president and a couple of bankers and a bishop ——"

"A bishop!"

"Yes, a regular Church of England bishop. They're swells all right. They even had the Prince of Wales up here stayin' with 'em!"

"You don't say!"

"Yes, an' he didn't kill a fish."

"He didn't fall out of the canoe, did he?"

"If he did they didn't talk about it."

Mr. Tutt proffered a stogy.

"Well," he mused, "I didn't kill any fish either—not even a grilse. I suppose they have a pretty good time."

"I'll say they do! They've got a cellar full of hooch and a radio and a talkin' machine and a French cook. They don't kill themselves fishing. They're old fellers and they like to be comfortable. They set around and play cards and tell stories and, when they feel in the mood for it, they go out and kill a salmon or two."

"How long did you say they'd been coming here?"

"Twenty years to my knowledge. They went to college together, or something."

"They're lucky dogs!" declared the old lawyer. "I should call a vacation like that pretty near to heaven, even without a bishop."

That night, on his bed of balsam tips, Mr. Tutt dreamed that an enormous salmon, dressed in the white-and-scarlet robes of a bishop and weighing at least five hundred pounds, came walking upon his tail across a pool of black glass and, offering him a gigantic bunch of keys, said:

"I will give you the keys of heaven! I will give you the keys of heaven! Get out of here and keep going!"

They reached St. Croix the next afternoon. The train did not leave until eight the following morning, and after a wash-up and shave at the primitive hotel, Mr. Tutt strolled out to give the town the once-over. It was of the usual Canadian frontier type, consisting of shanties, log huts, stores with false fronts and a movie palace advertising Douglas Fairbanks in The Pirate. A Byzantine-looking church with a tin spire, standing conspicuously on the hillside, was the only object of interest.

A fair exhibit of motor cars of all varieties was parked along the high, stilted, wooden sidewalk.

When the inhabitants wanted excitement they motored to Cadogan, the seat of the provincial government, fifty miles away. It was not a hopeful outlook, and as the movies commenced at half-past six, Mr. Tutt went in to supper as soon as the dining room opened, which was 5:30. He had no company. Clearly he was the only guest at the hotel.

He had just finished a plate of pork and beans when a small boy climbed upon the porch, thrust his head through the screen door and offered him a copy of the Cadogan Gazette. While masticating the ensuing doughnuts and slice of lemon-meringue pie, Mr. Tutt perused it without adding greatly to his general information, until he was finally reduced to reading the advertisements, including the legal notices in fine print on the inside page. Among the latter his eye caught the following:

CANADA, PROVINCE OF ST. LAWRENCE
DEPARTMENT OF LANDS AND MINES
SALE OF SALMON ANGLING LEASES
CADOGAN, ST. LAWRENCE, CANADA

The Exclusive right of Fishing—with rod only—in front of ungranted Crown Lands on the Musquash, Crooked and Santapedia Rivers in St. Lawrence will be offered for sale at Public Auction, at this Office, at eleven o'clock tomorrow morning.

Leases of these fishing rights will be governed by Regulations, and will be for the term of Five (5) years from the First of March, 1927, to expire on the First of March, 1932.

SANTAPEDIA RIVER (IN ST. LAWRENCE)

NO.	UPSET PRICE PER ANNUM
1—From Tom's Brook to Red Bank Fork	$1000
2—From Red Bank Fork to Stillwater Pool	1500
3—From Stillwater Pool to Portage Brook	1000
4—From Portage Brook to the Ox Bow	3500
5—From the Ox Bow to Victoria County Line	1000
etc., etc.	

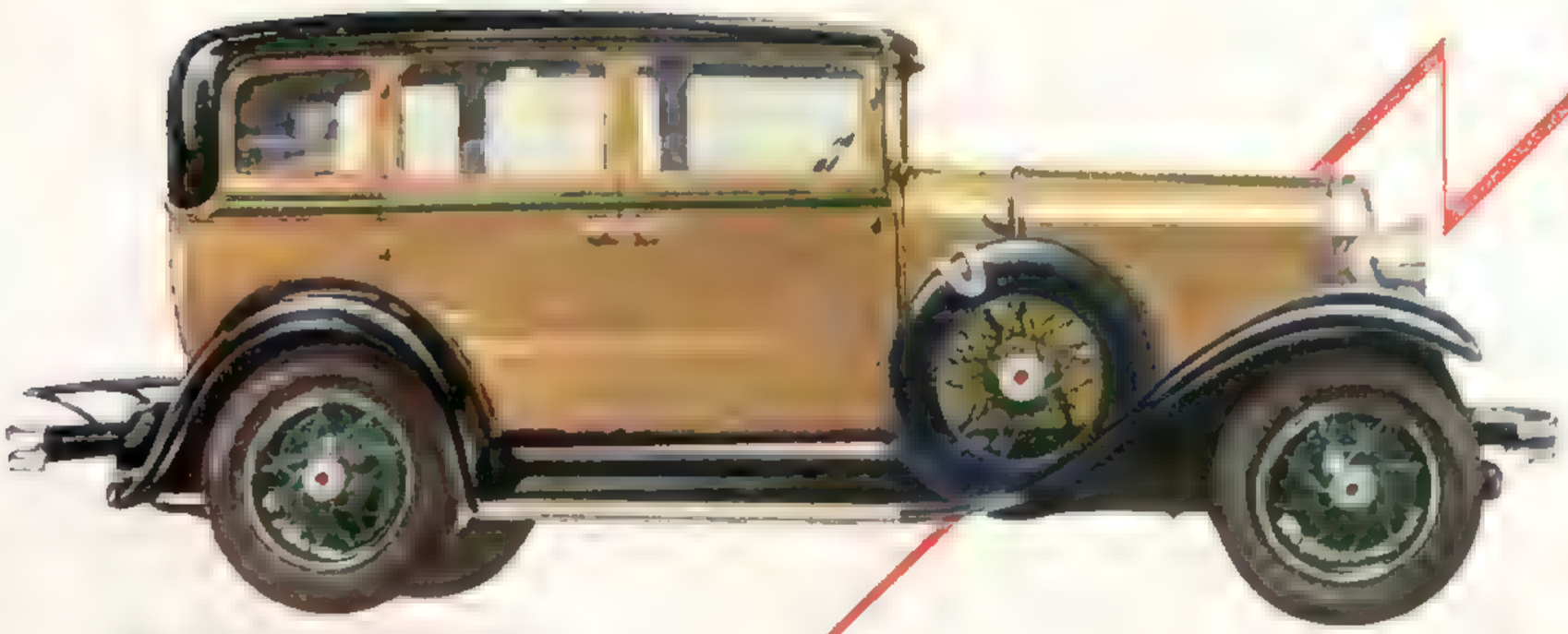
Mr. Tutt nearly choked over his last mouthful of lemon meringue.

(Continued on Page 58)

MARMON

firing in line

NEW



New Series 68 Five-Passenger Sedan, $1465 (f. o. b. factory). Wire wheel equipment at moderate extra cost.

New Series 78 Five-Passenger Sedan, $1965 (f. o. b. factory). Wire wheel equipment at moderate extra cost.

SERIES

MARMON STRAIGHT 8's

In *January people said,* "Go in and see the New Marmons—they're great!"

More than 20,000 families have acted on that recommendation and bought these two Marmon Straight-Eights (the 68 and 78). Any one of these families will tell you a remarkable story of low upkeep—freedom from mechanical annoyances.

And now mid-season finds Marmon with still further developments—the New Series 68 and 78, each, we firmly believe, the most abundant transportation ever offered at anywhere near the same money. In these cars you will find:

New, low, even more impressive body lines.

New colors—new, more interesting interiors.

Larger motor in the "68." More power and even smoother operation in both cars.

Double chromium plating of all exposed metal parts—radiator, headlamps, bumpers, etc.

New and more massive front end appearance—new ensemble of lamps and lamp mountings—of radiator, hood and hood hinges.

Ingenious new co-incidental lock which makes fast both transmission and ignition in a simple turn of the key (located on the dash).

New type, vibration-absorbing clutch (rubber set) so as to deaden any noises which might otherwise find their way into the transmission.

Carburetion even further improved, due to recent developments which have a tendency to "super-charge" the gas mixture.

The prices are still remarkably low. Won't you go to the nearby Marmon salesroom at your earliest convenience and see the New Series 68 and 78?

IS IT A STRAIGHT-EIGHT?

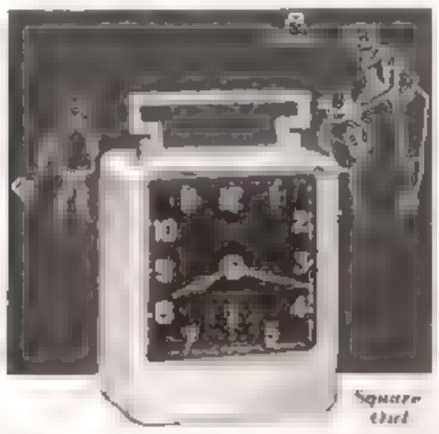
This is the question being asked today along every automobile row—and one which will be even more pertinent by next January show time. Next summer, most every prospective purchaser will have the same query to make. Marmon offers you a Straight-Eight *now* at the price of the average Six.

MARMON MOTOR CAR COMPANY • INDIANAPOLIS

families GO by...

Square Box

Ansonia Squareclox tell the whole family when to come and go. They are honest alarm clocks



Square Oval

Put one in your children's bedroom. It gets them up; to breakfast; and off to school on time

Put one on kitchen duty too. Their smart looking handles make them easy to carry from one timekeeping job to another

They come in four charming colors and three sizes. $3.50 Your choice . . .

$5.00 in Canada

From your own dealer or postpaid (address below)

ANSONIA SQUARECLOX

FINE ALARMS

THE ANSONIA CLOCK CO., 12 EAST 41st ST., N.Y.

(Continued from Page 55)

Why, that was just where he had been fishing—the Tilford water—the Wanic Club water! Surely there must be some mistake! He hurried out into the street. Angus was loitering in front of the movie house

"Say, Angus!" he shouted, showing him the paper. "What do you think of that?"

"That's nothing. The leases have run out and the government has got to put 'em up at auction according to law. But the same parties always bid 'em in. The Wanic crowd will have a representative there. They'll go as high as they have to—naturally."

Mr. Tutt folded the paper and placed it in his breast pocket.

"They always bid 'em in, do they? They'll go as high as they have to? Believe me, Angus, this time they'll have to do some bidding! Get me a motor! I'm starting for Cadogan as soon as I can get there. I'll have my revenge on that bunch of rapscallions if it pauperizes me! And, by hookey, I'll have some salmon fishing into the bargain!"

IV

CADOGAN is the capital of the Province of St. Lawrence, neither of which appears upon the official map of Canada, although they exist in fact. It is a fine old English town with a substantial percentage of Scotch and Scotch-Irish descended from the United Empire Loyalists who moved out of the United States after the granting of independence. It is conservative, orderly, comfortable and slow-going. There is an excellent hotel, the King George, which in June and July is crowded with fishermen on their way to and from the woods. A lieutenant governor is in residence.

When Mr. Tutt, shortly before eleven o'clock next morning, attended at the office of the Deputy Minister of Lands and Mines, he found such a gathering of the disciples of Izaak Walton there assembled that he could not even get near the door. Not only was the room itself crowded but the stairs leading up to it, so that the deputy minister, presently appearing at the window, gave but one look at the throng outside and announced that, owing to the unprecedented attendance, he would adjourn the meeting to the hall of the provincial legislature.

Thus it happened that Mr. Tutt presently found himself, together with several hundred other piscatorial enthusiasts, occupying a desk in a Canadian legislative chamber.

Most of those present were attorneys or guardians acting for principals who could not attend in person, among whom were mingled a few bargain hunters; but in spite of the large attendance, competition on individual leases did not run very high and in most instances the previous holder of the lease was able to renew it without having to pay an excessive price.

Occasionally, where the former lessee did not care to renew, there was spirited bidding up to a certain point, but in no instance did a lease go for more than twice the upset, or minimum, price fixed by the government. Mr. Tutt began to feel encouraged, for it certainly looked as if he could get some fishing, provided he was willing to pay for it.

"And now," said the deputy minister, a sandy, genial-looking man with a cheerio manner, looking around the chamber, "we come to the upper waters of the Santapedia—Number One, the two miles from Tom's Brook to Red Bank Fork. What am I offered?"

"One thousand dollars!" came from the other side of the hall.

Mr. Tutt bided his time. He did not want this water, and it would serve as an indication as to how things were going on the Santapedia.

"One thousand dollars! One thousand dollars! This is very fine fishing, gentlemen," declared the deputy minister from his seat at the rostrum. "You won't find better anywhere!"

"Eleven hundred!" offered someone near by.

"Twelve!" retorted the first bidder.

"Thirteen!"

"Fifteen!"

"Any more bids?" inquired Mr. Cheerio. "If not, sold to Mr. McAllister for fifteen hundred dollars! Now, Number Two, the three miles from Red Bank Fork to Stillwater Pool. What am I bid? Good fishing, gentlemen!"

This went for twenty-three hundred dollars, the upset price being fifteen.

Mr. Cheerio consulted the sheet before him.

"Number Three. The three miles from Stillwater Pool to Portage Brook. What is your pleasure?"

"One thousand dollars," came in a high squeak from a rusty little man in spectacles on the center aisle, who looked as if he had postponed his weekly shave.

"Thank you," nodded Mr. Cheerio. "One thousand dollars. Do I hear any other bids?" This was the stretch where Mr. Tutt had hooked Leviathan.

"Fifteen hundred," he remarked quietly. The rusty little man turned and squinted through his goggles at this unexpected intervention. A five-hundred-dollar jump had been unheard of up to that time in the proceedings.

"Er—sixteen hundred!" he countered.

"Two thousand," retorted Mr. Tutt.

"This is some of the best fishing in Canada," interposed Mr. Cheerio. The rusty one looked anxiously about the room without finding any apparent relief. Then he stood up. His face was flushed.

"Might I have an opportunity to call up Mr. Tilford on the telephone?" he inquired. "My authority is limited ——"

"I protest!" objected Mr. Tutt. "One can't conduct auctions by telephone. Where is this gentleman?"

"In Montreal."

There was a burst of laughter from the spectators. Mr. Cheerio smiled.

"Mr. Tilford ought to be here," said Mr. Tutt. "I press my objection."

"I'm afraid we can't interrupt the proceedings," agreed Mr. Cheerio. "Do I hear any more bids?"

"Well, I don't know what to do!" declared the rusty one, mopping his forehead. "I'll take a chance, though! Twenty-one hundred!"

"Twenty-five!" shot back Mr. Tutt.

"Any more bids?"

Mr. Cheerio looked inquiringly at the little man.

"Sold! Number Three sold for twenty-five hundred dollars to—what is the name?"

"Tutt," said Mr. Tutt—"Ephraim Tutt of New York."

The rusty man took off his goggles helplessly, arose and walked slowly out.

"Mr. Tilford will be very much disappointed," Mr. Tutt heard him say.

Mr. Cheerio banged with his gavel.

"Number Four—from Portage Brook to the Ox Bow—the best lease on the river," said he brightly. "Upset price thirty-five hundred dollars. What am I offered?"

This was the Wanic Club water which had remained in the same hands for nearly a quarter of a century—those of the Right Reverend Lionel Charteris, Bishop of St. Albans.

"What am I offered?" repeated Mr. Cheerio, gazing about the hall as if in search of somebody. There was no response. What was the matter? The audience stirred. Mr. Tutt's heart thumped as it had never done save once when he had hooked Leviathan. He waited, hardly breathing.

"Anybody here from the Wanic Club? Anybody here representing Bishop Charteris?" continued Mr. Cheerio.

Silence.

Mr. Tutt saw two men—one in high boots—get up suddenly and go out.

Mr. Cheerio waited a moment or two. It was obvious that something most unexpected had occurred.

"Well," he remarked, "if there are no bids ——"

"Thirty-five hundred dollars," said Mr. Tutt.

The two men who had gone to the door returned.

"Thirty-six!" shouted one of them.

"Thirty-seven!" retorted Mr. Tutt.

"Thirty-eight!" came from the door.

"Thirty-nine!" responded Mr. Tutt blithely.

Two others now joined the original couple, whispering excitedly.

"Any more bids?" inquired Mr. Cheerio.

"Four thousand!" continued one of the quartet defiantly.

"Forty-five hundred!" rejoined Mr. Tutt.

Everybody was looking at this grim, mysterious stranger—this Black Knight who had ridden into the lists in an old stovepipe hat in place of a casque. Who was he? Whence did he come?

"Forty-six hundred!" called out the last consultant.

"Five thousand!" volleyed the old lawyer.

A murmur ran around the chamber. It was clear that whoever the old fellow was he intended to have his fishing. What was the use? The speculative spirit evaporated.

"Any more bids?" The deputy minister held his gavel in air for a short *locus pœnitentiæ*. Then he banged it down. "Sold for five thousand dollars to Mr. Ephraim Tutt! I feel pretty sure that there has been some mistake," he added. "Bishop Charteris and his friends have had that lease for heaven knows how long! However —— The next item is Number Four, from the Ox Bow to the Victoria County Line. What am I offered?"

"Twenty-five hundred dollars," answered Mr. Tutt, and got it.

In the dining room of the King George, an hour later, Mr. Tutt encountered the Deputy Minister of Lands and Mines

"I certainly congratulate you, sir," said the latter. "You've bought twelve miles of the best salmon fishing in Canada for a most reasonable price. I really don't understand it! I can hardly believe that Bishop Charteris intended to let his lease go, when his friends enjoy it so. May I ask if you have taken it for yourself or for others?"

"Entirely for myself," replied the lawyer. "Can you tell me who are the other members of the Wanic Club?"

The deputy minister turned to the proprietor of the King George, who was sitting at the next table.

"Mr. Paxton, who are those gentlemen that usually come here with Bishop Charteris?" he asked.

Landlord Paxton laid down his knife and fork.

"The Wanic Club? Yes, they're regular as clockwork. Let's see. There's Sewell T. Warburton, president of the Utopia Trust Company of New York, secretary of the club; Mr. Arbuthnot, of Montreal, president of the British Columbian Railways; George R. Norton, president of the British Colonial Trust Company; Chester L. Ives, president of the Royal British Bank of Canada, and of course the bishop himself. The first letter of each last name spells W-A-N-I-C, you understand?"

Mr. Tutt nodded. A distinguished group.

"Well, they won't be coming here any more," announced the deputy minister. "This gentleman has bought the Wanic lease for the next five years."

"You mean the bishop let his lease go by default?"

"He had no representative there," answered the deputy minister. "I think myself that he must have overlooked the fact that the lease had run out."

"I remember now he told me the last time he was here that he expected to spend the winter in Egypt," said the proprietor of the King George. "He'll be very much upset. So they all will. I know how they look forward to coming here together every year." He looked, with a suggestion of hostility, at Mr. Tutt. "I suppose it's true

(Continued on Page 60

for Economical Transportation

CHEVROLET

A Rare Combination of Beauty and Utility

Among the thousands of women who have learned the infinite convenience of a car for their personal use—the Bigger and Better Chevrolet is becoming more and more popular every day.

It offers, at prices that fit into any family budget, those fine-car qualities which women instinctively appreciate in an automobile—the smart and distinctive beauty of Fisher enclosed bodies finished in modish colors . . . the roominess and roadability made possible by a wheelbase of 107 inches . . . the safety and handling ease of big, non-locking 4-wheel brakes and a full ball-bearing steering gear.

If you have never ridden in a Bigger and Better Chevrolet, phone your Chevrolet dealer. He will gladly send a car to your home for a demonstration.

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

The Roadster, $495; The Touring, $495; The Coach, $585; The Coupe, $595; The 4-Door Sedan, $675; The Convertible Sport Cabriolet, $695; The Imperial Landau, $715. Prices f. o. b. Flint, Mich.

Bigger and Better

QUALITY AT LOW COST

THE "ROYAL TREAD"—*an unusually rugged Keds model with tough moulded sole for outdoor or indoor wear. Noted for strong, sure grip. White or brown.*

Let them take

Vacation Comfort

back to school

AFTER watching the joy with which children change from their hot, heavy, stiff shoes to cool, light, springy Keds, you feel reluctant to let them wear any other footwear.

Why not keep your children in Keds as long as the season permits?

Why not let their feet stay free and uncramped until bad weather makes heavy shoes unavoidable?

The farther a child gets from "barefoot freedom," the smaller are his chances of having good feet, unless some definite provision is made for letting the foot exercise normally.

As children grow in weight and stature, the effects of wearing heavy, ill-fitting shoes become more acute. Muscles of the foot, weakened by years of insufficient exercise, are unequal to the strain.

In Keds, the foot functions naturally. The arch stays strong and springy. Keds tough rubber soles not only wear long, but absorb shocks and jars and prevent slipping. Keds uppers of stout canvas are shaped to support the ankle snugly, yet allow easy freedom. A special insole of Feltex protects the feet.

Keds are made in a dozen different models ranging in price from $1.25 to $4.50.

To make sure you get genuine Keds ask for them by name and see that the name Keds is on the shoe. Made only by the

United States Rubber Company

TRAPPER EVANS *will send you the actual footprints of wild animals*

By special arrangement with Trapper Evans, old time Montana woodsman, the makers of Keds are able to offer you the actual tracks of many American wild animals imprinted in clay-like material, hardened and mounted on felt. Each one is an original, identical footprint.

Write Keds Outdoor Department, Desk J, 1790 Broadway, New York City, and ask for a free list of these wild animal tracks. Or, if you prefer, enclose 35c for any one of the following: Wildcat, Coyote or Antelope. The tracks of the Bear Cub, Mountain Sheep and Timber Wolf cost 50c each. Your letter will be forwarded to Trapper Evans in Montana and he will mail you the tracks of your choice, postpaid in United States or Canada.

They are not **Keds**

unless the name *Keds is on the shoe*

(Continued from Page 58)

that one man's adversity is another man's opportunity."

Mr. Tutt had begun to feel rather sorry for the members of the Wanic Club. He had been righteously angry at his treatment by the guardian, and had he gone to the auction and bid the lease away from them in fair fight, even if it had cost him twenty thousand dollars, he would have felt fully justified. But to get it by default robbed the victory of all zest. It was as if he had caught the bishop in swimming and had stolen his clothes. After all, he had the three miles of water above the Wanic—where he had hooked Leviathan—and the three miles below. He could get along without the intervening six miles, and probably they could arrange to exchange pools and otherwise extend neighborly courtesies to one another.

That evening he sat down and wrote a letter on the King George stationery to Sewell T. Warburton, the president of the Utopia Trust in New York:

Dear Mr. Warburton: I have bought in the lease on the Santapedia River formerly held by the Wanic Club, of which I understand you are the secretary. As I have no desire to deprive you and your friends of your fishing through any inadvertence, I shall be glad to let you have the lease at cost, and on receipt of your check or money order for five thousand dollars, will assign the same to anyone you may see fit to authorize for that purpose. My address for the next ten days will be the Hotel Frontenac, Quebec.

Truly yours,

E. TUTT.

As a fisherman Mr. Tutt could picture Mr. Warburton's astonishment and gratitude. A good joke on the latter's absent-minded old friend the bishop—that is, a good joke now that it had come out all right. They might even offer to make Mr. Tutt a member of the Wanic Club. Anyhow they'd be sure to offer him the hospitality of the river.

Three days later, at Quebec, he received Mr. Warburton's typewritten reply:

E. TUTT, ESQ.,
HOTEL FRONTENAC,
QUEBEC, CANADA.

Dear Sir: Your communication regarding lease of fishing rights on the Santapedia River, together with suggestion that I send you five thousand dollars in return for an assignment of same, is at hand. I beg to say that your offer does not interest me. I might add that we are quite capable of handling our own affairs without interference from strangers.

Truly yours,

S. T. WARBURTON.

Mr. Tutt's long lantern jaw trembled. So that was the way they treated his generosity! To jeer at him! Spit in his face! Kick him in the stomach! They were all alike, these Wanics! This hound Warburton was worse than that hound of a McDonald. "Like master, like man!" Well, this would end their fishing on the Santapedia forever!

Stepping across to the telegraph office, Mr. Tutt sent a wire to Angus Ogilvy, authorizing him to take possession of the Wanic property and to notify McDonald that he was fired. The last lines of his telegram read:

TELL HIM TO START ALONG AND KEEP RIGHT ON GOING. TELL HIM NOT TO LET ME FIND HIM CAMPING AROUND THE BEND WHEN I COME ALONG, OR IF I DO, THERE'LL BE TROUBLE.

V

"UTOPIATRUSTCOMPANY calling," said Miss Wiggin, sticking her head in the doorway of Mr. Tutt's law office. "I told them you were in conference."

"If they call again, say I've gone to Egypt," answered her employer.

"The operator said Mr. Warburton, the president, wanted to speak to you personally," continued the managing clerk.

"Tell her I don't speak to bank presidents. Tell her I don't use the telephone. Tell her I've lost my voice. I won't speak to him, and you can use any euphemism to that effect you may prefer."

Mr. Tutt leaned back in his swivel chair and put his finger tips together.

"'I'm dear little buttercup! Sweet little buttercup!'" he hummed gayly. "That son-of-a-money-changer! Ha! I'll show him!"

The fact was that Mr. Tutt had no more than got back to New York from Canada before he had received a second letter from the president of the Utopia Trust Company—written this time in the latter's own fair hand, as well as being personally delivered by a uniformed attendant—in which Mr. Warburton stated, with an effort at jocularity, that his original reply had been sent under an entire misapprehension of the facts, which no doubt Mr. Tutt, as a broad-minded man of the world, would quite understand and overlook, and that the Wanic Club would be most grateful to accept his offer to turn over to them the Santapedia lease at the price he had paid for it, and that with sincere regards and much appreciation, he begged to remain "cordially yours, Sewell T. Warburton." Mr. Tutt threw it in the scrap basket. Five days elapsed.

Followed a third communication, upon the paper of the Union Club, from Mr. Warburton, in which he abandoned all attempts to treat the affair jocosely, apologizing for the boorishness of his first letter to Mr. Tutt and owning himself entirely and inexcusably in the wrong. No one could have eaten more humble pie.

Mr. Tutt did not reply for a week. When at last he did, it was succinctly to inform Mr. Warburton that the lease was not for sale.

And now for two whole days the great Sewell T. Warburton—the Big Buddha of Banking, that inaccessible Potentate and Panjandrum who always rode in an armored motor car, and when he went to Europe had his yacht meet him at Cherbourg, that Mammoth of Philanthropy and Mastodon of Finance before whom all other bankers and business leaders cringed, nay, wallowed on their bellies—this awesome and almost mythical Magnate and High Muck-a-muck, had—for two whole days, we repeat—been trying to get old Ephraim Tutt on the phone and couldn't!

"In conference," sweetly answered Miss Wiggin.

"May I ask when, if ever, he is not in conference?" Mr. Warburton's secretary inquired starchily.

"That I can't tell," purred Miss Wiggin. "Mr. Tutt is very busy. If Mr. Warburton would care to make an appointment to call on Mr. Tutt, I will see what I can do."

"Mr. Warburton never leaves his office," replied the secretary. "Please call me when Mr. Tutt is disengaged. Our private number is Bowling Green 00-000."

It was about a week after this diplomatic interchange that at eleven o'clock one morning a card was brought in to Mr. Tutt on which was inscribed the name SEWELL T. WARBURTON.

"Tell him I'll see him presently," said he. Then lighting a stogy and crossing his skinny old legs on the top of his desk, he allowed the great Mr. Warburton to fidget for exactly thirteen minutes in the outer office. Then he pressed the bell.

"Mr. Warburton may now come in," he announced.

Mr. Warburton came in. He was a tall, white-haired man, faintly pink at the position in which he found himself, yet dignified and polite withal. Mr. Tutt shook hands with him ceremoniously and offered him a chair.

"I have come to make a personal apology for my first letter to you," said the banker. "There was no excuse for it. Of course at the time I didn't know who you were. Also I'd had an annoying day. I am sorry. I regret my letter." He looked at the lawyer as if to say: "I can't do more than that, can I?"

Mr. Tutt bowed in return.

"I understand the situation perfectly," he remarked dryly. "I accept your apology."

"May I hope then that you'll reconsider your refusal to assign us your lease? Five

(Continued on Page 63)

Mrs. Mabel Reinecke, Collector of U. S. Internal Revenue at Chicago, only woman ever to hold such a post. She believes in starting her days with Quaker Oats for greatest morning efficiency.

The World's Fastest Hot Breakfast

And how it combines deliciousness with the important energy elements in food that "stands by" you

Cooks in 2½ to 5 minutes

Boatswain Hansen and his men are hearty eaters because their work is of the hardest kind. The cook starts them right each day with Quaker Oats.

Mrs. Reinecke sponsors a cooperative cafeteria where hundreds of her employes are served proper food at low prices. She is shown inspecting hot oatmeal in preparation for a meal.

Into 4 Morning Hours 70% of the World's Work Falls

70% of your day's most important work is done between 8:30 a. m. and 12:30 p. m.—in four short hours—according to nation-wide commercial, financial and scholastic investigations.

That is why the world's dietetic urge now is to *watch your breakfast;* to start days with food that "stands by" you through the morning and thus protect the most important hours of your day.

16% is protein—plus—an excellent food "balance" and unique deliciousness

In the first place, Quick Quaker contains 16% protein—the "stamina element" of food. That is the element that rebuilds lost body tissue—that acts as a "factor of safety" against disease. It is the element that builds muscle.

Quick Quaker provides some 50% more of this element than wheat, twice as much as rice; 100% more than cornmeal. It is richer in this element than any other cereal grown.

Besides its rich protein element, Quick Quaker is rich in minerals and abundant in Vitamine B that build bone and promote growth. 65% is carbohydrate. It retains, too, the roughage to lessen the need for laxatives.

Served hot and savory, Quick Quaker supplies, too, the most delicious breakfast—making the richest breakfast now the quickest, too.

MANY families have been deprived of the value of a stamina-building breakfast each day because of cooking time. But that is no longer a handicap.

Now men and women go forth to face their work, children to grapple with studies and play, equipped with proper breakfasts. For the world is realizing that, in the four vital hours before lunchtime, 70% of the really important work of the day is accomplished.

Dieticians have long known the value of hot breakfasts that "stand by." Recent nation-wide investigations confirmed the fact that 70% of the world's really vital work falls in the forenoon—an overwhelming majority.

Thus, on expert advice, thousands are turning to the rich deliciousness, the sturdy nourishment, of Quick Quaker Oats, now possible for all.

Quick Quaker cooks in 2½ to 5 minutes, as quickly as coffee or toast.

Quick Quaker—the world's fastest hot breakfast

Your grocer has two kinds of Quaker Oats, that which you have always known and Quick Quaker, which cooks in 2½ to 5 minutes.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

Drive this finer Pontiac Six to learn what $745 will buy

The Coupe, $745 • Body by Fisher

An increased margin of power and snap . . . a higher speed with the wide open throttle . . . a more marked impression of low-swung ruggedness—such are the new qualities which distinguish today's Pontiac Six!

No other car of comparable cost meets so completely the demands of this modern age for smartness, dash and drive. For today's Pontiac Six is offered with smarter, smaller wheels and oversize tires and its performance range has been extended to provide greater power and higher top-speeds.

You may be familiar with the smooth, effortless performance that has brought international fame to Pontiac's big six-cylinder engine with its G-M-R cylinder head. You may realize that this car is built with an unmatched degree of accuracy in the world's most modern automobile plant. You may know the fundamental superiorities of Fisher craftsmanship as revealed in Pontiac-Fisher bodies. But not until you drive this *finer* Pontiac Six of today will you know what flashing performance, what luxurious comfort and what distinctive appearance are now available at $745!

Pontiac Six, $745 to $875. All prices at factory.

OAKLAND MOTOR CAR COMPANY, PONTIAC, MICHIGAN

PONTIAC SIX

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

—a Successful Six now winning Even Greater Success

(Continued from Page 60)

of us have fished the six miles of river you now control for twenty years. We go there every spring on the fifteenth of June and stay three weeks. It is the only real vacation any of us have. We look forward to it as the bright spot of the year. We're all of us getting on. I'm the youngest, and I'm sixty-five. We could get another river, but we love the Santapedia. It's good fishing. But it's not the fishing and it isn't the money! It's a matter of sentiment. Bishop Charteris, in whose name the lease stood, went to Egypt and forgot all about it. You, fortunately, bought it in and generously offered to let us have it again. I very stupidly turned you down. I hope you won't make my friends suffer for my mistake!"

Mr. Tutt coldly returned his glance.

"I am sorry," he replied. "I cannot renew my offer."

"In that case," remarked Mr. Warburton, "I will make it a business matter. It is entirely my fault and I am willing to pay for it. I will give you ten thousand dollars for the lease."

"I am sorry," repeated Mr. Tutt. "It is not for sale."

Mr. Warburton got up. "Then there is nothing more to be said. You are quite within your rights. May I ask when you expect to go up there?"

"On the fifteenth of June, for about three weeks."

"Alone?"

"Alone."

"Would you be willing to lease the fishing before or after the period you are there?"

"No," said Mr. Tutt. "I prefer to reserve the use of the property to myself—and friends."

Mr. Warburton bowed. "In any case you have my apology," he said. "Good morning!"

VI

FOR two weeks Mr. Tutt's law office had been in its customary state of spring turmoil, the chairs, desks and tables covered with rods, reels, landing nets, mosquito masks and unguents, lines, leaders, flies, creels, boots, belts and every modern gimcrack known to piscatorial invention. When at last he boarded the train he was as heavily loaded down with impedimenta as a traveling tinker. Nothing, however, could persuade him to abandon his old frock coat and stovepipe hat, which he planned to exchange for his camping apparel after he had reached Cadogan, where he could leave them at the King George Hotel until his return from the woods.

The Intercolonial Express arrived at the provincial capital at noon, and since there was no connection on the narrow gauge for St. Croix until the next morning, Mr. Tutt had looked forward to a rather dull afternoon and evening, but as he stepped upon the station platform from the Pullman he was surprised to find himself greeted by a military-looking young man who, with a half salute, inquired pleasantly:

"Have I the honor of addressing Mr. Ephraim Tutt of New York?"

"Guilty!" answered Mr. Tutt, struggling with his rod case.

The youth offered Mr. Tutt his hand. "My name is Smith. I'm the lieutenant governor's secretary. He wished me to deliver this letter."

Mr. Tutt was astounded that his advent should be known in such a distinguished quarter; still more so when he discovered that the letter contained an invitation to dine with the lieutenant governor that evening at the latter's mansion at eight o'clock.

"The governor asked me to say, Mr. Tutt, that the affair would be most informal and that he very much hoped you would give him the pleasure of your company."

"It's most polite of him. But really, I haven't any clothes——"

"There will be no dress. Just as you are will be quite all right."

"But I haven't the honor of His Excellency's acquaintance!"

Mr. Smith smiled genially.

"But everybody knows Mr. Tutt!" he declared. "I give you my word the governor will be horribly disappointed if you don't come." He dropped his voice a trifle. "And if I may say so, he has the best cellar in the Dominion. His Sparkling Burgundy is—oh, delicious!" He smacked his lips.

"Tell His Excellency that I shall be charmed to accept his hospitality," hastily replied Mr. Tutt, without further parley.

It was still broad daylight when Mr. Tutt, in his habitual frock coat and ancient stovepipe hat, drove up to the big Colonial mansion which in more ceremonious localities of the British Empire would have been termed "Government House." Mr. Smith was in waiting and immediately escorted him to the high-ceiled, old-fashioned drawing-room. A group of gentlemen were standing before the fireplace, and at the advent of the old lawyer one of them—a big, bronzed-faced man with kindly gray eyes—disengaged himself from the others and came forward to greet him.

"I am delighted to see you, Mr. Tutt," said he. "We are a small party, but what we lack in quantity I hope will be compensated for by quality. Mr. Tutt, permit me to introduce my friends the Right Reverend, the Bishop of St. Albans; Mr. Arbuthnot, president of the British Columbian Railways; President Norton of the British Colonial Trust Company; President Ives of the Royal British Bank of Canada; and Mr. Warburton of New York. I believe you know one another?"

Mr. Tutt's face, whatever his inward feelings may have been, did not betray the slightest emotion. He was as expressionless as when raising on a pair of deuces at a Saturday night session of the famous Bible Class at the Colophon Club.

Glancing around the white-haired circle, he bowed and said: "It is a pleasure to meet you, gentlemen."

So this was the Wanic Club! Curse them! He could not but admit that even if they were bankers and railroad men they were a fine, genial-looking lot of old boys. So they were going to try to make up to him, were they? A lot of good it would do them! But meanwhile a drink was a drink!

The lieutenant governor poured the cocktails himself out of a huge frosted shaker.

"Gentlemen! The King!" he said, raising his glass.

Everybody hastily muttered "King!" and drank.

"King!" said Mr. Tutt with the rest. Having swallowed his cocktail, he said it again.

"King!" he repeated very distinctly, looking at the lieutenant governor.

"May I give you another?" inquired His Excellency.

"I really feel that I should drink His Majesty's health at least twice," replied Mr. Tutt.

The Bishop of St. Albans smiled at him. "I'll give you a toast!" he volunteered. "To the king—of game fish! *Salmo salar!*"

At the dinner table Mr. Tutt found himself upon His Excellency's right, opposite the bishop, and next to the president of the British Columbian Railways. He had never tasted more delectable food or better wines. There was caviar in ice, fresh trout *à la meunière*, spring lamb with the most fragrant of mint sauce, the crispest of lettuce and tomatoes, and the most savory of puddings. The Sparkling Burgundy was fully equal to Mr. Smith's prediction and the Cordon Rouge, 1911, began with the fish and did not, apparently, finish at all. An easy air of good-fellowship prevailed. These men had been everywhere, knew everybody worth knowing and were themselves engaged in enterprises of world importance. The talk was excellent, the stories amusing, and Mr. Tutt, although he may have sniffed a rodent—he recalled having seen a private car on the end of his train—thoroughly enjoyed himself. Indeed the lieutenant governor insisted on referring to him as the "leader of the New York bar." All that that cagy old lawyer had to do was to nod benignly every now and then, and say "King!" It was only when the coffee and cigars had been passed that he noticed a certain air of expectancy on the part of the assembled guests. Then and not until then did His Excellency, lifting his glass of port, allow the concealed feline to thrust her nose out of the opening of the bag in which up to that time he had kept her carefully concealed.

"And now, Mr. Tutt—a glass of wine with you, sir!—I hope that you will not be averse to discussing a little matter with my friends—my very old friends—who have come here at my suggestion to meet you."

Mr. Tutt's face grew stern. Replacing his glass upon the table, he said: "I am sorry, but I never mix business and society."

"What we wish to discuss is not exactly business," interposed Bishop Charteris hastily. "It is rather in the nature of pleasure. And what more appropriate time than after a good dinner over a glass of port and our cigars?"

"Hear! Hear!" murmured the president of the British Columbian Railways.

Mr. Tutt hardened his heart. So they were trying the old game of giving him a dinner and then trying to sell him a bill of goods? To hell with them!

"I'm sorry," he replied firmly. "I cannot break my rule. I have had a most agreeable evening. If you gentlemen have anything you wish to talk over with me—and I tell you quite frankly I have no intention of changing my fishing expedition to Canada into a business trip—I am willing to meet you tomorrow morning at the office of your lawyers."

"Mr. Tutt is right," interjected Mr. Warburton nervously. "This isn't the time for business. Let's forget it until tomorrow morning. Suppose we ask Mr. Tutt to meet us at Selborne's office at ten o'clock?"

As if to compensate for their faux pas, the members of the Wanic Club made themselves doubly agreeable to the old lawyer for the rest of the evening.

For two hours he listened to such yarns as he had never before heard in his life—about grilse and sea trout and salmon—giant salmon which carried canoes down miles of foaming rapids, salmon which jigged in twain the stoutest lines, salmon caught on four-ounce trout rods, salmon which fought from noon until starlight.

These hard-boiled business men and bankers argued about the relative merits of the White Miller and the Black Dose, corrected and contradicted one another as to the habits and the peculiarities of game fish, fought their salmon over again, until the years fell from them and they became the boys again they still were at heart.

"Charteris," suggested His Excellency at length, "tell Mr. Tutt about your struggle with Leviathan."

Mr. Tutt pricked up his ears. "Leviathan!"

"There was nothing very remarkable about Leviathan," replied the Bishop of St. Albans, smiling quizzically at the guest of honor, "except his size and his peculiar method of escape. I stayed upriver a day or two after the others had gone last year and was just putting my gunny sack into the canoe to go downstream to St. Croix when I saw a heavy swirl in the middle of the pool right in front of the clubhouse. Well, I couldn't resist the temptation. 'I'll try just one cast,' I said, and in two minutes I had a fly drifting over the spot where I had seen the rise. Next instant I was hooked to the biggest salmon I'd ever had on my line. To make a long story short, I played him for two hours and he took me eleven miles on my way to St. Croix. My guide was just going to gaff him when he unexpectedly came to life and—believe me or not!—that fish stood right up out of water on its tail, waltzed across the pool jigging from side to side, broke my leader and went off with my fly and two yards of leader in his mouth. And that's the solemn truth!"

"I believe you," replied Mr. Tutt. "And what's more I think I can tell you the fly

(Continued on Page 66)

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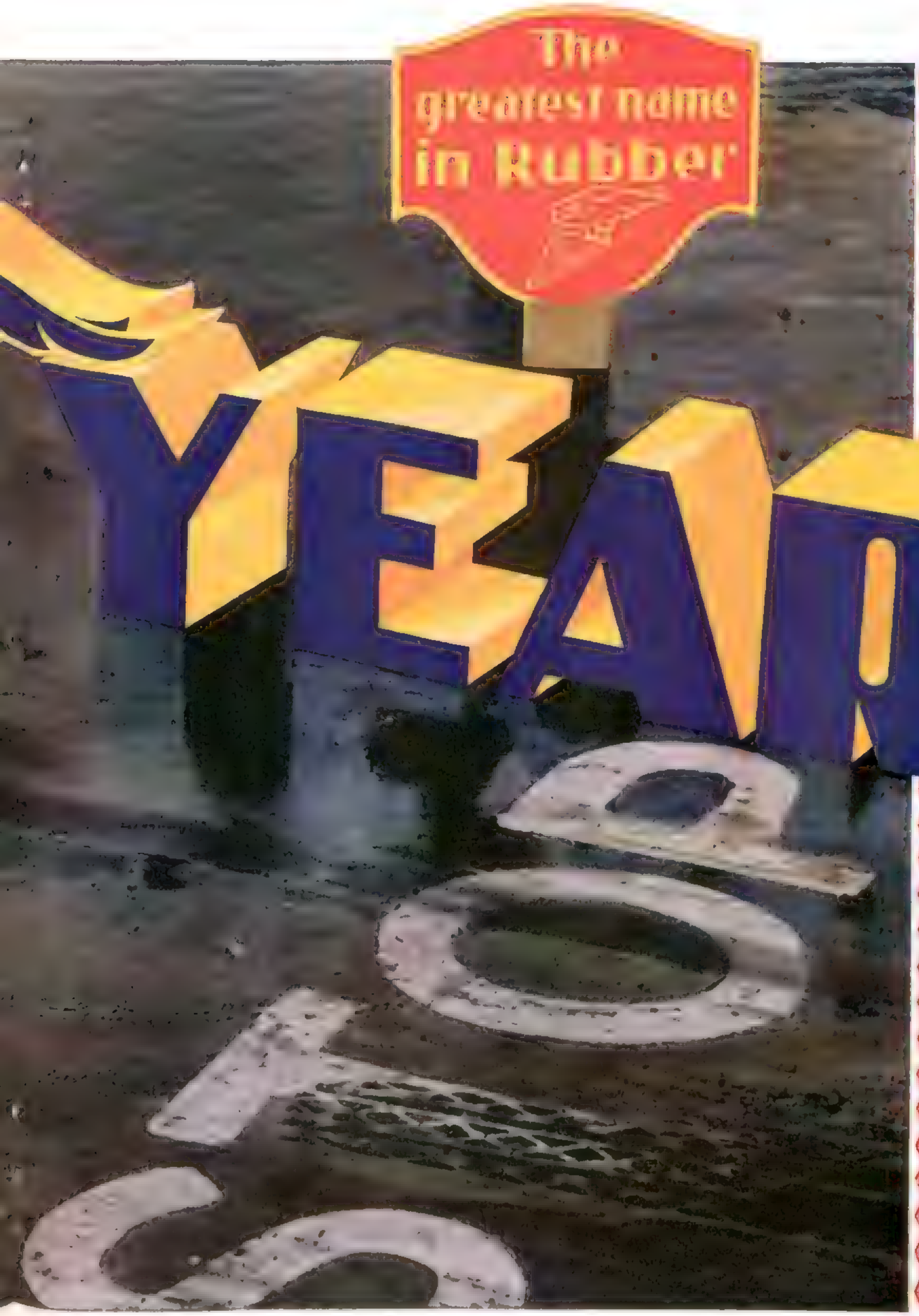
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See how this ordinary tire slipped!
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Twelve outstanding opportunities. *Are they for you?*

TWELVE different classes of goods can be manufactured in Piedmont Carolinas under unusually favorable conditions.

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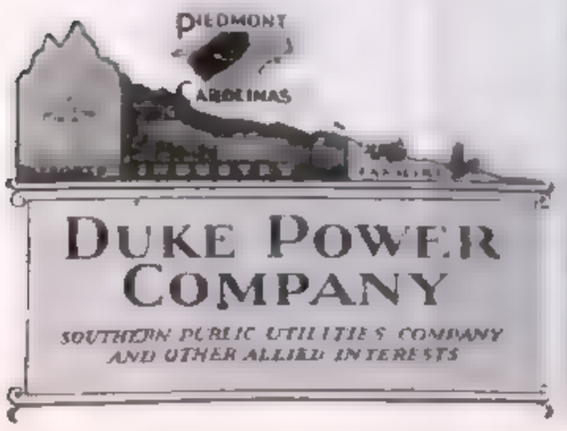
You will find—in the book shown below—a brief condensed analysis of conditions here that favor a dozen types of industry.

It shows how those conditions can be turned *now* to large and immediate profit. May we send you a copy?

Your request, addressed to Room 518, Mercantile Bldg., Charlotte, N. C., will bring it to you promptly.



DUKE POWER COMPANY

SOUTHERN PUBLIC UTILITIES COMPANY AND OTHER ALLIED INTERESTS

(Continued from Page 63)

you were using. Wasn't it a Parmacheene Belle?"

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the bishop. "How did you guess it?"

Mr. Tutt chuckled. He could not help having a fraternal feeling for the silver-haired old ecclesiastic.

"It wasn't a guess. If you hooked Leviathan again, you'd probably find a Silver Doctor in its place." And he told them of his fight with *salmo salar* three weeks before, not omitting the episode with Guardian McDonald.

"I never did like that fellow," declared President Norton at the end of the story. "Fancy his treating a stranger that way! He ought to be discharged."

"He is!" said Mr. Tutt. "Well, gentlemen, the King!"

As he drove back under a frosty crescent moon to the King George he found it difficult to analyze his state of mind. He had been twice insulted by representatives of the Wanic Club—outrageously insulted—and now by a quaint turn of Fortune's wheel his enemies had been delivered into his hands.

Did they imagine that they could bribe him with a dinner at the lieutenant governor's and a bottle of champagne? Lieutenant governors were nothing in his life, nor governors-general, nor even kings! He'd show these rich men that money was no excuse for arrogance.

VII

AT TEN o'clock next morning Mr. Tutt repaired to the office of Lawyer Selborne. His six companions of the evening before, including the lieutenant governor, were already assembled.

"Gentlemen," he said, "my train leaves in an hour. Let us dispose of whatever you wish to discuss as quickly as possible."

"Mr. Tutt," replied His Excellency, "it would be ridiculous for me to beat about the bush with you. These gentlemen are my very good friends. We were classmates at college, forty-seven years ago—nearly half a century," he sighed. "For twenty years they have met here for three weeks each summer and renewed their youth. Frequently I have been one of the party. They are all elderly men. They love the Santapedia and they love their little clubhouse. They can rent other fishing, but it wouldn't be the same thing. They realize that you have been cavalierly treated. On the other hand, it seems hard that all should suffer for the mistake of one. They are not here to do the cry-baby act. Money means very little to them. They are willing to pay not only what the fishing is worth but enough to net you a handsome profit. You already control six miles of water without the Wanic. They are willing to pay you fifteen thousand dollars for what cost you but five. How about it?"

Mr. Tutt's face became adamant.

"I have no desire to sell," he said. "I did not take the lease to make money out of it. I want the fishing. If that is what you wished to see me about ——" He arose.

"We will give you twenty thousand," said President Ives of the Royal British Bank of Canada.

"The lease is not for sale," retorted Mr. Tutt, picking up his hat.

"It is all my fault," broke in Mr. Warburton. "I will personally offer Mr. Tutt twenty-five thousand dollars for his lease out of my own pocket. You certainly cannot refuse such a sum as that!"

"Can't I?" replied the old lawyer dryly. "I do!"

"Then you absolutely refuse to have any mercy on these gentlemen?" asked the lieutenant governor.

"It is not a question of mercy," countered Mr. Tutt. "They want to buy something I don't want to sell, that is all. They can fish a thousand other places. But one thing is certain. I am going to fish the Santapedia from Portage Brook to the Ox Bow and nothing shall stop me."

His eyes swept the circle of crestfallen faces, he bowed and walked out.

The five members of the Wanic Club stared after Mr. Tutt's lank form with expressions ranging from incredulity to rage. It had never occurred to any of them that this shabby old fellow could not be bought off—at a price. They had naturally assumed that Bishop Charteris' dereliction would cost them something, doubtless a pretty penny, but after all it would be just a question of money. They were used to squeezing people and to being squeezed themselves, and they took it good-naturedly, as part of the fortunes of war. That was why they all were there—in Arbuthnot's private car—ready to fish as usual. That Mr. Tutt should refuse five times the cost of his lease, should deliberately disregard a profit of twenty thousand dollars, was something beyond their comprehension.

"The old bird must be cuckoo!" declared President Arbuthnot.

"Either cuckoo or smart as hell," grunted President Ives.

"It's a dirty trick," commented President Norton. "He's taking a malicious revenge. Think of his not being satisfied to sting us for four thousand apiece. What sort of an old he-devil is he?"

The bishop smiled. "If he wants to fish for salmon as much as all that, maybe he's a sportsman," he pondered.

The lieutenant governor watched Mr. Tutt from the window as he walked down the street to the King George. There was finality in his gait, triumph in the tilt of his stogy, in the rake of his old stovepipe hat.

"I'd like to boot him in the pants!" thought His Excellency, but aloud he only said: "Well, boys, it looks as if you'd have to find somewhere else to fish. I've done all I can. After all, he had pretty rough treatment and if he's not willing to accept damages I swear I can't blame him much."

"I'm seventy-one years old," quoth President Ives. "I can't live forever. I can't go chasing all over Canada for salmon. I'm here with my rod in my hand and I'm willing to stand the gaff and pay him whatever he wants."

"So am I," agreed President Arbuthnot. "No matter what it costs us, I'm for raising the ante."

"We've still got three-quarters of an hour before the train leaves for St. Croix," mused President Norton. "How about one last effort? He's got us. The only thing is to decide how high we are willing to go."

VIII

FIVE minutes later the five elderly gentlemen composing the membership of the Wanic Club, headed by the Bishop of St. Albans and accompanied by His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor of the Province of St. Lawrence in Canada, ascended the steps of the King George and inquired for Mr. Ephraim Tutt.

Word of their presence having been borne aloft, answer was returned that Mr. Tutt regretted that, since he was engaged in changing his clothes, he could not at the moment come downstairs to receive his visitors. Should they, however, care to come up to his room, he would be delighted to see them.

There was no time to be lost! In single file His Excellency the lieutenant governor, the representative of His Britannic Majesty; the Right Reverend, the Bishop of St. Albans; the president of the Royal British Bank of Canada; the president of the British Columbian Railways; President Norton of the British Colonial Trust Company; and Mr. Sewell T. Warburton, president of the Utopia Trust Company of New York—collectively representing a substantial fraction of the moral influence as well as several hundred millions of the financial resources of the Dominion—climbed up the two flights of stairs.

The lieutenant governor knocked.

Mr. Tutt in khaki breeches, high-laced boots and flannel shirt, smoking a stogy, opened the door.

There was a forbidding and—it seemed to them—a malignant expression about his withered lips. The floor, bed and chairs were strewn with fishing paraphernalia; no place to sit down without incurring danger of being impaled upon a hook.

"Well, gentlemen," he remarked, "is there anything further I can do for you?"

It was hopeless; they knew it. This weather-beaten, leather-skinned old rascal was going to have his pound of flesh. What was the use of subjecting themselves to further humiliation?

But the bishop was already speaking: "May we enter?"

"Certainly, if you don't mind standing up," said Mr. Tutt, thrusting various objects from the bed into a gunny sack. "There's only a few minutes before train time. But come in!"

Grimly the six filed in and disposed themselves along the wall like a row of disgraced school boys.

"Mr. Tutt," said the Bishop of St. Albans, "we have come to make a final appeal to your kindness of heart. We know that your sense of justice would not lead you to refuse our request merely because your pride had been wounded. We have made all the amends we can for the offense offered you. I am sure that you are too high-minded to exact revenge. We realize that you have conceived as great a liking for the Santapedia as ourselves and that if you surrender it to us we must compensate you for it. We are very fond of the place and of our clubhouse. You can hardly appreciate what the loss would mean to a handful of lonely old fellows like ourselves. We are prepared to pay you what to the outside public would seem a fantastic sum. We have talked the matter over carefully. If you will assign us your lease I am authorized to offer you the courtesy of our club at all times and the sum of fifty thousand dollars."

Mr. Tutt, who had been sitting on the edge of the bed like a criminal judge facing six culprits in the dock, arose.

"Bishop Charteris, you cannot tell me anything I do not already know about your interest in the Santapedia River. I shall not discuss my own motives in the matter. I have decided upon my course and shall adhere to it. I am a fisherman and a sportsman, and I do not seek to make a profit out of my sport. I refuse your offer."

The Lord Bishop of St. Albans looked as if he were going to cry. He made a deprecatory gesture and fell back.

"Will you take a hundred thousand?" roared President Ives.

Mr. Tutt looked him full in the eyes. "The lease is not for sale."

"How about a hundred and fifty thousand?" inquired President Norton.

"I will not sell for a hundred and fifty thousand," returned Mr. Tutt inexorably.

Bishop Charteris wrung his hands. "What manner of man is this?" he seemed to say.

Mr. Warburton stepped forward.

"I am probably a fool! But this situation is due to my stupidity. If you will relinquish the lease I will make you a personal offer of two hundred thousand dollars," he said. "If you refuse it I must conclude that you are either quite mad or ——"

Mr. Tutt held up his hand.

"Your offer is refused. I regret, gentlemen, that I must finish my packing." He bowed and moved toward the door.

"Well, what will you take?" asked President Arbuthnot defiantly. "Name your own price."

Mr. Tutt caressed his jaw, eying malevolently the six disconsolate faces before him.

"You are willing that I should name my own price?"

"Yes, and we'll do our best to meet your terms."

Mr. Tutt walked to the window, flecked an ash off his stogy, sat down on the sill and crossed his legs.

"I will put a price on my lease on one condition," he said slowly—"which is that you agree to take it or leave it without further discussion. In other words, that if you don't like my terms you'll drop the whole thing here and now without another word. Is that clearly understood?"

(Continued on Page 68)

How many of these Whitman's packages do you know?

The Whitman Quality Group of candy packages are the social messengers of America. How many do you know? Each one has a distinct assortment . . . a real personality . . . and was designed in contents to meet a particular candy taste. Which is your favorite?

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Buildings in congested areas especially risk the communicated fire. The Alliance Agent can give valuable advice...

ALLIANCE
Insurance

THE ALLIANCE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF PHILADELPHIA

(Continued from Page 66

Bishop Charteris nodded. "We have no choice," he said.

"Very well then," said Mr. Tutt. "Provided we can all fish the stream together in harmony—you making use of my six miles and I of yours—I will assign the lease to you for "

No one so much as drew a breath. Not even a boot creaked.

one cent per annum for five years."

For several seconds there was silence. Then Bishop Charteris took Mr. Tutt's hand in a hard grip. His eyes were wet.

"I said you were a sportsman," he whispered.

The lieutenant governor came forward and put his arm around the old lawyer's shoulders.

"You make us all feel like thirty I mean five cents!" he muttered.

"We-ell?" said Mr. Tutt.

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 26)

In thinking the Potter ever chose
A finer sort than the common clay
For Washington's, Gladstone's, France's and Poe's,
For Bonaparte's, Wordsworth's, Cæsar's, Defoe's—
The famous men I have dared revere!
They sinned, meticulous study shows.
Ah, where are the heroes of yesteryear?

They sinned. What more is there left to say?
The fact is one that you cannot gloze.
Perhaps they bore them well in the fray,
But that's not half of it, goodness knows!
As witness the keen, ironic prose
That bares their littlest smutch and smear,
And moves the reader to frequent "Oh's!"
Ah, where are the heroes of yesteryear?

ENVOY

Prince, you have sowed as each man sows,
And yet you say that your fame shines clear?
'Twill be with you as it is with those—
Ah, where are the heroes of yesteryear?

—*Gorton Veeder Carruth.*

The Exception

WE LOVED—but it was not in vain;
We did not wave good-by;
He did not whistle down the lane;
I did not want to die.

He did not meet another lass,
Nor I another lad;
Happy we saw the hours pass,
And oh, what fun we had!

I did not write some pretty verse;
He did not leave me flat.
You poets, mournful as a hearse,
What do you think of that?

—*Norman R. Jaffray.*

Lines on Amateur Farming

THE sun is on the meadow, the dew is on the hay, the tops are on the clover and the harvest's on its way. The bees are on the blossoms, the birds are on the wing, mildew's on the garden truck and rust on everything. There's a mortgage on the homestead and bills on every mail ask for something on account on a larger scale. The rabbits on the parsley are on the job till dawn, and moles keep on extending their burrows on the lawn. There are cutworms on the tulips, aphis on the rose, and what is on the hollyhocks goodness only knows. I've blisters on my fingers, black flies on my neck, poison ivy on my hands and on my face, by heck! Nettles on the pasture, weeds on every side, briers on a rampage, scratch me on the hide. The pip is on the chickens, the measles on the kids, fleas are on the mongrel and the flivver's on the skids. I've patches on my trousers, wrinkles on my face, but blessings on the salesman who stuck me on this place. Although a jinx is on me and I've no cash on tap, I'll keep right on a-farming while I am on the map. I'm short on farming science and the same on farming tricks, but I'm on the road to heart's desire and hitting on all six.

—*Carl McCombs.*

Drinking Song for Present-Day Gatherings

NOW all good fellows, fill the bowl, fill the bowl,
And put a little hard stuff in it,
And take a big slug from the little brown jug,
And another big slug in a minute;
And troll a good song and tell a good tale,
And have another drink, pretty quick;
Not a worry we'll know for an hour or so,
And then we'll all be sick.

Now every good fellow, gather round, gather round,
For every good fellow must pitch in;
Bill is mixing the gin, pouring alcohol in,
And Joe's blending Scotch in the kitchen.
A fig for the censor who'd banish our joy!
Who cares if he shakes his head?
We'll spend a happy hour under Bacchus's power,
And the next three days in bed.

Then all good fellows, give a cheer, give a cheer,
There's nothing like hootch for a chappie;
Come, hip, hip, hurray, we're so joyful and gay,
We're all of us so gol-darn happy!
(Except the good fellows who are prone on the lawn,
And the host, drinking healing emulsions,
While the speaker of the evening has passed out cold,
And the toastmaster's having convulsions.)

—*Morris Bishop.*

"At Last I Have Fitted Up a Kitchen That Expresses My Modernist Personality!"

Tooth paste buy you an auto clock? Certainly!

You needn't dig into your pocket to buy a clock for your car. Let Listerine Tooth Paste buy it for you. Here's how it works out: The average dentifrice costs you 50c. You use a tube a month. Twelve times fifty equals six dollars, the yearly cost. Listerine Tooth Paste costs 25c (the large tube). Twelve times twenty-five equals three dollars. All right. Six dollars minus three dollars equals three dollars, your annual saving. Spend it as you please.

Millions have switched to *this dentifrice*

—whitens teeth at *half* the cost

THERE are many excellent dentifrices on the market selling at a trifle above or below 50c—but is it necessary to pay that much? Why not a first class dentifrice at 25c—scientifically correct for all types of teeth?

Believing this to be a sound price, we created Listerine Tooth Paste at 25c *for a large tube.* It is the result of more than fifty years' study of tooth and mouth troubles. Now it is sweeping the country. Everywhere it is supplanting older and costlier dentifrices that accomplish no more.

Due to the presence of an amazing new and gentle polishing agent, it keeps teeth gleaming white with almost no brushing. Included in it are certain ingredients we have found most ideal in keeping the mouth and gums fresh and healthy.

We ask you to try this paste not only for the marked saving (quite substantial in a large family) but for its delightful and speedy cleansing.

Get a tube at your druggist's today. Try it for a month. See how it makes teeth gleam. Note how good your mouth feels after using it. Compare it with any paste you have ever used and judge by results alone. And then reflect that these results are costing you about half of what you would ordinarily pay.

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Large tube 25¢

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

Beauty Wins—Beauty Keeps

The secret of keeping beauty lies in keeping that schoolgirl complexion, as millions know who follow this simple daily rule:

BEAUTY is not mere regularity of features, or a shade of hair. It is an ensemble in which a good complexion plays a vital part.

Many otherwise unattractive girls have "lovely eyes," or "a good nose." And many girls are called beautiful whose greatest claim to beauty is a lovely skin.

To be *really* pretty one must keep her natural charm. For even though you use powder and rouge, *naturalness* is your aim. And no beauty can seem natural that has not the base of a naturally lovely skin.

Those authorities who know the most of dermatology—of skin culture—will tell you "washing the face for beauty" is Nature's surest rule.

Wash with lather of these famed beauty oils—daily

The soothing, cleansing oils of olive and palm, as embodied in the famous beauty soap, Palmolive, are recommended, if natural beauty is what you seek.

These gentle cleansers soothingly penetrate the pores, remove accumulations which, if left, would form into blackheads, or, becoming infected, would cause unsightly blemishes.

They bring the charm of natural loveliness because they keep the skin cleansed *Nature's* way. To keep that schoolgirl complexion through the years, do this at least once daily.

Do this for one week, then note results

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging its balmy lather softly into the skin with your two hands. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold. Dry by patting with a soft towel—never rub the gentle skin fabric.

If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening. Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night.

And Palmolive costs but 10c the cake! So little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today, then note the difference one week makes. The Palmolive-Peet Company, Chicago, Ill.

In Paris, too,
It's now Palmolive

Today in France, home of cosmetics, Palmolive is one of the two largest selling toilet soaps, having supplanted French soaps by the score. French women, the most sophisticated of all women in beauty culture, by the thousands have discarded French soaps and adopted safe and gentle Palmolive.

Retail Price
10c

Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped

Palmolive Radio Hour—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9.30 to 10.30 p. m., eastern time; 8.30 to 9.30 p. m., central time—over station WEAF and 32 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

KEEP THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION

CATCHWORDS

(Continued from Page 11)

watch the late moon rise across Massachusetts Bay. Now and then they danced, but more often they were content to sit at the table by the veranda rail, their slow talk broken by long silences. The flat disk of the moon slid up into sight as though it emerged from a slot in the sea. It ascended the eastern sky, dimming by its radiance the pattern of the stars, and it hovered there and laid across the water to their feet a silver path, as though invitingly.

Nancy was always inclined to be quiet, and this night she was even more so than usual. She thought, once or twice, of what Tim had said that afternoon, and it occurred to her that Duke, by his bearing, was on the point of remedying the omission of which Tim had then accused him. So she felt, when he did so, no surprise.

But if Duke was used to quick success, to the swift embrace of victory in all his enterprises, this once he met delay. Perhaps it was as much a feminine desire to daunt his confidence as any real reluctance which prompted her.

She liked Duke, had always liked him since those years when he, home from college, was already a shining figure in club tournaments while she toiled humbly to perfect the rhythm of her stroke in a background so remote as to escape his eye.

So she gave him no immediate negative. Rather she led him again and again into other conversational channels. It amused her to make him talk of Tim, of the long friendship which lay between these two. And Duke permitted himself to be thus diverted.

"He's shadowed me ever since we were kids," he said complacently. "Of course Tim's a good fellow and he's loyal as a dog. But he hasn't any initiative, any originality."

"Nothing but tenacity," Nancy agreed.

Duke laughed. "Oh, he's tenacious enough, even in his conversation. 'Red as a beet.' 'Graceful as a reed.' 'Make it two.' We've knocked around together for years, but I don't think Tim ever ordered a meal for himself if I was with him. I've tried to make him, tried to kid him into it. But if I didn't order something he'd starve to death. His idea of having a mind of his own is to choose French fried potatoes when I take au gratin. But nine times out of ten he just says 'Make it two.'"

"He's devoted to you," she assented.

"It gets tiresome sometimes," he confessed, and he chuckled. "Take tennis. He started playing because I did, and he's kept it up ever since. But he's a natural dub and always will be. I used to play with him occasionally, but it was too much for me. His only idea is to return the ball."

"Well, after all," she reminded him, "there's not much else to tennis. Look at Lenglen! Why don't you take Tim in hand, Duke? You might make something out of him."

"Oh, no," he laughed protestingly. "He's hopeless. I don't see how you can play with him."

"He keeps trying," she explained. "There's always that. He's never beaten till the last point's scored."

He shook his head impatiently. He was weary of this topic and the music offered invitation, so they danced. And an hour later, when they were on the homeward way, he reverted to that of which he had spoken once before.

"Nancy, you haven't answered the question I asked you a while ago," he reminded her.

She considered. "That's right," she agreed, and she smiled mischievously. "We wandered off the subject, didn't we? Began to talk about Tim."

"See here," he challenged. "Has he —— You're not thinking about him?"

"I can't very well help it," she confessed. "He keeps me reminded."

He weighed this in a morose silence. "See here," he repeated presently. "You ought not to play with him so often. You'll spoil your game."

She said challengingly, "You haven't asked me to play with you for two weeks, until today. Are you afraid of spoiling yours?"

"I'm working with the professional," he said defensively.

"Oh, of course," she agreed, and spoke gayly of other things.

But she was not surprised when, as he said good night, he rather grudgingly suggested that she play with him next day. It was, in the shadows where they stood, too dark for him to see the expression in her eyes.

"What time?" she asked.

"Three o'clock," he hazarded.

"Say four," she amended. "Will that do as well for you?"

"Exactly," he assured her, and she nodded.

"All right," she said. "Then I'll meet you at the club at four."

He hesitated. "And, Nancy ——" he began, but she was already turning toward the door.

"At four," she repeated. "Good night, Duke."

So he departed and she went indoors and upstairs. There was a dancing light of mischief in her eyes.

There dwells in every female creature a deep-rooted instinct to surrender to the victor; and the male of the species, from the shrew mouse to the great bull elephant, knows this and will fight his fellow to the death that he may command her favor. Under the workings of this rule, the fit survive and perpetuate themselves, and the female instinct but serves that final end.

Instinct is all very well in its way, but it has its limitations. If a woman hesitate between two men who have besought her, she cannot always wait for them to come in conflict. In franker times it was her privilege to demand the test of battle, and knights in armor clashed at her command. But nowadays she must more often seek her end by indirection, and she has learned the trick of this so well that the contestants themselves do not always understand the parts they play.

Thus when Duke Bowden and Tim Spinney found themselves face to face across the net next afternoon, it was not quite clear to either one of them how this had come about. They had arrived at the club almost together, and Nancy greeted them with exclamations of rueful dismay. She had appointed to meet each one of them here, and at the same hour; and she protested her regret and cried that they would never forgive her, and in the end, as though arriving at a happy solution, bade them play each other while she looked on. She even mustered a weak ankle to justify her own inactivity, and she begged Tim to play, if only to prove that he did not resent her mistake; and she worked on Duke Bowden in fashions less direct, with a suggestion of a taunt and a challenge in her eyes, while his jaw muscles tightened and knotted and his anger rose.

When they went out to the court at last, Duke stalked stiff-kneed like a sulky lion, and little Tim, trotting at his side, apologized for thus trespassing upon the great man's time.

"I'll just bore you," he confessed. "I'd duck out, but Nan would feel badly ——"

"It won't take long," Duke said with a grim smile. "Come on, fellow. Let's get it over with. A couple of sets? All right?"

And he tossed and won the serve. Nancy was sitting on the clubhouse terrace, fifty yards away. As Duke went back to the base line he looked that way and his jaw tightened. He meant to blast Tim off the court like a hurricane, and he did not even wait to warm up before he began.

In the first five games Tim got scarcely half a dozen points. Duke's serve was severe; in play he stroked the ball smoothly and powerfully, and Tim could do little more than watch the shots go by. When he collected the balls to serve the sixth game, the little man called cheerfully:

"You're there today, Duke! Smooth as silk. Beautiful, old man."

Duke grinned, and insensibly he relaxed. The rage which had filled him was giving way to a mocking, derisive mirth. There was, after all, small satisfaction in slaughtering Tim thus painlessly. The little man was not even sweating. Duke's strokes had been so well placed that Tim could hardly even try to reach them. And Duke, like a boxer who, seeing his opponent helpless, delays the knock-out blow, eased his pace a little. He decided to have some sport with the little man.

So he caught Tim's serve and dropped it just over the net, and Tim came racing up in time to return it, down mid-court. Duke lifted it in an easy lob to the rear corner and Tim scrambled back and just managed to reach the ball. And Duke at the net angled it with insulting ease safely out of Tim's reach.

The little man called "Good, Duke!" and Duke chuckled. This might be made amusing. His eyes were dancing as he set himself again.

He began to place his shots with the utmost care; to place them and pace them in such fashions that Tim might reach them if he strove. And Tim went stoutly at the business, vibrating to and fro across the court at scrambling speed. That game went to deuce eleven times before Tim, by sheer accident, popped a lob over Duke's head and won the game point. Duke ran out the next game and the set.

As they changed courts Tim said cheerfully:

"Well, I picked up one game on you, anyway."

"You did well," Duke assured him gravely. "You're going good, fellow!"

"You had me running, though," Tim confessed; and Duke chuckled.

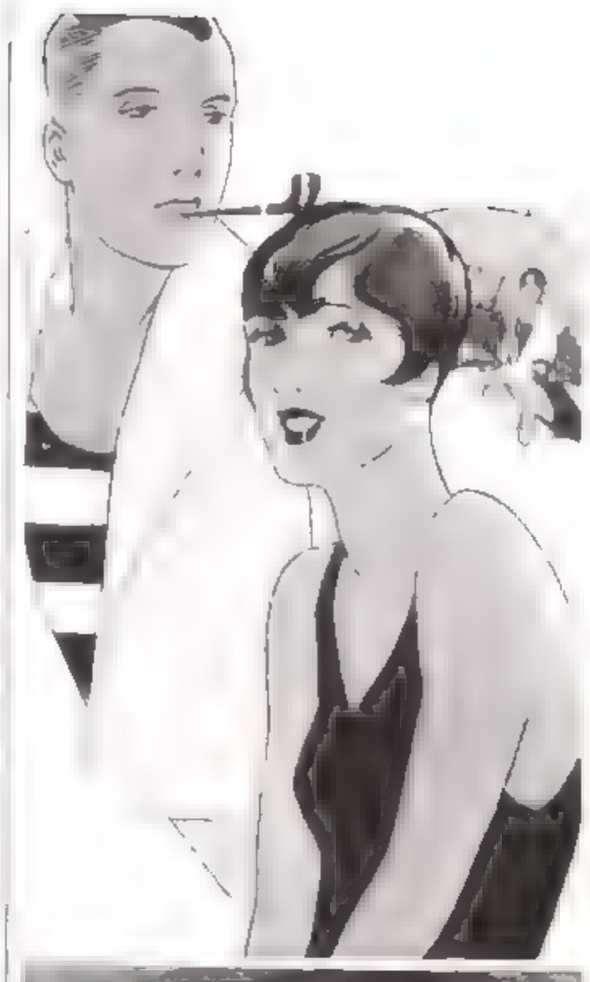
"Yes, sir," he agreed, "you certainly were swaying like a reed!"

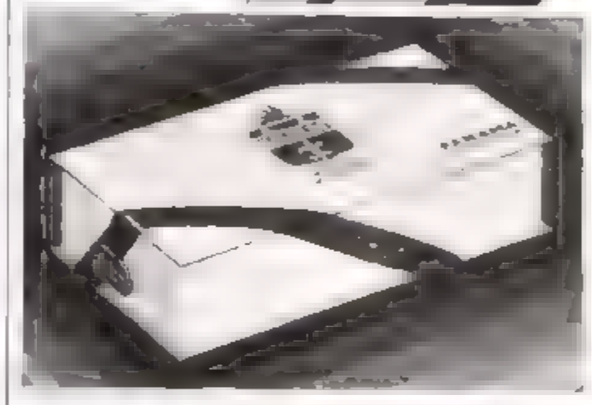
Tim looked at him with an uncomfortable grin, for this phrase had a familiar and derisive ring. But Duke had already gone on toward his position and the second set began.

Duke, enjoying himself to the full, continued his soft, placing tactics. He no longer meant to blow Tim off the court; he intended to run the little man into exhaustion. And he set about this with a deliberate skill that was beautiful to watch. Tim, across the net, bent grimly to the business of returning every ball he could reach; and in the process the little man quartered the court like a well-trained woodcock dog, to and fro, to and fro, endlessly. Duke had a nice eye for distance and speed and direction; his ability to put the ball just within Tim's utmost reach was sheer artistry. It was so beautiful to watch him that the people on the terrace where Nancy was sitting began to look that way; a little gallery developed, and once or twice when Tim made a particularly gallant stand, someone applauded. Duke recognized the derision in this applause, and he chuckled inwardly, but his countenance was calm.

His tactics required of him no exertion worth the name. He served, or returned the serve, as the case might be, and having done so, he moved to the net, volleying Tim's returns. If by chance a lob went over his head, he went back for it, if he could do so easily, and sent it deep into Tim's court so that he had time to resume his net position again. If the lob was out of reach he let it go; and when now and then one of Tim's shots by sheer chance passed him at the net, he applauded with a sardonic smile. He took the first game and the second, but this would end matters too

(Continued on Page 74)





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Caballero package, $2 the pound. Panama and Connoisseur, $1.50...Other Gilbert's, $1, $1.25 and $1.50

GILBERT

CHOCOLATES

Look beneath the hood and study the mechanical beauty of the new Ford

When you look beneath the hood and study the engine of the new Ford, you will begin to understand how carefully this car is made, and see something, too, of the enduring quality that has been built into every part.

Even if you know but little about the inside of an automobile and do not want to bother with mechanical details, you will sense the value of this care and this quality and realize that it means a great deal to you in the performance of the car.

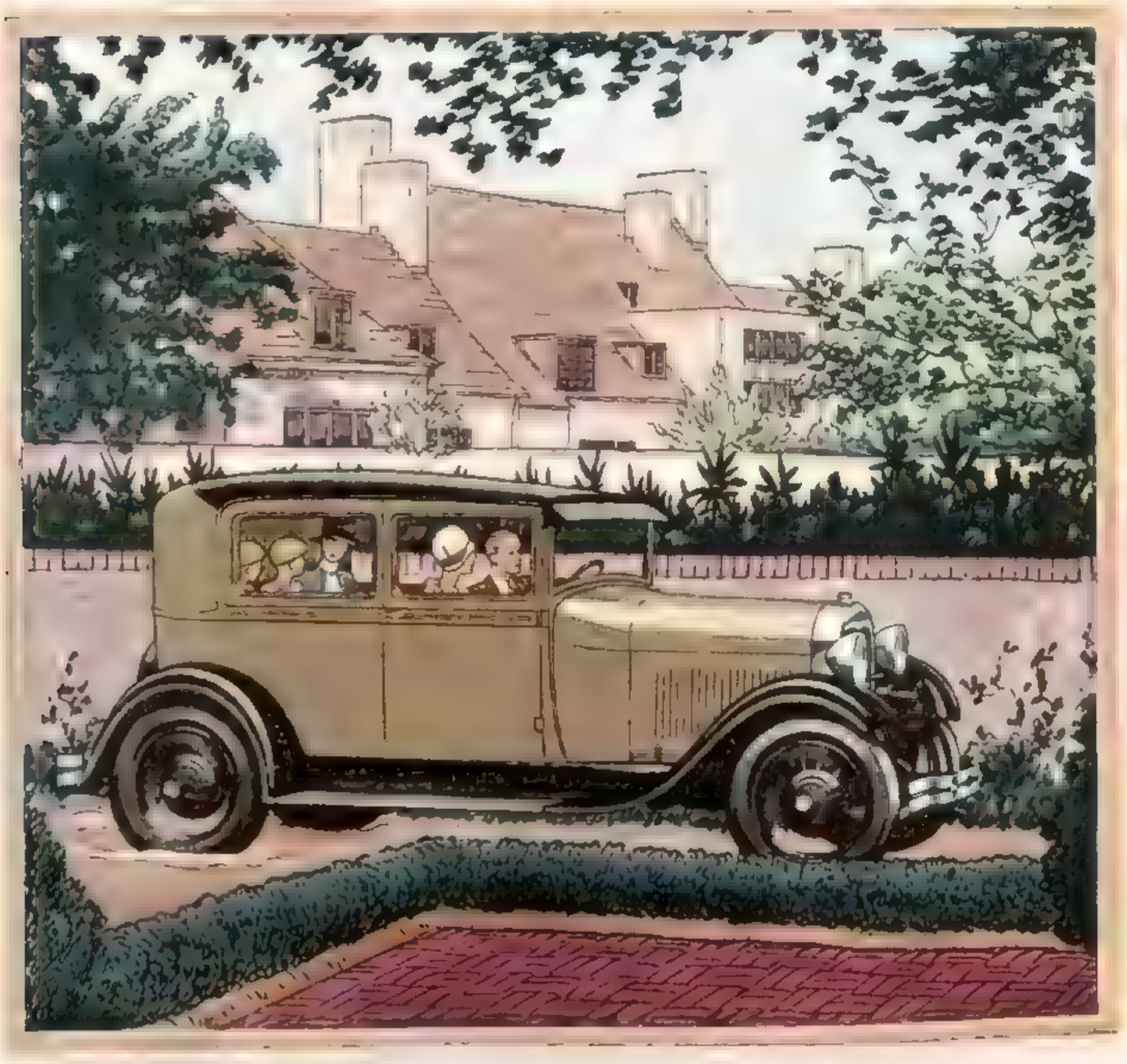
As an engineer or technical man, you will marvel at the simplicity of design of the new Ford and spend long hours in studying the many improvements embodied in its construction. In the homely, yet expressive words of the man in the shop when he pays his highest tribute to a fine piece of machinery: "It is a sweet mechanical job."

There is no better illustration of the care with which the new Ford is built than the close limits of measurement maintained in manufacturing.

In the new Ford, for instance, the diameter of the piston pin is held within three ten-thousandths (.0003) of an inch. An equally close limit is followed in the diameter of the hole into which the piston pin is fitted.

The weight of the aluminum alloy pistons is set at 17⅞ ounces. No piston is permitted to come under this weight and it must not exceed this weight by more than 2 grams.

In the piston assemblies, consisting of piston, connecting rod, pin and spring retainer, the four assemblies in each motor must match in weight within a limit of 3½ grams. This means that every piston assembly must meet the weight of each of the other assemblies



The mechanical beauty of the new Ford is matched by its beauty of line, color and finish. Shown here is the roomy Tudor Sedan, in the Arabian Sand color. All Ford cars are finished in a choice of two-tone color harmonies

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FEATURES OF
THE NEW FORD CAR

Beautiful low lines

Choice of colors

55 *to* 65 *miles an hour*

40 *horse-power*

Remarkable acceleration

Fully-enclosed six-brake system

New transverse springs

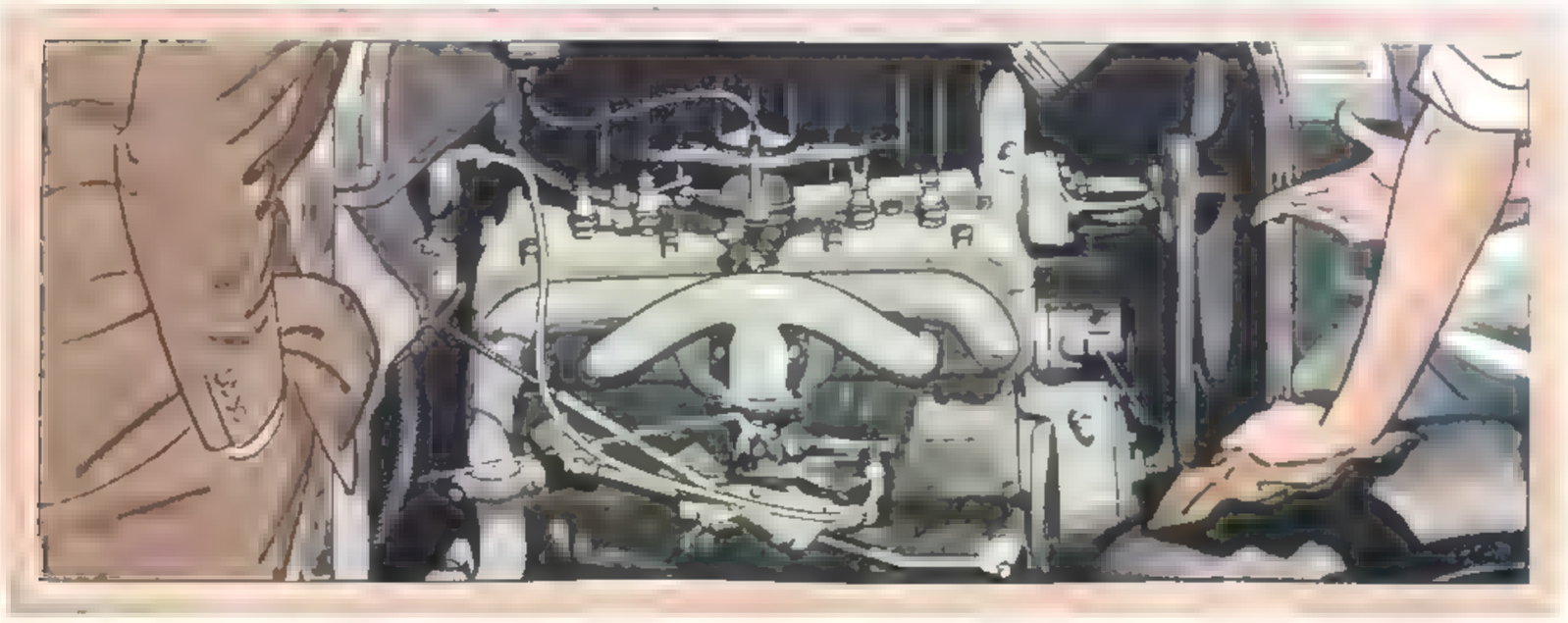
Houdaille hydraulic shock absorbers

20 *to* 30 *miles per gallon of gasoline*

Triplex shatter-proof glass windshield

Reliability and low up-keep cost

The engine in the new Ford is unusually simple and efficient. It is unique in design and performance and develops 40-brake-horse-power at only 2200 revolutions a minute. This means you can do 55 to 65 miles an hour in the new Ford and yet you do not have a motor with a high revolution speed.



in the set within approximately ⅛ of an ounce.

Another example of the close limits of measurement in the new Ford is found in the crankshaft, which is both statically and dynamically balanced.

The dynamic balance, which insures equal distribution of weight in the throws of the shaft, is held within 4 grams or approximately ⅐ of an ounce, within the 2⅛-inch radius from the center-line of the shaft. Main and connecting rod bearings on the crankshaft are held true to within three ten-thousandths (.0003) of an inch.

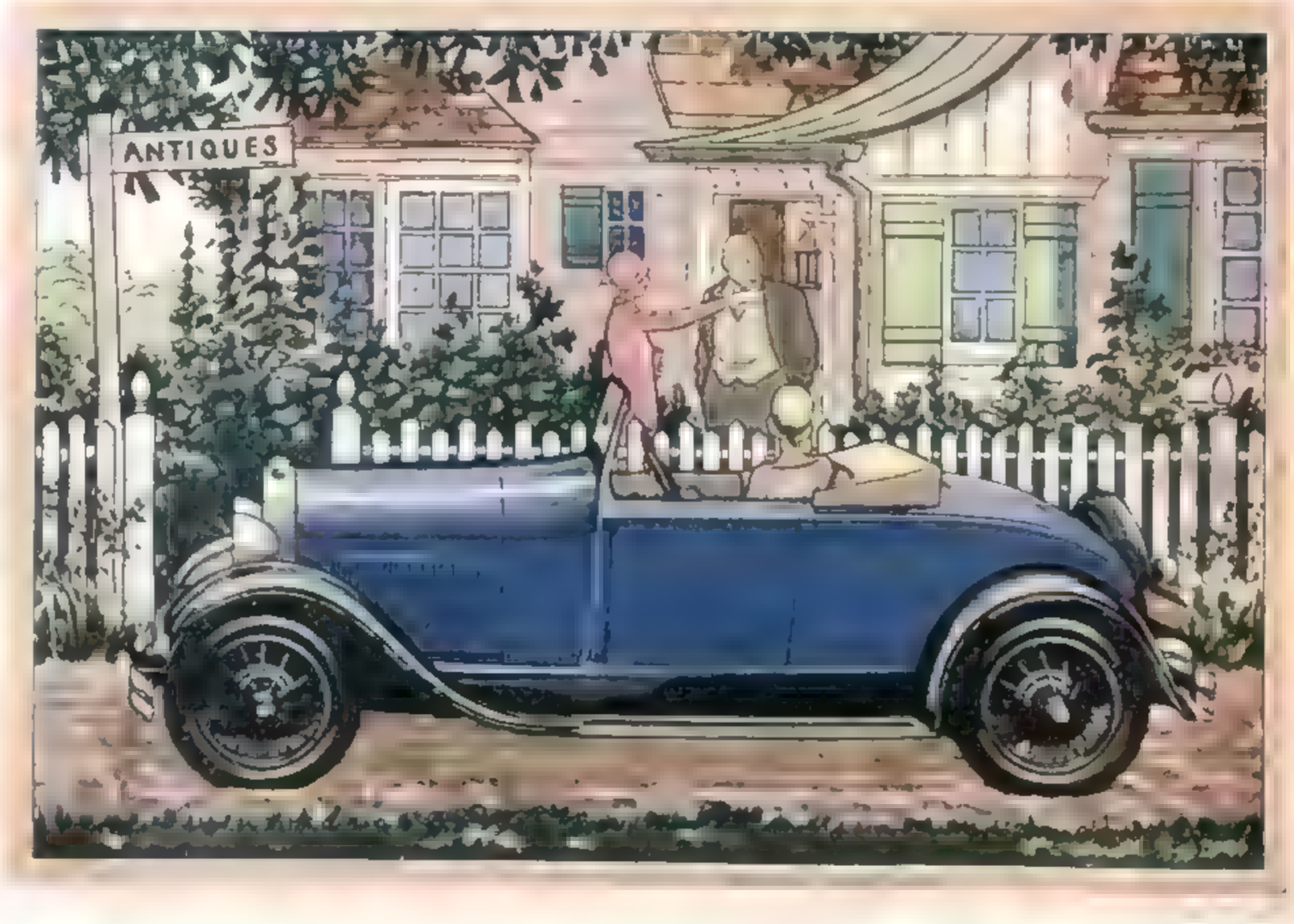
This same care is followed in the making of large as well as small parts. The four-wheel brake drums on the new Ford are 11 inches in diameter, yet they are held to within five one-thousandths (.005) of an inch. This is a remarkably close limit on such a wide diameter and is unusual in brake drums.

It is, of course, almost beyond imagination to conceive of measurements as close as these. They are achieved only through the use of the finest precision gages in the hands of expert workmen. All of these gages are set by Johansson master gage blocks which are accurate to one-millionth of an inch.

All of this care and this fine automobile engineering are reflected in the outstanding performance of the new Ford—in everything that goes to make it the advanced expression of a wholly new idea in modern, economical transportation.

Make it a point, therefore, to see and examine the new Ford and arrange for a demonstration. Only when you get behind the wheel can you fully appreciate its alert speed, its quick acceleration, its safety and its truly remarkable riding comfort.

The price of the new Ford is low because of Ford manufacturing methods. It includes the following standard equipment—four Houdaille hydraulic shock absorbers, four-wheel brakes and separate emergency or parking brakes (all six brakes of the mechanical, internal-expanding type and fully enclosed), five steel-spoke wheels, four 30 x 4.50 balloon tires, electric windshield wiper on closed cars, speedometer, gasoline gage on instrument panel, dash light, mirror, combination stop and tail light, theft-proof coincidental ignition lock, high pressure grease gun lubrication, and Triplex shatter-proof glass windshield.



You'll get a real thrill in driving the new Ford Roadster because of its alert speed and easy-riding comfort. All of the new Ford cars come to you equipped with four Houdaille hydraulic shock absorbers—two front and two rear

FORD MOTOR COMPANY

Detroit, Michigan

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FIX-IT with DUTCH BRAND

Continued from Page 71

quickly, so he eased his stroke still more, and Tim pulled to even terms, drew two games ahead.

The first set had taken scarce ten minutes to play; when the second had been in progress four times as long, the score was five games to four in Tim's favor. And Tim was a dripping rag. His sunburned nose shone like a beacon, his freckles were pale spots on his crimson face, and he was breathing like a bellows. But his grin was unchanged.

The score was four-five, Duke serving; and Duke considered. There was no one waiting for this court; they had time aplenty. And he chuckled and with the utmost care lost the game. Tim took the set, six-four; and a little ripple of applause ran along the terrace.

Nancy, Duke saw, was shading her eyes with her hand; trying, he understood, to conceal her smiles, so that Tim might not be distressed thereby.

They met at the net again, these two contestants, and Tim blew out his breath and whistled.

"Gorry, that was a hot one!" he exclaimed.

"Good work, fellow," Duke applauded. "Dogged does it. That's the ticket. You're too steady for me."

"I'm getting quite a work-out," Tim said cheerfully; and Duke widened his eyes

"You're not too hot, are you?" he asked solicitously. "You want to stop? You're red as a beet!"

Tim looked at him doubtfully at this, and then he chuckled.

"Have your fun!" he assented. "Slaughtered to make a Roman holiday! That's me! But I've been licked before. You keep them in my reach and I'll feed them back to you."

"Red as a beet!" Duke repeated in mock solicitude. "But if you're sure you're all right?"

Tim trotted to his position and the thing continued But the little man no longer smiled. He was very serious about this business of keeping the ball in play; and Duke, watching him, chuckled to himself again. He knew the signs. Tim had a temper, well controlled, but it was near the surface now. And Duke now deliberately sought to aggravate the little man to the bursting point. He had run Tim from side to side; he ran him now up and back, up and back.

And when Tim, after one interminable rally, gasped a comment, Duke said cheerfully, "This is to save the turf. You were wearing a path the other way!"

Tim won the first game on his own serve, and Duke took the second, and Tim the third. They alternated thus, strictly according to Duke's intent, to the score of three all. And Tim, working so desperately, assumed an aspect more and more absurd. He was so hot that his face was a flame, and his sandy hair was plastered to his head. His shirt had pulled out behind and refused to be stuffed in again; his trousers were stained green by his frequent falls; and at the end of the sixth game of this third set he called for time and pulled off one shoe and tossed it aside.

"Cutting me across the toes," he explained. "I'll finish it out in my socks. Ready!"

It was his serve, and Duke received and dropped the ball over the net, and the farce continued. The game went to deuce and deuce and deuce; fell at last to Tim.

And Duke gathered up the balls and called, "Three-four, is it? Say, I've got to get started, fellow! Don't know what's the matter with me. You're a hard man to down."

"Any time!" Tim returned, and Duke saw the flash of his grin.

He flung up the ball to serve. Three-four. It was time to end this comedy. He was weary of it; weary of watching that absurd figure across the net stagger so desperately about the court. He meant to run out the set. To let it go to deuce would protract it longer than he chose. The high-flung ball descended and he struck it.

But he had not used his fast service since the first set, and this serve was a little high. In faint irritation, he hit the second ball harder than he had intended and it flew wild.

He grinned to hide his own chagrin and crossed the court. Love-fifteen. Tim, he saw, had moved far back behind the base line to receive Duke's new speed; and Duke, to make the little man ridiculous, served low and underhand, with a strong cut. The ball was perfectly hit to drop just across the net and dart sharply to the right, and Duke stood still, grinning at the other's desperate sprint, his hopeless effort to return the ball.

He felt a surge of irritation when Tim actually managed to reach the serve and by sheer accident shot it cross court so sharply that Duke had no chance to meet it. Someone on the terrace applauded again, and Duke scowled. He had meant to make Tim ridiculous, but Tim had returned the compliment, and Duke was not used to the rôle.

Love-thirty!

His serve this time was good, deep and fast. It came off the ground with a sharp hop and Tim barely got his racket on it. The ball struck the wooden rim outside the gut and rose in a lazy loop. Duke saw that it would not clear the net, but he trotted forward to be ready for that unlikely chance.

And the ball struck fairly on the net cord, seemed to balance there, and then trickled off and fell on Duke's side.

Love-forty.

Duke picked up the ball with a fierce stroke of his racket and strode back to the base line. He was sick with his own anger, and he was the more furious because somewhere deep within him a faint tremor stirred. He stiffened himself, served, and his grin returned as the ball sped past Tim at lightning speed.

Fifteen-forty! Another ace. Thirty-forty! And Duke was himself again. After all, he need only be careful. This point would deuce the game; the rest was a matter of form. He softened his serve a little, to make it sure, and Tim returned it. Duke angled the ball across court for a placement.

But he knew as he struck the ball that he had struck too hard. For two full sets he had been holding his speed in check and his wrist had somewhat lost its judgment. He saw the ball hit the turf just outside, and to hide the grimace of fury which distorted his countenance, he turned back toward the base line.

As he did so, however, it occurred to him that Tim might by error call the ball good, and instinctively, without premeditation, Duke swung into the service position and stood waiting, as though expecting Tim to send him the balls.

But Tim was likewise waiting, on the other court, and at Duke's hesitation, Tim said mildly, "That's game, isn't it?"

"Wasn't that one good?" Duke ejaculated accusingly.

"Out!" said Tim, flushing but firm. "But we'll play it over if you like," the little man offered.

Duke grinned mirthlessly. "Don't be foolish! You called it out!" He drove the balls to Tim and he settled himself to receive the serve. Games five-three. He must take the next two, deuce the set, then run it out. No more burlesque! This that had been comedy assumed the aspect of more serious drama now.

Tim's serve floated over easily and Duke took it on the forehand, drove it down Tim's backhand. Too deep! It cleared the line! Duke bit his lip. His touch was for the moment gone; yet he would not believe this. He tried a sideline shot and caught the net. Thirty-love against him. And Duke in his turn began to sweat at last. He nodded, as though in understanding and in confirmation, and as he prepared to receive the next serve he decided to return to the placing game, play absolutely safe, wait for a certain kill. And he did so.

It was, after all, an easy enough thing to do. He had to make three or four safe returns before Tim gave him an easy one at the net. He angled it to the right. A moment later he repeated this. Thirty-all! Again. Thirty-forty! The point would give him game.

His confidence had returned, and he met the next serve with a deep, forehand drive, like a gesture of arrogant confidence. But again his eye and his wrist betrayed him. The ball fell three inches outside and Duke's fingers tightened on his racket till the nails were red with congested blood.

Deuce!

No more speed! Safety! That was the game! He drove the next serve to the base line, trotted to the net for the kill, saw the ball come fairly back to him.

He angled it to the right and down, but as he delivered the stroke he saw Tim already racing forward to anticipate this return, and instinctively Duke sharpened the angle. Too much! The ball struck the net, and set point was up against him.

Duke went back to receive, and he tottered like a drunken man. His own fury distilled a poison that bewildered all his senses. He wagged his head to clear his vision, and he muttered over and over:

"Safe! Play it safe! Get it back safe! Get it back."

The serve came to him, and he stroked it with the utmost care—and dubbed it into the net, like the veriest beginner.

And the match was done.

Duke watched that last ridiculous return hit the net and drop to the turf and roll a few inches, insolently; and his racket drooped in his hand. He was sick with a murderous anger. People over there on the terrace were clapping and laughing, and he cursed them. He could not look at them.

Little Tim, as stupefied in victory as Duke was in defeat, had not moved Nancy was the first to stir. She descended from the terrace and came swiftly toward the court—toward Tim's side of the court. Duke saw her, and he looked at Tim, but Tim had not discovered her approach. He was coming around the net toward Duke, and his red face was split by a grin at once triumphant and apologetic. He passed Nancy without a glance, and she followed just behind him.

So Tim came to where Duke still stood and the little man extended his hand and he said frankly: "Gosh, Duke, that's tough! Things certainly broke bad for you!" He chuckled with a rueful delight. "Bad for you and good for me," he amended. "I never beat you at anything before!"

Duke stared at him, and he said between set teeth, "You never will again!"

Tim had come in the friendliest spirit, but this checked him. He stood uncertainly, startled by the other's fury. Yet there was a stout spirit in the little man, and after a moment he chuckled, and he retorted steadily:

"Well, at least this is one to my account, old man!"

Duke boiled, and he made a stiff movement. But before he could speak, Nancy came to Tim's side. She slipped her arm through Tim's, and they faced Duke side by side. Nancy was smiling, but her tone had a sure finality.

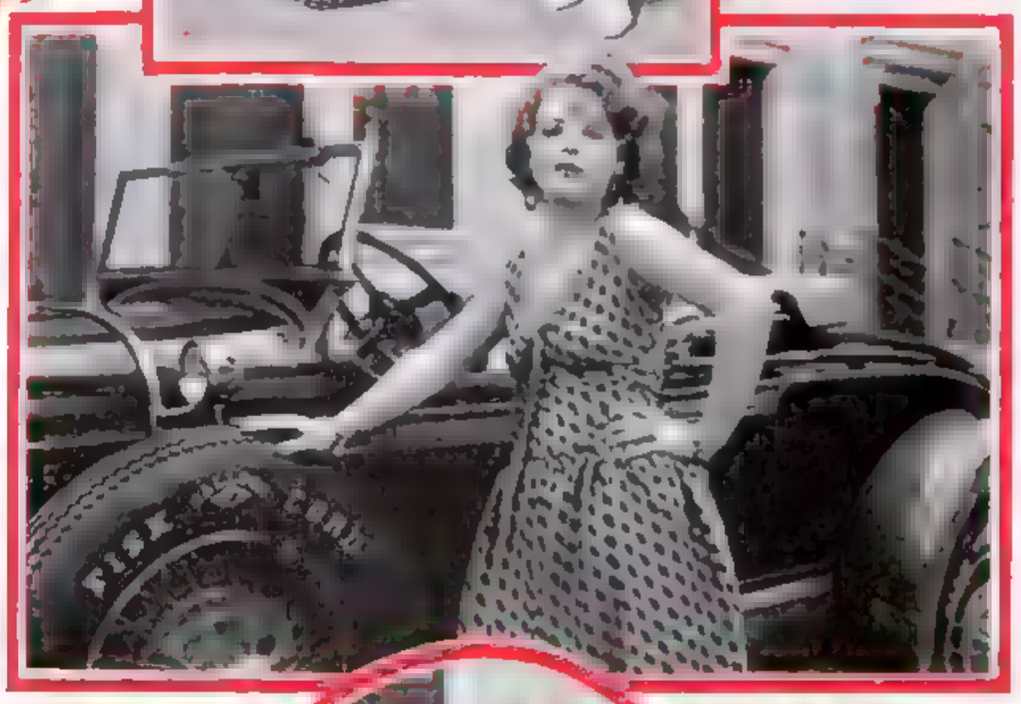
"And, Duke," she said gently, "I think I'll make it two."

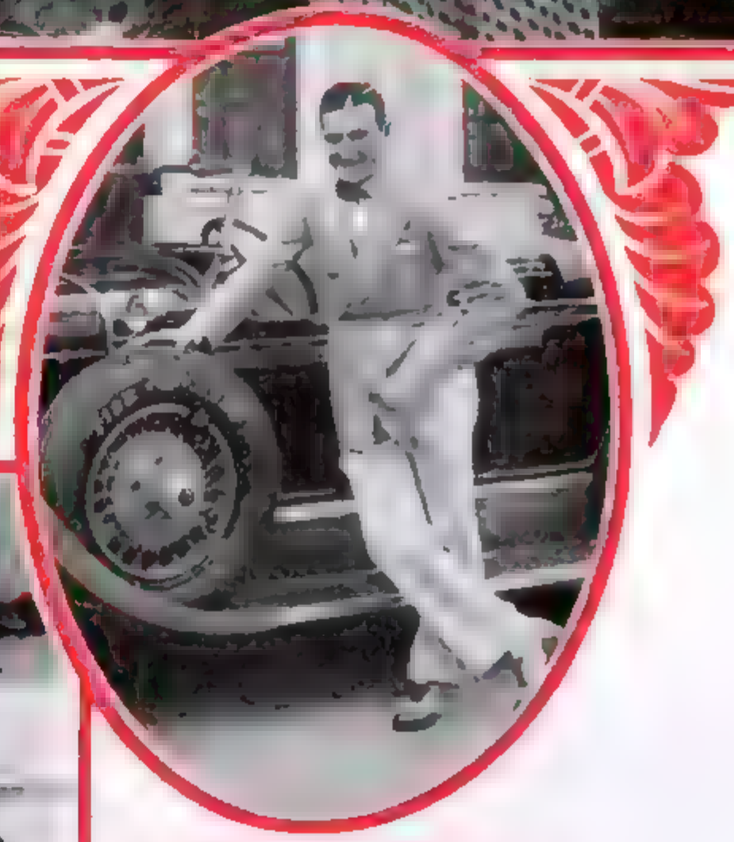
LEW CODY *and* AILEEN PRINGLE

MARION DAVIES

WILLIAM HAINES

CLARA BOW





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FISK TIRES

"Wonder if anybody is watching this date?"

Fire destroys so much uninsured property that it seems he must know when carelessness or a false sense of immunity permits it to be without proper protection. Scarcely a day goes by that you do not read: "Loss $10,000—no insurance" or "$25,000 blaze—partially insured".

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INSURE IN THE

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ENTIRELY LOGICAL

(Continued from Page 17)

by taking his mind off the subject, and so I said to him:

"I have a great piece of news for you, Bowers! Mr. Jenkins announced at the dinner last night that I was to become a full partner in his banking business, and first vice president!"

You know yourself what a conservative private banking business Jenkins runs, and how well I have deserved the promotion. I thought that Bowers would rejoice with me in my great good fortune and cease to stare at the baby in the boat and jabber incoherently. But I was mistaken.

"Mr. Waters," he said—and I remember his exact words—"don't you see there is a baby in that boat?"

"Of course," I said, "it is easy enough to see that there is a baby in the boat. Like Moses in the rushes. And that reminds me. The man that mixed that punch at Mr. Jenkins' party last night was a Mr. Rush—Mr. William Rush. He had learned it, he said, in Savannah."

But Bowers persisted in his selfish emotionalism. "Mr. Waters," he said, "for heaven's sake, push that boat out into the water and let us run away from here before the policeman arrives and sees the baby!"

Please make a note. I did not run. I have at all times a keen psychological instinct, and it told me now that the way to invite pursuit and capture was to run. The policeman, I noted, was approaching us on the winding asphalt path which skirts the lake. About twenty persons—I wish to be precise, and so I will say somewhere between twenty and twenty-five persons—had followed him, but the policeman had told them to stay back.

"Mr. Jenkins," I said to Bowers, "made a neat and witty little talk, and said some very nice things about me."

"Where did you get it, Mr. Waters?" said Bowers, with a very illogical agitation.

"I told you," I said, "that this man Rush made it. I didn't notice what he was putting into it. It tasted quite mild."

"I mean the baby," he said.

"Well, what is your opinion?" I said. "You have opinions about everything, and I let you have them because you are an old servant. Where do you think I got it?"

"Oh, heavens!" said Bowers. This was his exact expression.

"Pick it out of the boat," I said, "and make it quit sucking its thumb. Don't you know that if they suck their thumbs they ruin the shape of their mouths? And if it is a girl and she finds out that you are responsible for letting her ruin the shape of her mouth, she will never forgive you when she grows up. It makes the teeth project."

"Oh, heavens!" said Bowers. And again I am careful to report his words accurately. But he stepped to the boat and picked up the child and took its thumb out of its mouth as I had directed. It waked up and began to cry. I took it from Bowers at once. And just then the policeman came up and looked at me and at the baby, and wanted to know if soup and fish was a new kind of uniform for nurses. The crowd that had been following him had stopped a hundred yards or so away—or let us say a hundred and ten yards—and I noticed that another policeman was keeping them there.

"You mean a new kind of food, don't you?" I said. His mention of the uniform is still incomprehensible to me.

"What I mean is," he said, getting red in the face, "that I have been watching you for fifteen minutes, and I want to know why the deuce a man in a full-dress suit is rowing a baby about the lake in Central Park at nine o'clock in the morning."

"Ask Bowers there," I said; "he's probably got some theory about that. He has theories about everything."

"Whose baby is it?" the policeman asked.

"It's mine," I said. "Don't you see whose finger it is nursing? Be a little logical, can't you, and a little more courteous?" It had quit crying when it got hold of my finger.

He turned to Bowers and stared at him for a minute without saying anything, and I am glad to say for Bowers that the stare seemed to do away with the rest of his silly emotionalism.

"Well," said the officer to Bowers finally, "does the baby really belong to that nut?"

"Yes, sir," said Bowers. "But he isn't a nut. He's my employer. He came home from an all-night party a little the worse for wear, as you can see for yourself, and said he was going to take the baby out for an airing. He got out with it before the Missis could stop him, and I followed on to see that nothing happened to either of them. It's quite all right, officer. He's going home now."

"It sounds phony to me," said the officer. He took out a little notebook. "Where do you live?"

Bowers gave him the address of the apartment house on Park Avenue where I reside, and he turned to me.

"What's your name?"

"Rush," I said—"Moses Rush." Now, as you know very well, that is not my name. But an inspiration had suddenly come to me. I felt certain that Mrs. Waters would wish to adopt this baby. It has been one of the disappointments of our married life that we have had no children. And I knew that if I gave my real name to this officer it would be very easy for people who might wish to take the baby away from Mrs. Waters to trace its whereabouts. I think very quickly in emergencies, and very logically.

"I am," I added, "from Savannah, Georgia." This, as you with your keen legal mind will readily perceive, was also calculated to deceive the officer as to my identity. I could not bear the thought of my wife becoming attached to this baby and then having to give it up.

"Who are you?" he said.

"Don't be stupid, officer," I replied. "I have just told you that I am Moses Rush and that I came originally from Savannah, Georgia."

"I mean, what's your business?" he said.

"I am in the artillery business," I replied.

"Artillery business?" he said stupidly.

"Mr. Rush manufactures cannon," said Bowers.

"Oh," said the officer. I am giving you his exact expression. He wrote down the information.

"Now," said Bowers, "Mr. Rush and I are going home. Mrs. Rush will be worried nearly to death."

"I'm going with you," said the policeman.

"I'll look after Mr. Rush and little Moses," said Bowers. "It's not necessary for you to go with us."

"The hell it ain't," said the policeman. "I'll come along and see if you really live there."

Then he called to the other policeman, who was making the crowd stay back: "All right, Mike! I'll take care of this."

So we started out through the park with the baby still nursing my finger. But in one of the walks—to be precise, the one that passes by the zoo and is hidden by trees and shrubs from the street and from the other walks—Bowers stopped beneath a bridge and drew the officer aside.

And in a moment the officer had left us and Bowers and the baby and I were going on alone. Bowers explained that they both belonged to the same lodge.

"And now, Mr. Waters," he said, "we'll take a taxi on Fifth Avenue; I'll drop you at home and take this baby to a police station and say I found it in the Subway."

I do not think it is possible to begin a child's education too young. I can remember the lasting impression that seals made on me at a very early age, and what this communion with Nature has meant to me all my life since. I said to Bowers: "I am going to show Moses the seals in the zoo before I take him to my wife."

"For the love of heaven, Mr. Waters," said Bowers, giving way to his facile emotionalism once more, "let me get you under cover first, and then get rid of this baby!"

"You don't understand," I said. "Try and follow my reasoning, Bowers. I have been out very late. Mrs. Waters has been anxious. She has been grieved. Her mother has been anxious. Perhaps both of them are a bit irritated. But when I arrive with Moses they will forgive me for being late. Mrs. Waters will appreciate my thoughtfulness in bringing her this baby to adopt. We have wanted children. She will be beside herself with joy."

"I doubt it, Mr. Waters—I seriously doubt it," said Bowers. "But at any rate, let us show him the seals some other time, Mr. Waters."

I let him have his way about that, for the baby was beginning to cry again. And it came to me very suddenly that I did not wish, myself, to see seals bobbing about in a tank. I must be frank with you. Make a note, please, that I am concealing nothing. You shall have all the facts. The fact is that seals bobbing in a tank would remind me of ice and pieces of fruit bobbing about in a punch bowl, and I never wanted to see a punch bowl again.

"Is Savannah on an island?" I asked Bowers as we got into a taxicab. "With water jiggling all around it?"

"No, Mr. Waters," said Bowers. "What made you think that?"

"I know it is an island; it seceded," I said. And I still have a distinct impression that Savannah once seceded from the state of Georgia. But I let him have his way about it. One gets tired of the eternal argumentative stubbornness of these spoiled old servants such as Bowers. "It seceded when the state of Georgia went dry, long before the war." And I added: "In spite of that, these Savannah artillerymen are not going to have their way with little Moses. I am going to bring him up a teetotaler."

Moses impressed me as a very agreeable baby when not crying, and I realized that it was a perfectly logical thing for the child to cry. He was undoubtedly hungry. I must describe him more in detail for you, so you will understand that my affection for him was entirely rational. He was a baby with blue eyes and three very sharp small teeth. The inside of his mouth was quite strikingly red, and there was a good deal of pink ribbon about him. His shoes were blue, and on the whole it was a most engaging color scheme which he presented. I think I liked him more than most babies because he seemed to be very fond of me; swallowing, with every evidence of relish, a large pearl which I had worn as a stud in my dress shirts for some time, and thanking me for it afterward with the most grateful gurgles. I easily foiled Bowers' clumsy attempts to take him from me in order to carry him to a police station, and presently the taxi was gone, and in another instant Moses and I were advancing with outstretched arms down the vast extent of my own living room to greet my wife and her mother.

"Here is Moses," I said happily, turning the baby with his head up so that he would make a better first impression.

I was totally unprepared for what happened. Both women screamed. I am not exaggerating in the slightest degree.

"Whose baby is that?" said my wife, shrinking back from us.

"Mine," I said. And I was about to add "And yours," and explain to her that she and I were to adopt it, when she interrupted me with another outcry.

It will probably be incredible to you, but I must tell the facts, and the fact is that my wife from that moment seemed to conceive a definite distaste for little Moses. I can only characterize her manner as hysterical and violent. Will you please make a note to the effect that women are illogical?

I make no pretense of reporting in detail the events of the next few moments. I admit freely that they confused me to a certain extent. This was at ten o'clock this morning; and at ten o'clock this morning, while my logical faculties were working splendidly, they were not working so swiftly as they are at the present moment. I mean to say, they were accurate and trustworthy if given time, but they were still somewhat slowed up because of the machinations of this man Rush, who had brought up from Georgia to Mr. Jenkins' party the reason why these artillerymen are always seceding.

Mrs. Waters called me a brute.

This grieved me. I had tried to be kind and thoughtful. I had, in splendid sympathy with her baffled maternal instinct, brought this child to her to adopt. And she called me a brute.

Her mother called me a cold-blooded murderer.

I made an endeavor to get their minds away from this train of thought, which I saw at once was going to end by making them unhappy. I said:

"Did you ever know a man by the name of Rush? From Savannah, Georgia? Because it was in this man's very presence that Mr. Jenkins told me last night that I was to be junior partner henceforth, and first vice president."

The storm that this announcement called forth is impossible to describe.

Gradually, as I listened and endeavored to hush little Moses, whom I was joggling on my knee, I realized that my wife and her mother were accusing me of having been unfaithful to my marital vows for years. It was their theory that I had successfully concealed my infidelity until a callous and brutish inebriety had made me boastful of it, and that I was now deliberately flaunting in their faces this baby, whom they believed to be the illegitimate offspring of myself and some other woman.

"I brought him to you to adopt," I told my wife, and was about to go on to explain that, as far as I knew, he had no parents whatever, when I was again interrupted.

They informed me that the crowning insult was my suggestion that my wife adopt him.

"Who is the other woman?" my wife demanded.

I was aware at this point that Bowers was in the room. I reflected that he had got me into this mess by not taking the baby to the police station as he had originally intended, and it was only logical and fair that he should get me out of it.

"Bowers," I said to him, "you have been silent for some time. No doubt you have been developing some theory as to the parenthood of this child. All that I ask is that you tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

"Yes, Mr. Waters, I will," he said. And he turned to my wife.

"Mrs. Waters," he said, "you are, if I may be permitted to say so, quite wrong in accusing Mr. Waters of improper conduct. Quite the contrary to that, ma'am, he has played the part of a hero. He has saved this child, at the risk of his own life, from a fate worse than death."

"Thank you, Bowers," I said. "Go on."

"What fate?" asked my wife.

Bowers was silent for a moment, controlling his emotions.

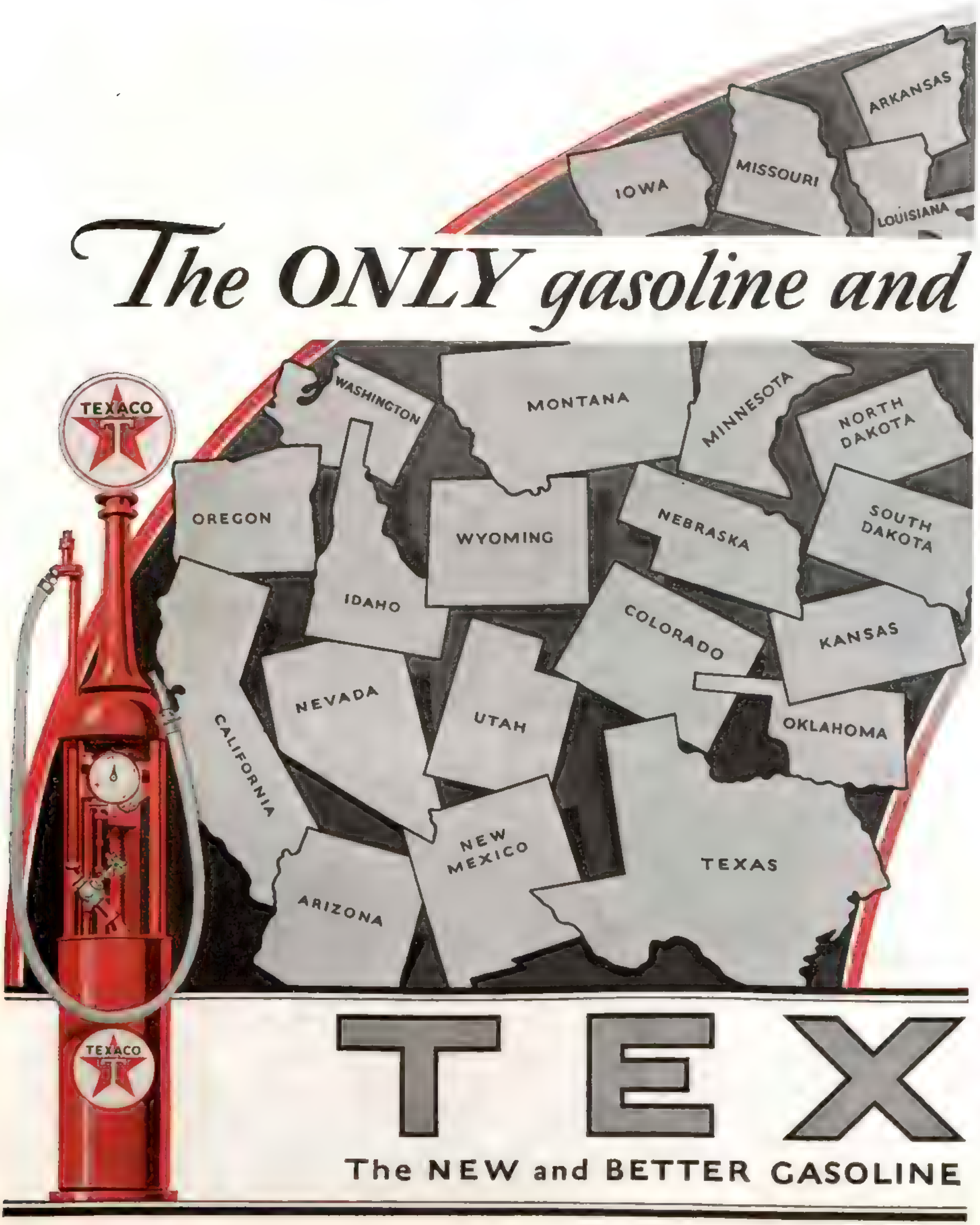
"Tell her, Bowers," I said. "Speak up. You have nothing to conceal."

"Yes, speak up, Bowers," said my wife's mother. "What fate?"

"From the moving pictures, ma'am," said Bowers. "A movie director was coaxing him from his humble parents to make a child actor of him, when Mr. Waters interfered. A terrible fight ensued, but Mr. Waters was victorious."

Mrs. Waters' mother sniffed. I have never been attracted toward elderly ladies

(Continued on Page 80)



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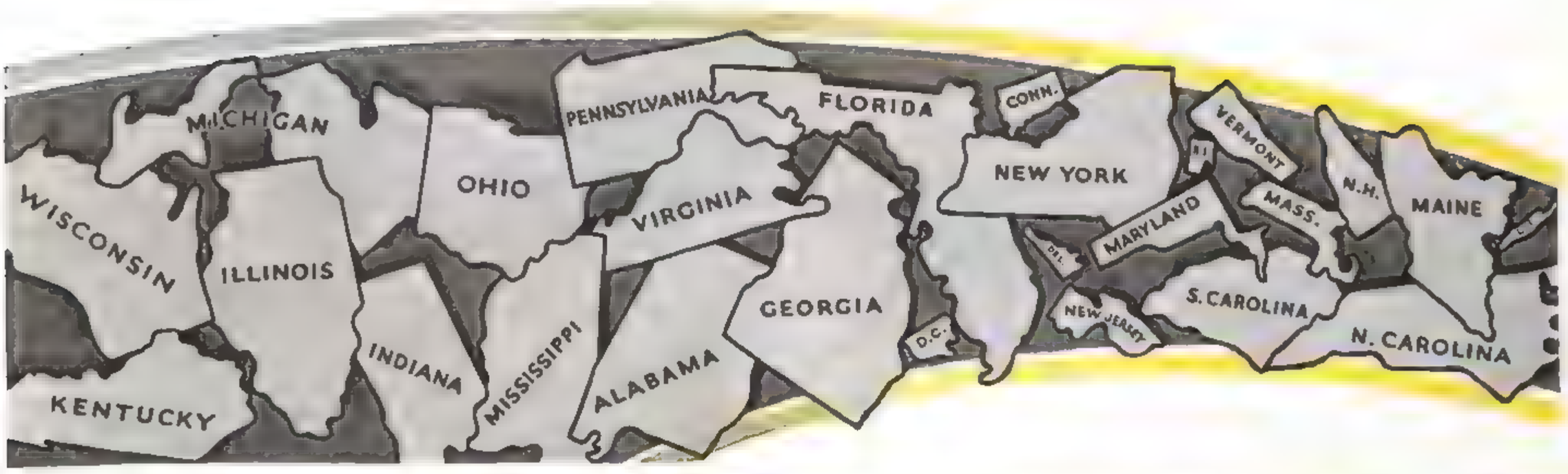

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(Continued from Page 77)

who sniff. "Where are these humble parents now?" she inquired.

"They live on Fifth Avenue," I said. "I fought practically all night. This movie bandit's name was Rush. One of the Savannah Rushes."

Mrs. Waters intimated that she thought Bowers' story a falsehood. I was hurt.

"You will be telling me next," I said, "that I was not at Mr. Jenkins' party last night, and that I am not first vice president and junior partner."

I began to remember some of the circumstances which Bowers had narrated—dimly, I confess. I admit that there was a period that was almost a blank to me, owing to the deceitful character of this mixture that was invented by the Savannah pirates. I deduced that it was during this almost blank period that my battle and my rescue of the child had taken place. Make a note, please, of the unimpeachable logicality of this deduction. But I began to remember more and more about it.

"This moving-picture man," I said, "was disguised as the chauffeur of a taxicab. He hit me in the eye."

You can see for yourself that one of my eyes is discolored and swollen. You have a keen legal mind, and I ask you whether this eye is not in itself evidence of the battle which Bowers had described and which I now recalled perfectly. Believe me or not, it was not accepted as evidence.

"Moses," I said to the child, which I was dandling on my knees, "you believe in me, don't you?"

The question was merely rhetorical. I had no notion that the child could speak.

But to the surprise of Bowers and myself he threw his arms about my neck, as if in answer to my appeal for sympathy, and kicking me affectionately in the stomach, remarked:

"Daddy!"

The utterance was unfortunate. Mrs. Waters and her mother insisted that it was conclusive proof that I had been leading a double life.

It was then that Mrs. Waters announced her determination to divorce me.

I arose with a great deal of dignity and Moses and I went into my own room, followed by Bowers.

"Mr. Waters," said Bowers, "I shall draw your bath now, and then you must get to bed. Do it to please me, sir, won't you?"

I was astonished at the callousness of the man. Here was this helpless infant, unfed for hours, and all Bowers could think of was his own selfish pleasures.

"Bowers," I said, "get some warm milk and a nursing bottle at once."

"Where will I find a nursing bottle, sir?" the man asked. I permitted myself a touch of sarcasm.

"At a boot-and-shoe shop, of course," I said. "You wouldn't think of going to a drug store, would you?" Please make a note that this is a further proof of the logicality of my own actions and of the illogical state of mind of others with whom I have been in contact today.

While he was absent Moses consumed two more shirt studs and a bit of the cold cream which I commonly use after shaving. This interested me, for I deduced at once that he was an original child. My observation of my sister's children, who are quite ordinary children, has led me to believe that the usual child, if given pearl studs to play with, immediately pokes them up his nose. But Moses, without hesitation, put his studs into his mouth. Evidently a child with a touch of genius.

Bowers returned at exactly 10:20 o'clock with the nursing bottle full of warm milk, and in a state of reprehensible excitement. He said he had gone to the drug store around the corner on Madison Avenue for the nursing bottle and that he had found the whole neighborhood there buzzing with excitement. Over the drug store were a number of flats, and it appeared that the wife of a bookkeeper living in one of these flats had sent her young colored nursemaid to the street with the baby at about eight o'clock that morning to give him an early airing. The colored nursemaid had left the child in its carriage on the sidewalk while she went inside the drug store to partake of her first ice-cream soda of the day. Upon her return to the street, after this material self-indulgence, she had discovered the baby and carriage gone. Not only she but the parents and the neighborhood were very greatly agitated.

It was Bowers' theory that I had passed this drug store on my way home at about eight o'clock in the morning and had wheeled the baby over to the park, where he had found me an hour later.

Your keen legal mind will tell you at once that this hypothesis of Bowers was, on the face of it, quite absurd. My observations of young Moses had shown me that there was a touch of genius and originality in him which showed conclusively that he could not be a child of an ordinary bookkeeper. In the second place, the story did not tally at all with the story Bowers had told to my wife and her mother. Either Bowers was lying to me now or else he had lied to my wife and her mother. But as I dimly remembered the struggle of the night before and my battle with Rush, the moving-picture magnate, I was convinced that this was the true explanation of Moses' appearance in my life.

I saw I could no longer trust Bowers. It was evident that he had been tampered with. I began to see that a conspiracy was forming against me. But I did not choose to reveal everything that was in my mind, since this man had now exposed himself as an enemy of Moses and myself.

So I said to him—rather cleverly, I thought—to throw him off the track: "You see how badly Moses needed his milk, don't you, Bowers?"

Indeed, he was taking it from the bottle with all the aplomb of an old hand at that sort of thing. He added three half-pint bottles of it to the pearl studs and cold cream which he had consumed, and I said to myself that a child with a digestion like that would go far. For it is an indisputable fact that a sound physical organization is necessary to success in life, even though one may have all the characteristics of a genius. Your logical mind will enable you to follow me.

Moses went to sleep after his third bottle, and as he lay there and I looked at him I meditated upon his future. It was apparent that since my wife intended to divorce me, he had no future with her and me. My experience in the last hour with women had made me determine never to marry one of them again. The logical thing to do was to find Moses as good a home as possible with the right kind of people, and as soon as possible.

I knew I must act quickly and I knew I must act secretly, for I felt, with the uncanny psychological instinct which I possess, that invisible forces were closing in upon Moses and myself. I determined to let him have his comfortable sleep out, however, before starting out to search for the right kind of home for him. He seemed so peaceful and contented that it would have been a pity to waken him.

It was, therefore, exactly noon when I made my secret exit with him from the apartment house, descending with him to the basement in the dumb-waiter, so as not to attract impertinent attention. From the basement we made our way through the court into the street and up Park Avenue.

I took a taxi and directed the driver to go very slowly, keeping near the curb, so that I could look out the window and scan the faces of the people passing along the sidewalk. I am an infallible judge of character. One glance at a man and I know instantly whether he would be kind to animals or a suitable parent for children. This holds true with regard to women. We had driven up and down Park Avenue several times, between 57th Street and 96th Street, and a half hour had been consumed in this manner without my having discovered a suitable foster father for young Moses, when I suddenly realized that we were passing a church.

I stopped the taxi, giving the driver a generous *pourboire*, and the taxi disappeared as if by magic.

I had had a sudden inspiration, and I acted upon it with the directness and expedition which you have perceived in my character. It occurred to me that I would leave Moses in the lobby of the church. From time immemorial infants have been left in the lobbies or upon the steps of churches, have been adopted by church bodies and have attained distinction.

As I entered the lobby of the church I noticed a number of persons were hastening into the auditorium. Then I heard music. Moses also heard music. He began to chant in response to it and I perceived he was an artistic child, responsive to rhythm. The rhythm of this music I myself found to be very engaging. It was, in fact, a march.

As I entered the aisle of the church I perceived that it was Mendelssohn's Wedding March. I have always preferred this to the other wedding march—I have forgotten its name, but your keen legal mind will tell you the one I mean. I began to march solemnly, but with a sort of joy, down the aisle toward an ecclesiastical gentleman whom I saw standing at the altar. I was gratified to perceive that Moses continued to chant in unison with the music and that he also swayed himself and his arms and legs in harmony with the rhythm.

Presently I was pleased to note in my progress down the aisle that I was in the midst of friends. And an instant later I perceived Mrs. Purdy coming one way toward the altar, surrounded by bridesmaids in step with the music, and then I saw that my dear friend Jenkins was coming from another direction toward the altar, also stepping in harmony with the music.

It struck me at once that there would be no kinder or more thoughtful thing than to give Moses into the custody of Mr. Jenkins and Mrs. Purdy, who were about to be married. Mr. Jenkins I had always thought of, until this morning, as one of the kindest and most benevolent of men. He is about fifty-five years old and he has been a bachelor since birth. A great many persons have insinuated from time to time that his bachelor existence was a very gay one indeed, but I have never credited these reports.

As I marched down the aisle toward him with Moses in my arms, I thought of the fine things that he had done for me in the many years past, including his crowning kindness of making me his junior partner and vice president of his very dignified and conservative private banking business. Here was my chance to do something striking for him as a public expression of my sincere gratitude and affection. Perhaps you will think I was sentimental. Perhaps I was sentimental. I admit that my heart was very warm toward him and Mrs. Purdy at that moment. They have been engaged for some years. I already considered Moses as their beloved adopted child, and tears swam in my eyes as I thought of the good fortune in store for all three of them.

"Here, Jenkins," I said as I reached the altar, extending Moses toward him—"here, Jenkins, is your baby."

I have never been more deceived in a man's character! He looked upon Moses and myself with a stare of aversion—positive aversion! Moses felt it as well as I. Moses turned from Mr. Jenkins and stretched out his arms toward Mrs. Purdy.

"Mamma," he said. "Mamma, take!"

But there was no reciprocative welcome from Mrs. Purdy. She repudiated Moses with a swoon, thus creating what she should have known would be an awkward social situation. I handed him to the preacher.

I will not attempt to describe what followed, beyond saying to you that the irrational actions on the part of other people which I have noticed all day reached their height in that church during the next ten minutes. I distinctly remember prayers and curses.

But the things that hurt me worst were the remarks made by Mr. Jenkins, who, only the night before, had announced at his own dinner party that he intended to make me vice president and junior partner of his private banking business. I remember his exact words. I will not repeat them. It would seem incredible to you. He turned upon me like a serpent. Of all the hundreds of people in that church, I was perhaps the only one who retained his dignity.

And in a dignified manner I left it. There is very little more to tell. It can all be summarized by saying I came down here to put my case into your hands.

And now I am very tired. If you do not mind, I will curl up under your desk and take a nap while you are getting your notes in shape, for I want to go into court with this case as soon as possible.

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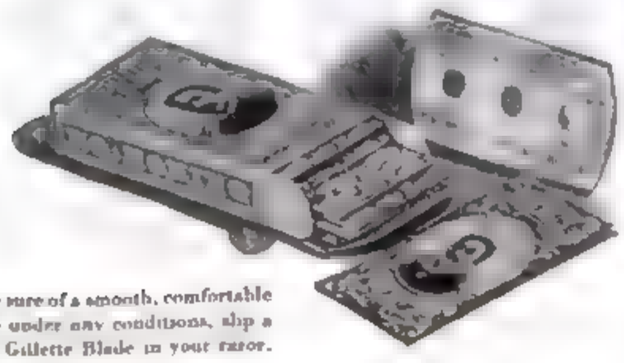

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Eddie Cantor

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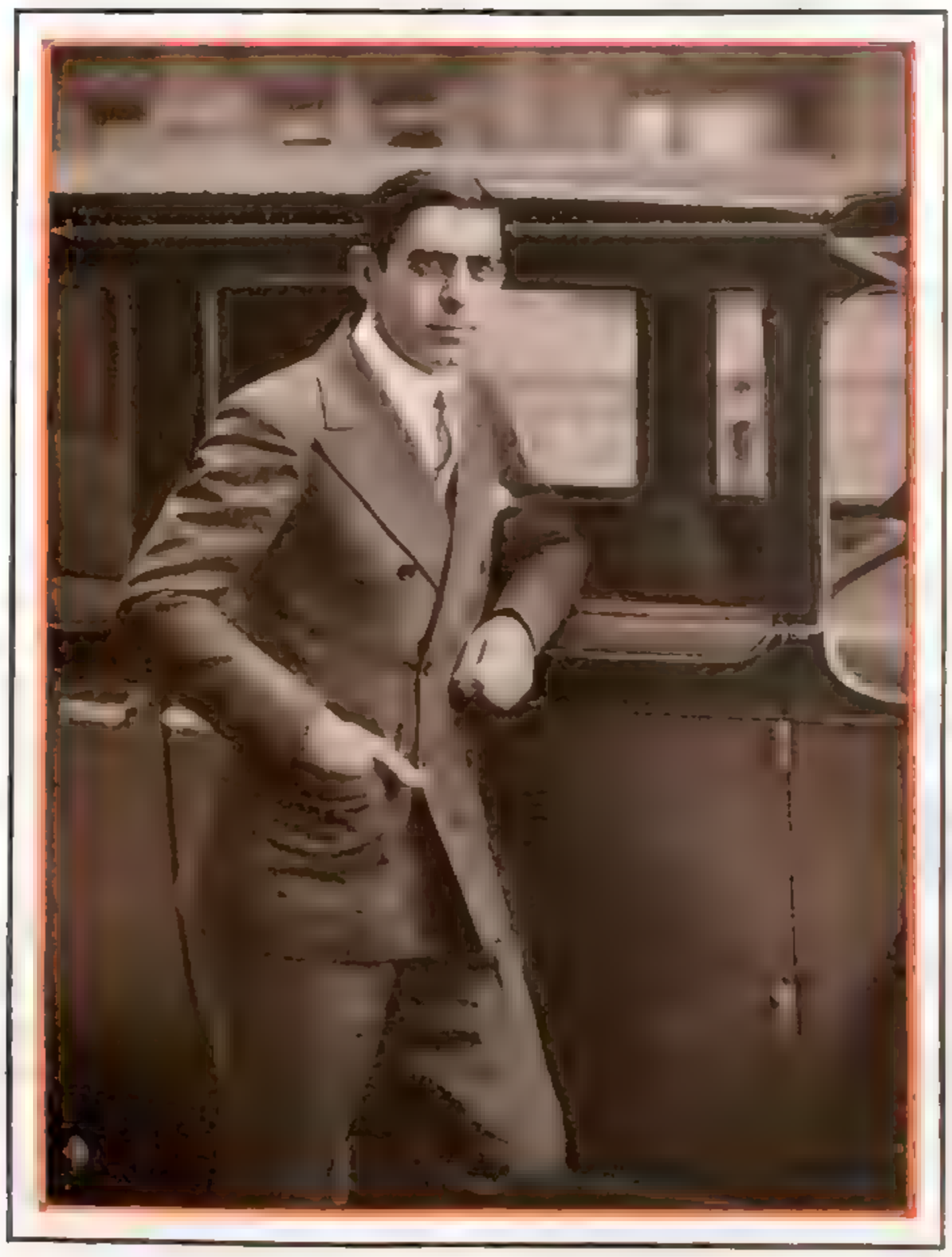

"Despite the fact that I am always supposed to be funny, it was not until recently that I could see the fun in driving a car. Bumps and holes in the road used to come from nowhere just to get a shot at me. But all that is over now. I have just equipped my car with Miller Tires. It's the greatest feeling in the world—I'm riding along on smiles, sunshine and music. I sure was pleased to meet you, Miller Tires."

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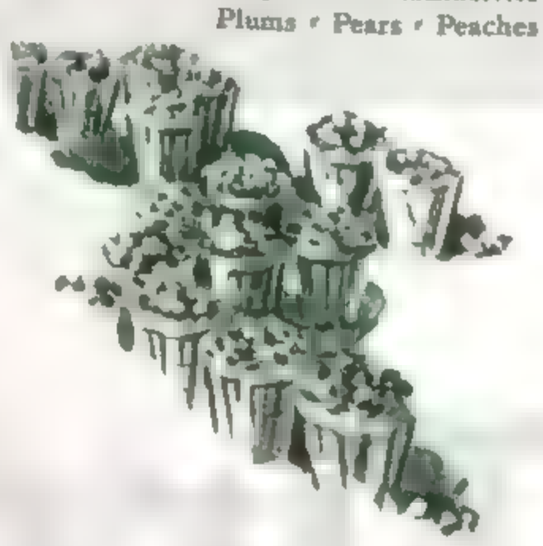

VEGETABLES AND FRUITS
THE BRAND YOU KNOW BY HART

BIRD KEY

(Continued from Page 15)

a circular space one to two feet in diameter. Others, seeking to take up land, stumble into this sacred territory. To arms! The war is on! Usually the combatants get offside into still other sites and thus the conflict spreads. Sooties ten or fifteen feet away rush into the Donnybrook Fair. Confusion grows worse confounded. Day and night, the fearful hullabaloo of pitched battle continues. You wonder that any sooties are left intact to carry on.

Mr. and Mrs. Sooty—or *Sterna fuliginosa*, if you like—usually avoid the beach, rarely nesting lower than the fringe of bushes at high-tide level. An old snag of driftwood makes a good site. Their housekeeping arrangements are simplicity itself. The birds merely put their breasts to the ground and with a sort of wallowing movement turn about, kicking the sand away backward. A quarter hour and home is ready for the usually single egg. Some nests show two eggs, but you never know that one hasn't been stolen from a neighbor.

Now and then the sooties gather a few bay-cedar leaves to edge their nests. Again, they don't even dig a hole, but just lay on the flat sand. Not at all particular—any old thing does for the sooties.

The noddies, on the contrary, for all their alleged brainlessness, are more ambitious architects. Even now, with only a few bay cedars and cactuses left by the last hurricane, they do their best to carry on the old tradition of bush nesting. They build loosely, with sticks, straws and seaweed, and even add bits of shell and coral so nearly like the protective coloration of their eggs that you can hardly see these. The sooty's egg is likewise safeguarded by its tints. You've got to look sharp and walk gingerly anywhere on Bird Key to avoid stepping on eggs. Oddly enough, instinct doesn't teach the noddies to stop making nests so shallow that sometimes eggs and fledglings are blown to the ground.

"The moment they gets here they goes to work," the warden explains. "First come, first served. They grabs nests from past years and keeps addin' to 'em, till the nests gets like that there one, f'rinstance." And he pointed out a truly immense nest. "The noddies as gets here late has to build new nests. You'll see this whole island alive with 'em, carryin' sticks and stuff and dodgin' other noddies that's out to rob 'em. Sometimes you'll see a successful noddy scootin' afoot or flyin' for dear life in and out among dozens o' less fortunate neighbors. Two birds 'll sometimes fight in midair for a stick. If one of 'em drops it, t'other one'll ketch it on the wing afore it hits sand or water. They're kinda wild when they're buildin', but if they've got a stick, they don't seem to be much scared. You can allus bust up one fight and start a lot more by throwin' a handful o' sticks to 'em. Give a noddy a stick, sir, an' it don't mind nothin' else in this world."

The Homesteaders

The noddies never build on the bare ground, but even when they can't find a bush, they use a few of their precious sticks or a little tuft of grass. Both Mr. and Mrs. Noddy bring materials and shape them with clumsy intermittent pecks and pulls; both sit in the nest and form it by turning round and round. They're shameless thieves and hence are always in a battle.

During all the nest building, which lasts several days, Mrs. N. does no fishing, but depends on friend husband to feed her. He works a while with her at the nest, then flies away for fish and leaves the missus to guard their home. Without her, it would soon be pulled apart by envious poachers. Mr. N.'s fishing usually takes a couple of hours, during which Mrs. N. may go for a drink, but she never stays long. She dozes and waits. When Mr. N. comes back with a cropful of minnows, she wakes up and you understand why they're called noddies.

It's wonderful to penetrate slowly into the screeching, protesting rookery, then sit down and wait till the terns resume their usual life. You can see them turning the eggs with their beaks or most lovingly cherishing these treasures under their soft breasts. But the ceremony that makes this a land of Nod is most curious of all. Such manners! Facing each other, Mr. and Mrs. Noddy bow and nod to each other over and over again. Then he puts down his bill and the missus feeds from it. If he's unwilling to make good, she sharply strikes his beak to make him cough up. Almost human? While eating, Mrs. N. makes a soft, rattling, nasal purr. Then they sit a while, nestling and nodding, probably handing each other taffy and compliments.

Clever Fishermen

Scraping and bowing, Mr. Noddy sometimes brings his lady love a few sticks, which he lays before her. Certainly no presents could be more valuable. He walks round his inamorata, swelling up his throat and putting his head over his back. She views him with a complacent eye. Accepting his fish and sticks constitutes legal marriage. Now or then an outsider alights near the courting pair. He bows repeatedly to them. They return the salute. Sometimes a whole group will be silently bowing and scraping in the most decorous manner. Such polite birds—when they're not trying to murder one another—you never saw. Noddies, indeed.

No less impeccable than their courtesy is their technic as fishermen. The sooties, too, are first-class Izaak Waltons. Their watchword is Efficiency, with the accent on the "fish." It's strange that though they're both water birds, neither kind is a good swimmer.

The noddies on a pinch can dive and swim, but they never do unless driven to it. When they accidentally fall in, the others make a great pother till the careless ones fly up again. The sooties are not only clumsy in the water but soon grow waterlogged and drown. About their only contact with the actual sea is when they skim the surface to bathe and drink. Odd, eh?

At my first visit to Bird Key night was coming on, yet since early daybreak the noddies and sooties had been hard at work. And on subsequent days I saw them ever busily at it, with wonderful energy and skill. Their fishing method is to swoop low round the island, though sometimes you find them speeding as far as fifteen miles away after schools of minnows. When some big fish chases a school and the small fry break water to escape, you see the terns darting down lightning-swift. Their snappy work is marvelous.

All day long they chase the harassed fish, shooting along the surface, picking them off wholesale. To waken the feeding reaction, they must see jumping minnows. If you offer a tern live fish on land, usually he refuses, unless starving. As soon as the minnows plunge the group scatters. A moment later another school breaks cover and you see the flashing, swarming birds with raucous shouts dart thither. Immediately they begin gorging again. Their skill is well-nigh perfect.

Hovering, swooping, you see the noddies step on the creaming seas, strike the water with the breast, then dart up again. All the time they're feeding they make a queer rattling noise—louder as they sight the fish. As soon as Mr. Noddy has his gullet full, he flies higher, flirts his head and twists his neck in a peculiar sinuous way. Thus he shakes down the fish and is ready to start after more. When he has enough for his nesting wife's needs and his own, back he wings his way to her.

Less gallant, the sooty lets even a housekeeping wife go fishing for herself. Once in a blue moon, however, he'll feed her. On such occasions other sooties invariably butt in, which starts a free-for-all. No sooty ever misses a chance for an uproarious rumpus. Fighting and fishing are about the only occupations of the sooties, till the appearance of the egg puts an end to their wildness and their shrill nasal battle cries.

At nightfall you see both species swarming back to the island by thousands, flying swift and low. Darkness leaves the sea entirely deserted. But thereafter, whereas the noddies turn in like respectable married folk for a good snooze, the sooties keep gadding about all night long. Dozing only by cat naps, they go on scolding and flying over the island till daybreak and fishing time again.

A Massed Attack

"Most restless, noisy birds in the world, I reck'n," judges Warden Park. "No wonder they got 'emselves the nickname o' wide-awake tern!"

More precise impressions came with my second and other visits to Bird Key, the first being mostly a blur of jumbled and immense whirls of wings, a ferment of brain-stunning noises. Long ago, Audubon best described the terns as:

> Rising in swarms like those of bees in their hives, with cries that deafen one . . . cloud-like masses fly up. I felt as if the birds would raise me from the ground, so thick were they all around and so quick the motion of their wings; their cries were, indeed, deafening. . . . All those engaged in incubation would arise in the air and scream aloud; those on the ground would join them as quickly as they could; and the whole, forming a vast mass with a broad-extended front, would charge us, pass over for fifty yards or so, then suddenly wheel around and again renew their attack. When we shouted, the phalanx would for an instant become perfectly quiet, as if to gather our meaning. But the next moment, like a huge wave breaking on a beach, it would rush forward with a deafening noise.

To me it seemed as if vast armies were cheering, so terrific was the uproar. As you advance into the rookery, thousands of angry-shrieking birds, "thick as autumnal leaves in Vallombrosa," face you with extended wings and open bills.

"Stop, thief! Robber!" they yell. "Fire, murder, police!"

Sit down quietly amid the myriad nests and presently peace returns. The colony begins attending to its own business and quite forgets you. But move even an arm or hand—the terrible screaming begins again. The terns resent motion. Keep still and you can sit within a foot of nesting birds and watch them to your heart's content.

Long on Instincts

A rare sight, the colony is. Not an insect could I see. No doubt the birds devour all flies and mosquitoes. Here and there small minnows were visible. And eggs, eggs, everywhere eggs! It doesn't seem possible there can be so many eggs in the world. The sooties usually lay one, though sometimes two, the first week in May. By the middle of May thousands lie on the sand. Rarely does a sooty hatch more than one chick. Their eggs are white or creamy buff, with burnt-sienna blotches, grayish spots or black scrawls. The noddy's single egg—laid from about May seventh to twenty-fifth—is creamy white, spotted with light gray, burnt umber and walnut brown.

With the advent of the egg, an amazing psychological change comes over both species. During nest building they're timid and leave home at any disturbance. But as soon as the egg appears they grow bold and savage, stick to the nest and defend it against even the dreaded human invader. They peck at you, but refuse to quit.

This sudden change in disposition is caused merely by sight and touch of an egg. Take it away and all boldness vanishes. And if you put an egg into a nest where none has yet been laid, the brooding reaction of boldness immediately follows, so that the bird will pick at you and rattle in its gruff, hoarse way.

Not even an egg is needed. A white oval stone, an egg-shaped piece of chalk or a china door knob will fire the terns' bosoms to heroism quite as effectively. "Brains they have nix," but they're enormously long on instincts—whatever those may be.

Other changes take place with the coming of the egg reaction. The males and females begin alternate watches. With the noddies, these shifts take place about every two hours, Mr. and Mrs. N. becoming practically automata in fishing and in brooding the darling egg. He now no longer feeds the missus, but lets her look out for herself. The two usually spend little time together, though now and then they visit a bit or join forces to fight off intruders. As one noddy returns to the nest, it ordinarily exchanges nods with the other, then pushes that other one aside and broods. The displaced one flies off. Occasionally, if the absentee stays too long, the brooding one will go for a drink and to wet the breast feathers, sometimes even leaving the egg exposed to the dangerous sun fifteen or twenty minutes. And at this stage, too, the noddies once in a while gather sticks and work at their nests, which are never really finished.

The sooties' shifts take place about every twenty-four hours, though a careless or recreant spouse may not show up in forty-eight. Most of the changes are made at night. You can see the brooding bird gently rocking the egg with its breast or turning it with its beak. At times Mr. Sooty will

The Sooties Lay Some of Their Eggs on the Bare Hot Sand, With No Attempt at a Nest; But the Site Is Fiercely Defended, and If the Egg Is Slightly Moved the Sooty Is in Consternation

feed the missus on the egg, strutting, arching his neck and playing the fop. Such feedings usually result in a lot of others trying to butt in, and then of course a knock-down-and-drag-out. Sometimes a sooty will sit quietly all day, surrounded by a bedlam of the most tempting battles, and never mix it at all. Beautiful trim birds they are, too, with their long black wings crossed scissors-wise behind. In action, they're all red pepper and steel springs. Usually they'd rather scrap than eat. Restless and quarrelsome even when brooding, you often see a sooty jump from its egg, run for a drink, and on the way back pause for a soul-satisfying battle royal. Almost human! Some of the grandest shindies are pulled off when the absentee tries to get back home.

You see one alighting some few feet from its nest and trying to scoot thither. Such a one has to run the gantlet of hundreds of sharp beaks. It's a regular Kilkenny affair, and an enjoyable time is had by all in Bird City. They're never at peace unless they're at war.

Where the absent sooty stays is a mystery. It goes to no other island, nor does it hang out at Bird Key, nor yet can it rest on the water. Can it keep steadily a-wing for perhaps forty-eight hours? Here's a puzzle for some enterprising ornithologist.

I was fortunate enough to be on the island in mid-June, when both the eggs and the fledglings were present in enormous numbers. The incubating period, by the way, is about thirty days. According to the last bird census—1908—30,000 terns nest on Bird Key. But I'll eat every egg on the place at $500 fine apiece if the number today isn't 50,000 or more. Doctor Lombard helped me make an estimate. We counted the total number of toes and divided by six, which gave our result. A hard job, as half the birds are always on the wing, crying, calling, gyrating, flinging their swift shadows a-skim over surf and foam and glaring furnace-like sand. But anyhow, 50,000 is our story and we'll bet you on it.

To return, however, to our baby noddies—the whole island is alive with the high-pitched, insistent "Cheep-peep-peep!" of these entertaining infants, the scolding and rasping defense cries of the parents, and likewise their feeding calls. Inside of five hours after hatching, the helpless wet dabs of noddy life can stand on their wabbly legs. At the end of the first day you see them pecking and yawning, with a soft little "Querk-querk!" that begs for food. In three days they'll strike a human. Wonderfully swift development.

Oliver Twist in Feathers

The parents—now more fiercely than ever attacking other noddies, as well as sooties and frigate birds—alternately feed the young on a two-hour schedule. Tap-tap goes the baby's bill on the parent's. That's the signal for disgorging. The old birds fly home several times a day with laden crops, submissively extend their beaks and let the infants have luncheon.

"More!" peeps Oliver Twist Noddy. "I want some more!"

"That's all there is," says ma.

Peck-peck! Oliver Noddy still keeps insisting. And the fond parent seems choking to death as she vainly tries to produce what she hasn't got. Human parents, please note.

The old noddies at first don't distinguish their own young from those of other noddies, or even sooties. Put a sooty chick into a noddy nest, and though the noddies will brood it, they'll let it starve to death. It doesn't give exactly a right feeding signal, you see. Nature apparently has to work just so or she won't work at all.

In a fortnight or less the young noddies are indulging in furious and prolonged fights with others of their kind, as they climb out of their nests and totter away to hide in bushes or behind bits of coral and driftwood. Often these imprudent infants can't get back into the nests, so the parents feed them outside. The parents revert to the egg-laying mentality and no longer defend their homes.

The old sooties show much the same reaction, and after the first three days of aggressive defense gradually lose interest in home. The sooty babes learn to run and hide, or to stretch out flat on the sand and play possum. So like the sand is their coloring that you must look sharp to see the little beggars.

When an alarm is over, the old sooties make a peculiar clucking sound and the babies reappear. Parents and chicks call one another, so that Bird Key seems a poultry yard on a tremendous scale.

Keeping it in the Family

I've seen one worried sooty trying to brood three and even four big chicks, and making bad work of it. Where she ever got such a family is a mystery. Boarding 'em must be something awful! Though the sooties feed their young at intervals of four to eight hours and at almost any time of day, evening gives you the best show. The whole island then is in a perfect turmoil. It's an exciting business, because at any moment if a bit of fish is spilled, rank outsiders may dash in to seize it. I remember how one canny old bird that had disgorged too fast snatched up a bit of fish and gulped it again just to baffle an enterprising neighbor on larceny bent. Its mate meantime was standing off half a dozen trespassers. Lively doings! Family cares weigh heavily on all the terns.

"See how thin an' played out them there birds are?" Warden Park asked, pointing out some draggled specimens. "That's from overwork and half starvation. 'Tain't to be wondered at neither, when you figger a young bird'll eat mebbe forty minners a day. Them old uns has to go some to feed 'em. I wouldn't want the job!"

After a few days the parent sooties begin to recognize their own children and refuse to feed others. Never is any young sooty so rash as to beg food from a stranger. A right good picking he'd get. He'd be turned down so he'd never forget it. Sometimes a chick will be attacked even in its own nest, for a sooty rarely misses a chance to take a sly dig at a neighbor's infant. And this brings us to one of Nature's queerest reactions—an instinct so cruel, useless and harmful to the species that it seems impossible to explain. I mean the sooties' habit of viciously assaulting young birds not their own, as if such young were other adults, or noddies or frigate birds.

Young sooties, going to and from their nests, are constantly liable to be killed by brooding adults or by cross-grained old fowl that have no babies of their own. The attacks continue till the chicks reach their own nests or else sham death. Eight or ten adults will sometimes mob one infant and chase it a good distance. This leads to innumerable fights between the adults.

"You hit my baby and I'll hit you!" is the battle cry, and so they go at their feud hammer and tongs.

Hundreds of little chicks are mutilated and even picked to death by their own kinsfolk. You see these baby victims of Herodian rage scattered all over the island. The first week of life is highly critical. After that the infants learn to play dead or else spryly to skedaddle out of range. Otherwise the death toll would be thousands. Life at first is hard, indeed, for baby terns

How can science explain this absolutely antisocial and destructive instinct or reaction? The only possible answer seems to be that, in as much as chicks when attacked in their nests invariably lie quiet, this furnishes some criterion for the old birds to begin recognizing their own young ones. But is this worth the loss of life involved? Let some scientist explain.

When the babes are less than a fortnight old, the nests are gradually deserted. The chicks begin hopping up and down and flapping their little wings. "Come away!" the sea is calling, and they yearn to go. They fight more than ever. If they can't get other sooty chicks to scrap with they begin attacking adult noddies—though never do they make the fatal mistake of pecking an adult sooty—not twice, anyhow!

On the Beach

Flight begins for both species in about a month, with a series of unsteady, flying hops. From then on it's only a little while before the illimitable mystery of the sea lures them. And soon—their inherited complexes stimulated by sight of the leaping minnows—they take to the beach and become self-supporting.

"Good-by, pa and ma!"

"Time enough you were saying it!" pa and ma retort. "Time enough you big lazy lummoxes were turned out to take care of yourselves. We're worn down to shadows. Here's our blessing—and get out! We're going sunning and try to get fat for the big autumnal trek."

What scientists call the sunning reaction begins soon after the eggs hatch and strengthens as the young develop. With the lessening of family cares, all the terns begin to frequent their clubhouse—the beach—for social enjoyment. "On the beach" doesn't mean, as with us, being down and out. No, among terns it signifies their happiest period of enjoyment. Sometimes undutiful married folk neglect their spouses, even in brooding time, to loaf at this sandy, sun-baked club of theirs. Hither, too, come certain bachelors that for one reason or another have no family cares at all.

The noddies, though really gregarious, are punctilious as Spanish dons and seem stolidly indifferent to one another. You see them silently sitting in rows, head to the wind, elaborately preening their feathers and pecking at their toes. They always keep a definite minimum distance from one another—the space they need in which to turn. Sometimes you find a dozen

(Continued on Page 88)

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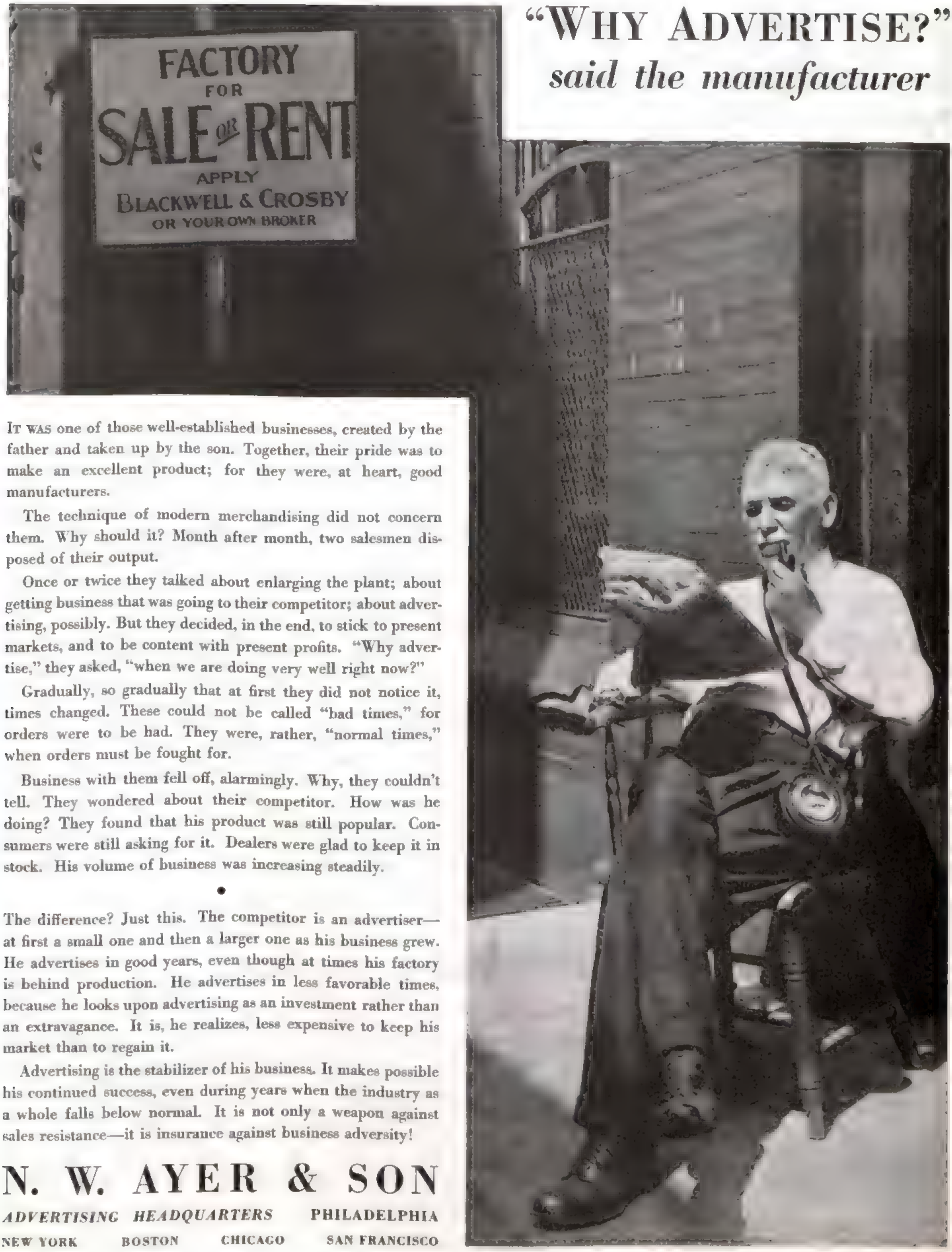

"WHY ADVERTISE?" *said the manufacturer*

IT WAS one of those well-established businesses, created by the father and taken up by the son. Together, their pride was to make an excellent product; for they were, at heart, good manufacturers.

The technique of modern merchandising did not concern them. Why should it? Month after month, two salesmen disposed of their output.

Once or twice they talked about enlarging the plant; about getting business that was going to their competitor; about advertising, possibly. But they decided, in the end, to stick to present markets, and to be content with present profits. "Why advertise," they asked, "when we are doing very well right now?"

Gradually, so gradually that at first they did not notice it, times changed. These could not be called "bad times," for orders were to be had. They were, rather, "normal times," when orders must be fought for.

Business with them fell off, alarmingly. Why, they couldn't tell. They wondered about their competitor. How was he doing? They found that his product was still popular. Consumers were still asking for it. Dealers were glad to keep it in stock. His volume of business was increasing steadily.

•

The difference? Just this. The competitor is an advertiser—at first a small one and then a larger one as his business grew. He advertises in good years, even though at times his factory is behind production. He advertises in less favorable times, because he looks upon advertising as an investment rather than an extravagance. It is, he realizes, less expensive to keep his market than to regain it.

Advertising is the stabilizer of his business. It makes possible his continued success, even during years when the industry as a whole falls below normal. It is not only a weapon against sales resistance—it is insurance against business adversity!

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Dept. 61A, Cleveland, Ohio
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(Continued from Page 86)

or more sitting thus, almost mathematically spaced, on the ridgepole of the keeper's deserted house. Occasionally, when another noddy joins the group on the beach, they all indulge in elaborate bowing and scraping, which usually ends in a fight. It reminds you of the meeting of a peace society or a political convention. Surely, in the remote past, our ancestors were the same as the terns.

The sooties, too, have their own sunning place, inland from the noddies. There they likewise preen and stand about idly, like their cousins, talking domestic scandal and telling fish stories.

Only the sooties indulge in active play. Far better flyers than the noddies, they often leave the island at morning and stay a-wing all day, not coming back till night. Their sport is a kind of racing, two birds darting side by side in crooked lines, or else soaring in circles so far aloft as to be lost in the glare of the tropical zenith. The sooties, if well fed, spend much of their time in such stunts. Their best flying feats rival those of the pelican and the man-o'-war hawk. The noddies, more home-keeping birds, indulge in no such frivolity.

"If we must have amusement," they say, "we'll take ours fighting. Why waste perfectly good scrapping power by trying to hang up speed or altitude records?"

Wonderful fighters, they. But for sheer, inexplicable achievement, take the sooty's power of finding his nest by day or night, under all circumstances. The island is, as you know, covered with infinitudes of shallow nests scooped in the sand. Armies of birds, presenting no difference to our dull eyes, brood infinitudes of eggs and chicks. Yet in all this vast multitude, every bird, without error or the slightest hesitation, locates its own nest so closely that thereafter the mate, by chuckling to it and being answered, brings it safe home.

Bird Psychology

Even if the mate is off the nest, the incoming bird always accurately finds its own nest. What inexplicable force guides it ever to that tiny, indistinguishable spot on the sand? Instinct, of course. But does that explain anything to our gross minds?

Dr. John B. Watson and Dr. K. S. Lashley, also Dr. Paul Bartsch—already referred to—have exhaustively psychoanalyzed the long-suffering terns. These scientists have obliterated nests and then redug them in the same place. The man-made nests have been invariably accepted without question. The birds' paths, from lighting place to nests, have been changed by removing overhanging obstacles, but the terns have always kept on ducking their heads at the places where the obstacles once stood, as though such obstacles were still present. With all the surroundings completely changed, the nests have been perfectly found. Big black cloths have been laid over the nests and the eggs placed on these cloths exactly in the original position. Inside of a minute the terns have contentedly brooded such eggs.

But if the nests have been moved away only a few inches, the greatest disturbance has resulted. Any horizontal displacement utterly confuses the birds. They always cling to the old site, taking hours to readjust to the new. Hundreds of experiments have been tried that for lack of space must be omitted here. In one strange test, however, after a tern had accepted a nest raised two feet high on the original site, the nest was carried to one side and elevated five feet. The bird returned, flew to the two-feet-high position and went through all the motions of lighting on the nest that wasn't there! Five times it did this, each time dropping to the ground. Only then was the spell broken and did the bird abandon its dream nest for the real one.

A Long Way Home

And the verdict of science? This: "That the secrets involved in the recognition of the nest, mate and young must be grouped with many others in bird psychology as at present unsolved." Which is only a dignified way of saying: "We don't know much about it."

Who, for instance, knows anything about the very powerful homing instinct in these birds? Why, if it's at all possible, do they always return? How and why do they always find their tiny inhospitable island every spring? And the young ones—why do they always come back, when about eight months old, to this one spot?

Doctor Lombard told me: "Terns carried up to Key West always fly back here as fast as they can. Inside of a few hours they're on their nests again. Sooties taken north and liberated at Cape Hatteras, over territory wholly unknown to them, have been back in five days. The route they must have traveled to keep with salt water exceeds 1080 miles. Birds carried to Havana have hurried back in one day. Two released in the Gulf of Mexico, 400 miles west of Bird Key, were back on the job in three days. Out of twenty-four birds carried to Galveston, thirteen returned, the rest having probably been eaten by hawks. But from New York no terns have ever succeeded in getting back home. As they must have jumping minnows for food, they probably starved to death on the way. Even noddies and sooties can't do the impossible. But given any chance at all, they can home for 1000 miles over absolutely unknown territory."

What guides them? What kind of compass do they carry in their tiny brains or sensitive nerves? Who can ever know?

I have a theory that to most animals and birds life somewhat resembles our dreams, that their world is merely one of the feelings which—apart from all reasoning—compel them to certain acts. Only the very strongest outside pressure can change those acts—as, for example, when the destruction of bushes on Sand Key forces many of the noddies to nest on bare sand. But such pressure must painfully confuse birds that show very fixed habits and compulsions. Who can explain why the mere feeling of even a fraudulent egg should change a bird's whole character? Who can unravel the mystery of even one small tern's life?

Scientists have liberally bedeviled these poor terns with bizarre experiments. Doctor Lombard described some of them, our last night at Tortugas, as we sat with pipes under the awnings of the C. G. 181, watching the diamond dust of stars along warm tropical horizons of mystery beyond Bird Key.

"Few years ago," said he, "Doctor Watson painted some of the birds red and blue and other fancy colors. At first this frescoing produced a most terrific uproar. The decorated birds' own mates attacked and drove 'em away. Hundreds of hostile beaks assaulted 'em. They couldn't light anywhere on the island and were chased clear off it. Next day, though, peace had been restored. The mates accepted their gaudy spouses and the rainbow birds were back home, dutifully brooding. After all, what's a little crimson or any other colored make-up in either bird or human family life?

"When it comes to coloring their eggs, noddies and sooties show a great difference," the doctor went on. "Noddies'll take 'em any old color, or take sooties' eggs, or fake ones, or what have you. But sooties are more discriminating. Vermilion eggs strike 'em as suspicious and are pushed out of the nest. In one case of a vermilion egg, the sooty dug another nest and made nearly 100 trips between the new nest and the old before it finally accepted the old one and the giddy egg. Other colors they sometimes accept, sometimes reject. They'll walk round colored eggs, roll 'em out of the nest, roll 'em back again and usually brood 'em after a while."

A Desert in the Sea

And isn't the urge amazingly strange that about the first of each September sweeps Bird Key clean of all but a few crippled old warrior terns, which, unable to fly, remain sadly deserted? Local stories tell how the adult birds start first on their mysterious unknown southern flight, leaving all the young, and how an enormous pilot bird always comes to guide them to some far-off winter goal. But fiction must yield to fact. Old and young all leave together. Some autumnal morning finds Bird Key deserted, its nests abandoned, its frantic tumult quelled, its swarming schools of minnows leaping without peril from above.

Vacant under the blazing sun lies Bird Key and vacant it must remain till with another springtime, lo, back again the myriad eager terns come swarming.

Thus forever ebbs and flows the miracle of life, down in the far Tortugas. A miracle, indeed!

But in the world of Nature, who can show anything that isn't just a miracle? Not I, good sirs, not I!

HANGMAN'S TRUCE

(Continued from Page 13)

"In about ten minutes Eddie will discover Pelts," said the deputy.

"Naturally! You called Pelts in so Eddie could get a flash," laughed Oliver.

"Yes," admitted the shameless man hunter. "Pelts is hard to shake. I'm not sure I could do it. Eddie can—and will! It'll take him about half an hour. How are you betting? Will Eddie lose Pelts?"

"Why should he?" demanded Armiston bluntly.

"I don't know," said Parr. "But he will!"

Doubtless there was a good reason; several, in fact, why, as well as why not. It was one of those double-bitted problems the casuists love to work both ways from the middle to opposite conclusions, equally sound. If man-hunting is the most thrilling game in the world, isn't it fair to assume that the hunted gets some kick out of it too? He plays for bigger stakes. Eddie had everything to lose. Yet Parr, without indulging himself cynically, seemed to entertain not the vestige of a doubt of the ultimate end of Eddie. A few blocks down the Avenue Parr changed to another taxi of the same color and generally flea-bitten condition, but, nevertheless, a different animal altogether. They continued on their way.

"He has been behaving himself since the last time, hasn't he?" said Oliver.

"I'll let you answer your own question when we get downtown," said Parr. They proceeded in silence. Oliver thought of Chick Galey. Somehow, though he had been given only a line for Chick's portrait, it was astonishingly vivid, like one of those frugal Frueh caricatures.

Chick had undoubtedly been a punching bag in somebody's stable of prize fighters in his time. Probably he was walking on his heels now, as happens to the cauliflower gentry, the best of them, from blocking too many punches with the point of the chin. But he could still pick flies out of the air between his thumb and forefinger for loose change. Oliver would like to see him do that.

They drew up under the portico of Central Office and went in. This was a one-way street for the world of the shadows—so many went in who never came out. Shadows haunted the corridors—wretches waiting their ordeal and scheming desperately what to answer to the eternal "Why" of retribution. It goes on every hour, every day,

(Continued on Page 91)

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(Continued from Page 88)

with never a dearth of human material. Barney, armed with a dustpan—his ægis of office—held open the door for them to enter Parr's private sanctum.

"I saw an old friend of yours uptown, Barney—Eddie Reel," said the deputy as he passed in.

"Did you, chief? I'd like to see him!"

"You will," said Parr. "Hello, what are you doing here, Pelts?"

Pelts tried to explain. Parr silenced and dismissed him with a gesture.

"Let me have the dope on Eddie the Clam," he said to his clerk. It was a thick pile of several hundred sheets, yellowing toward the bottom. The top sheet, dated only the day before, told of Eddie being picked up by unseen hands, off the Broadway Limited, and escorted to the Waldorf, where he registered and ensconced himself in a bespoken suite on the third floor, Astoria side. Eddie would have to drag his crowds with a finer mesh. As they dug down through the pile they came on things about Eddie that even his mother couldn't have known. There was what the French police call a *portrait parle*, which overlooks nothing—not even the matching of a porcelain filling. When a man has been up the river three times, everything about him is news. He had been sent up twice for safe cracking, once for forgery—Eddie could sign your name for you with his eyes shut. But for the last twelve years there had been no entry in red ink in his ledger. There were lapses of weeks, months during that time, but sooner or later somebody would come along and look him over through a peephole. He must have been conscious of it; no one could fail to sense that malign scrutiny.

Oliver found himself fighting against the cynical certainty it all implied. He could even hear Eddie again, with no emphasis to reveal the weight of his words, saying: "I had a horrible dream the other night. I dreamed I had come back!" and Parr's casual rejoinder: "That would be your hard luck, Eddie."

"There is nothing to show he hasn't been on the level," protested Oliver, "since his last time out."

Parr handed Armiston a sheet of foolscap—his record. It contained thirty-three typewritten lines, every line a separate crime for which our prosperous business man had been intercepted by the police in his heyday and brought to the bar of justice. In the column marked Disposition appeared the legends Discharged, Disagreement, Not Guilty, No Complainant, *Nolle Pros.*, and so on. For Eddie, Justice seemed always exercising a reasonable doubt.

"Would you say that that leopard changed his spots?" asked Parr. Oliver said nothing. "Or would you call it a typical case of police persecution—hounding the poor devil because he had a prison record?"

Parr was exercising his sarcasm. Somehow Armiston couldn't picture Eddie as the poor devil the professional reformers talk about when they are collecting funds for the underdog.

"Eddie is too slick for us," said Parr—"that is, nine times out of ten. You ask me, hasn't he been behaving himself since the last time out? I say I don't know. I simply wait—and watch!" His jaws shut with a click. "He wins nine times out of ten, but the tenth time he slips up."

"If Morel needs any help," said Parr to his clerk at dinnertime, "tell him to use Sangree." He put in confidentially: "You might tell Pelts, on the Q. T., to keep away from me for a few days."

Oliver smiled over this. If Eddie hadn't lost Pelts, Parr would have been disappointed. But Pelts having lost a track, he must be disciplined.

"I remember the first time you brought him in, chief," said Barney, opening the door for the big fellow. "Big Bill says to you, 'Did you bring this fellow in alone, sergeant?' and you says, 'Yes, chief, but you got me wrong—I ain't a sergeant,' and Big Bill winks at me and says, 'Don't correct your superiors, sergeant!'"

"I suppose I should be charitably hopeful," said Parr, getting in his taxi. "Eddie brought me my first promotion."

II

THIS was one of those rare occasions when Parr bunked downtown at headquarters and went to bed by the simple process of taking off his shoes. There were times when the big fellow, for no reason apparent to less-gifted mortals, seemed to sense some sort of psychic density in the atmosphere, and when this happened he ate and slept on the job, patiently waiting for something to break. It was the general belief that something would break, and it usually did. But in the present instance there was none of the voodoo of prescience to mark the incident. The explanation was simple enough—Eddie Reel was in town.

Eddie slept late. But others were up all night for him. At six in the morning—that shivery hour when conscience is at its lowest ebb—in a bleak side room in West Fifty-fourth Street, where waiters were counting their catch of silver and attendants were hanging up their uniforms and calling it a day, a gigantic, blond, peaches-and-cream young man with guileless baby-blue eyes, in perfect evening dress, was occupying comfortably two chairs alongside a wooden table, and engaged in some sort of betting game with an elderly person who was fat and bald and wore firemen's suspenders over a green sweater and patent-leather shoes. This latter was Chick Galey, one time the Phantom Kid, and he was picking flies out of the air at one dollar a fly. The gigantic blond young man, with a skin that would put a rouge pot to shame, was known around here after two in the morning as Roy, and all women instinctively mothered him. He was of the type which, neurologists tell us, enjoy an indefinitely protracted period of childhood due to an overactive thymus gland; and so difficult do these overtimed children find the problem of adjustment to their mature environment, that they are prone to turn to crime as the easiest way to put themselves on an even footing with their fellows.

No one else paid heed to the game. Two pasty-faced waiters, having made their reckoning with their floor captain, had turned to with what was left and rolled a pair of dice in a life-and-death struggle at another table. Roy stripped a dollar bill from a bookmaker's sheaf of money and passed it silently to Chick as one fly after another bit the dust. Finally Chick missed and had to pass a dollar back. Although Roy had shot almost his entire roll by this time, the blond giant now roused himself from his patient attention to the legerdemain and burst into a shrill cackle of triumph, pointing a finger of derision at the discomfited Chick; Roy pushed his elephantine bulk perilously against his fragile pair of chairs and called on all to witness that he had won. He dared Chick to try it again. But Chick, it seemed, had run out of flies, of which he brought a fresh supply in a little box for each night. The young man accused Chick of being a quitter, and made such an outcry that several waiters, still counting silver, bade him angrily be still.

A petite girl came in from an inner room, drawing on a chiffon dress over a dance set, but as she was one of the regular floor girls who nightly disported themselves as water nymphs inside, no one noticed her. She caught Chick, to his chagrin, in the act of ironing out his pile.

"Give it back to him!" the girl commanded. "You know you promised me!"

"He quits when my luck turns," complained Roy with abused dignity.

"Give it back to him!" repeated the girl, and she calmly helped herself to Chick's pile and hid it somewhere about her person.

"Hey! Hey! Hey!" cried Chick. "What's eating you? I was only fooling the kid."

"You darling baby dumpling!" cried the enraptured girl, patting the smile-wreathed Roy. "They would draw your milk teeth if you didn't have me to mother you. Now I'm going to get my things. You sit perfectly quiet till I come back."

When she had gone, a door-knob polisher who was hanging his clanking cloak behind the door, leaned over the dull Chick—who was nothing without his flies—and smiling expansively, said in his ear:

"Hey, fellah, I was told to tell you something. The Clam is in town. Does that mean anything to you?"

Chick didn't seem to get it. Several seconds passed. Then he lifted his eyes and stared fiercely at the messenger; then furtively around the room. Dropping his eyes to the table again, he nodded several times—yes, it meant something to him.

"Who passed that to you?" Chick asked.

"I dunno," said the carriage starter. "Some guy in a top hat."

"Say, can you do that thing you was telling me about?" Chick suddenly asked, leaning over the table toward Roy, his eyes fixed on him intently.

"Certainly I can do it!" exclaimed Roy contemptuously.

"Stick around for a day or two," urged Chick. "And don't tell your mother everything you know!" he threatened out of one corner of his mouth; a trick he learned at table up the river.

The nymph returned, dressed for the street. Roy got into his coat and put on his top hat. If all women envied him his complexion, all men begrudged him his tailor and his knack of wearing good clothes. They went out, and one by one the other night birds drifted away, to hole up for the day. Presently a grimy stoker came slinking in to put up the shutters to exclude the heretic sun. He and Chick held casual converse, ending by a protracted silent scrutiny, each of the other. Chick was sending out word, to be passed along to the old-timers, that the Clam was in town, after all these years. If Eddie had any notion of guarding his carefully hoarded reformation, he would have more than one obstacle to overcome.

The first thing Eddie did on arising was to arrange for a chartered car for his brief stay in town—an imported Belgian with the heavy withers of a prize bull and a commodious expansiveness that preempted one hundred square feet of precious traffic space in downtown streets. Eddie, coming down to inspect it, on the Thirty-third Street side, gave particular attention to the chauffeur. Only a jealous matinée idol could have objected to this young man, who was as handsome as Eddie himself, and younger. He was as trig and well set up as any of those pampered young men Parr hand-picked for his famous detective school. In fact, he was one of them, Sangree by name.

Oliver Armiston telephoned Parr, via private wire, at ten.

"Are his income-tax returns available? So I could see them?" he asked.

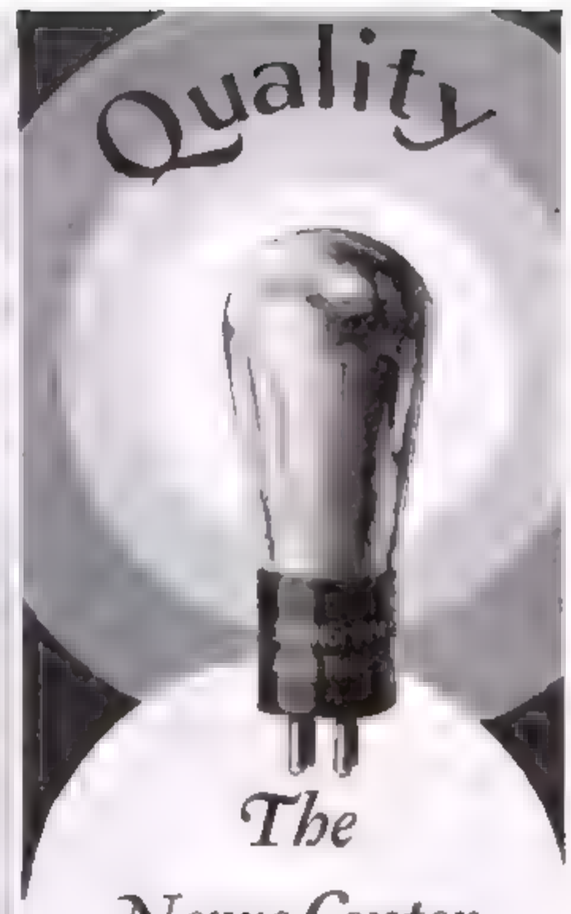
"My dear fellow," cried the deputy, "there are some privacies even we must respect!"

"How about 1924 and '25?" asked Oliver. "Returns were not so sacred then, I seem to recollect."

"We've got them. Come down and have a look," said Parr.

Meantime Eddie was driving out. He made several calls in the upper terminal zone, where capital is beginning to aggregate in pay lodes. Then he drove downtown, pleasantly conscious of his own splendor, of the trig man on the box and the city crowds that surged about wherever he turned like so many colonies of busy rotifera under a microscope; he identified a familiar figure in Morel, who had replaced little Pelts yesterday. Also there were other faces that seemed to fit into the pattern. Eddie was lunching at India House, with a gathering. He picked up a Solomon Deer, jobber in soles, uppers and findings, in a gloomy crypt under Brooklyn Bridge, where leather, for some unknown reason, aggregates. He next called for a Mr. Monkton, a reinsurance specialist in William Street, where risks and actuaries hive.

They turned over into Nassau Street where, nights, sand hogs dig a Subway that



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bores like a mole among the steam-jacketed and poison-gas-screened vaults of the Federal Reserve and Subtreasury. Eddie smiled wistfully as numerous cross references sprang unbidden in his brainpan. Crossing Fulton Street, he was conscious of the premonitory rising of the hackles, or what evolution had left of them, on the back of his neck. There was a pause just above Maiden Lane for traffic.

"That's the old dead line," said Eddie, meditatively rubbing the back of his neck. "Would it surprise you," he went on, "if I should confess that not so many years back I was not permitted to go south of Fulton Street?"

Solomon Deer laid a cold marble eye on Eddie.

"Why not? Who'd stop you?" he growled.

"Bulls!" was Eddie's simple rejoinder.

"Police?"

"Police."

"You were a crook, you mean?"

"Yes. And a good one!"

A chill silence supervened. Sangree felt the cold on the front seat. Finally Solomon Deer demanded gruffly: "What's the idea of telling us?"

"Part of the consideration between us will be good faith," said Eddie. "I expect you to look me up. I certainly will look you up before I finally sign!"

The jobber in soles, uppers and findings, and the specialist in reinsurance exchanged a swift look. The car rolled on up the little grade to Pine Street. Here they stopped to pick up a Mr. Silas Kildrif, specialist in cats and dogs in bale lots—this is a derisive epithet applied by the Street to worthless securities, for which, it seems, there is a constant and legitimate demand. At India House they were met by several other specialists, making a final party of eight.

"What did they talk about at luncheon?" asked Mr. Parr of Morel later in the day.

"The bull market, of course!" laughed Morel. "Does anybody down there talk of anything else? They went to Kildrif's office after, for their palaver. We drew blank on that. Eddie left them, still in session, at three and ——"

"Just a minute," said the deputy. Parr studied the list of names. Morel turned to the swinging leaves of a rogues' gallery section that stood against the wall, giving particular attention to this rueful book of sin. It was habit with him, with all of them—they never came in without dipping in it, although they knew it by heart, like a priest his breviary.

"Get me reports on these," ordered Parr, passing the luncheon list to a clerk. "Better get photographs."

Thus it happened that seven prosperous business men came under the ultramicroscope of the police more, were subject to being clandestinely photographed as if for some little élite rogues' gallery of their own. There is a saying that a good fellow never goes to the devil without taking several good fellows with him. Certain it is that no thief ever comes under the scrutinizing cognizance of Centre Street without tainting everyone, no matter how remote, with whom he comes in contact, with the soil of espionage.

"This fellow," said Morel, tapping a panel—"if he didn't have that saber slash under one eye, he might be jobbing soles, uppers and findings in Gold Street."

Parr's eye kindled—there was some big game in his woods!

"That's Heidelberg Max," he said. "I'm afraid we'll have to let him have his saber cut—that's his diploma. But, my dear boy, if you ever bring him to me, you can have anything that papa owns!" He studied the surly, slashed visage of Heidelberg Max. "How are his teeth?" he asked curiously. Oliver, sitting back and taking no part, felt an odd stir.

"Solomon Deer's, you mean? Very good especially good!"

"Have them dig up Deer's dentist get me a chart of his mouth," said Parr to his clerk, and he added by way of explanation: "Max had a perfect mouth. He was as vain of his teeth as any woman. Now, what about Chick, Morel?"

"Chick Galey's got something on his mind," reported Morel, the clearing house. "He has passed word along the line to find the Clam for him. Chick is nursing that fat boy. By the way, the stoker up there, hiding out in the cellar, is Kid Link. I'll have him brought in later."

Those hopeless wights, thought Oliver, sitting back and watching the pattern weave itself; they come swimming to the gill net wherever it is laid.

Meantime Eddie was continuing his day uptown, seemingly oblivious of the fact that he was living the life of a goldfish. He knocked off at 4:30 to sit through the andante of the Fifth Symphony at Carnegie Hall; this was in accordance with the latest theory that a little emotional stirring up of the endocrine system refines the motors of thought. He wanted his to run with a silky purr just now.

He dined alone, and shortly after eight Mr. Kildrif, specialist in cats and dogs, called for him. They were moving out through the dulcet fragrance of Peacock Alley when the ever-receptive Eddie became conscious that he was about to be tapped on the shoulder—with the concomitant trickle of ice water—the chill of the catch—on his spine! He paused and turned, and found himself levelly surveying, for the first time in his life, the gigantic youth known as Roy in Fifty-fourth Street after two in the morning. Roy was beautifully turned out for the evening and presented himself with all the poise and assurance of a pampered child.

"Mr. Reel," he said, "I have a message for you which I am to deliver at once. Could I see you for a moment?"

He bowed to Mr. Kildrif, bowing that gentleman out of the picture. He presented his card to Eddie, and with a continuation of the same gesture, he cunningly picked an imaginary fly out of air, inspected the insect and released it, and watched it off. They stepped into an elevator, bowing an apology to Mr. Kildrif. The lift arose with a deep hydraulic gurgle.

"Delightful!" said Roy. "How this place preserves the flavor of old wine!"

Eddie took him in from tip to toe his suavity, his pinkness, his baby dignity. Eddie was on the hair trigger. Chick Galey! Quick work

He knew too well the grapevine telegraph to ask how it could have been done. Unlocking his sitting-room door, he bowed Roy in ahead of him.

"Better lock it," suggested Roy, and Eddie complied. Roy produced a package wrapped in Christmas tinsel and seals, for it was the holiday season. It contained a book of elongated octavo proportions—say an inch thick. Mutely he indicated that Eddie was to examine it. Eddie lifted the cover gingerly with a finger nail, let the book fall open. It was the signature book of some bank. It contained hundreds, possibly thousands of signatures, alphabetically arranged, each in facsimile, in enlargement, and in typewriting. An odd whistling sound at his elbow Eddie identified as coming from the windpipe of the young giant the child was not so calm as he wished to appear; he was seething. Eddie turned the pages, still using a finger nail. He shook his head.

"This means nothing to me," he said.

"I suppose not," replied Roy, sneering contemptuously. With a fat hand he pushed over the leaves to a selected page. "I suppose this one means nothing to you!" he drawled, indicating an atrocious scrawl of ink under which stood a typed name of such magnitude that even Eddie, artist in the reconstruction of the chirography of the rich and great as he had been in his day, checked his breath and held himself hard. "Or this one? Or this?" said Roy, pushing the pages over. "Here! See that dot? That has been tried, over and over again, but they all forget the dot—think it doesn't belong. Well, it does! Here! Look at this one with the smudge—the smudge is part of it!"

"Are you leaving it?" asked Eddie politely.

"Not while I've got my health," said the giant. "You'd take a photograph of it and tell me to jump in the drink."

"What if I should take it away from you?"

Eddie's lifted eyebrow actually awaited a sober reply.

"I'd scream," said Roy. "They'd find it on you."

Eddie had to smile. Parr never planted this one. It was too good! He seemed to consider everything in detail, through a long pause.

"Can you put it back as deftly as you extracted it?" he asked mysteriously, eying a window. He was wondering what perversion of luck had ever enabled this great ninny to walk off with the very keys of the treasury. He pushed open the cover page with a finger nail and read the name of the bank, an odd smile on his face.

"Absolutely," replied Roy. "And produce it again on demand! That's what you want, isn't it?"

He tied up the precious tome in its goodwill-on-earth-and-joy-bells wrapper. He had hooked his fish; his air of importance considerably increased. They descended together to the foyer in silence, and there bade each other a ceremonious adieu.

"That boy is—is familiar. That boy, I think, is in my bank," said Mr. Kildrif as they got into the tonneau of the imported Belgian, the faithful Sangree at the wheel. "A clerk, I think."

"I told you this afternoon, as a matter of precaution to myself, that at one time in my youth I was not permitted to go below Fulton Street," said Eddie. He turned and stared at his companion as if to prepare him for what was coming. Kildrif seemed momentarily hypnotized. He recovered himself.

"That's over and done with, sir," smiled the dealer in cats and dogs. "Don't refer to it again, I beg."

"But the melody lingers on," said Eddie, catching an apt line from a current song hit. "I shall prove it to you. I haven't been in town in twelve years. I am spotted in my first twelve hours."

Kildrif's face became suddenly gaunt.

"By the police, you mean?" he cried.

"Naturally," laughed Eddie. "But that doesn't worry me. This is something far worse. I am spotted by my kind by some old wolf of the pack! Word is passed along the line that I am back. Somebody finds something for me to do something that is peculiarly my *métier*. Do you follow?"

"That boy, you mean?" gasped the astonished auditor.

"Yes. He was sent to me. He brought the signature book of your bank under his coat. God knows how he ever extracted it! I sometimes wonder how banks get by, the stuff they leave lying around. I suppose it is like working with dynamite—they get a contempt for the stuff."

"Wait! The signature book ——" Kildrif was stuttering in his excitement.

"Yes. A bound book containing the signatures of depositors in photostat or electrotype. It's for the tellers to consult to verify signatures."

"I never knew there was such a book!"

"Neither did I," confessed Eddie, adding naïvely: "I'd like to have had a copy of it while I was in practice!"

"This is terrible, terrible! Something must be done!"

"If I were you," said Eddie, "I wouldn't waste any time. I'd get in touch with my bank tonight—quietly tip them off."

"Stop at the Century Club. I'll run in there and see if I can't find someone. It's inconceivable!" he was exclaiming. "What are the surety people doing? They are supposed to be on watch!"

Kildrif was stepping out at the curb in front of his club.

"Go easy on the kid," cautioned Eddie. "This kid is really psychopathic, you know. He's overchemicalizing, if you follow me," he said with a grim smile. "Remember, you can't cure them when they come that way. Just put him some place where he will be safe. That's all you can do. Don't pin a crook label on him; just guard him from being one."

Kildrif hurried in. For a moment or two Eddie sat still. Then he stepped down and walked up and down in front of the door. Passing his car on one tour, he stopped and stood, hands in his pockets, balanced on his heels, regarding his trig chauffeur.

"Did you hear that?" he asked abruptly.

Sangree, in spite of his best efforts, batted an eyelash

"Yes, sir," he had to admit lamely—"about the boy, you mean? I did overhear some of it, yes, sir."

"I am being framed," said Eddie the Clam. "I don't intend to let them get away with it!" His teeth snapped with a savage click.

Kildrif came running out.

"He's here—one of the vice presidents," he said excitedly. "Would you—will you—we'll have to leave our evening in abeyance," he stammered. "We have to move fast! You'll excuse me, I know. You're pretty white, I'll say—you're pretty white, sir!"

"I'm protecting myself," replied Eddie coldly. He watched the door shut on Kildrif; then he turned and stared at his chauffeur long and fixedly.

"You are going to be my alibi, young fellow," he said finally. "You and I travel all night. I'm sticking to you closer than a flea, brother! I'm too old a bird to be framed by any of this particular bunch." He looked at his watch. "I think we will start at once, for, say, New Haven. How does that suit you?"

"May I telephone, then, sir?" asked Sangree obediently.

"If you can arrange it without letting me out of your sight!" snapped Eddie. "But you are to account for my every minute from now till the bank opens tomorrow morning."

It was not until they reached New Haven, after midnight, that Sangree was able to get on the telephone. He was in a booth, with Eddie sitting outside in full view, but out of hearing. Parr had moved from Central Office to field headquarters, uptown in Oliver Armiston's study in the Fifties, and the connection was put through there by private trunk.

"You are a little slow on the draw," said the deputy, after listening to Sangree. "The fat boy was picked up in a Tenth Avenue areaway an hour ago, with his head busted in."

He hung up, smiling; he regarded his friend and occasional collaborator.

"There you are!" he said softly. "I told you Eddie was too slick for us. He never drew a straight breath in his life! He picks things off right under our noses."

III

IT WAS late in January. Barney, the wizened old door man, in holiday attire, got off the train one bleak dawn at Tupper Lake Junction and waited an hour for an accommodation that would take him still deeper into the woods.

"Honest, chief," Barney said later to Parr, "it was so cold my breath froze and I could hear it drop on the snow!"

The accommodation took Barney in an ambiguous manner in a generally northerly direction to a desolate little factory siding which, the conductor asserted, was his destination. The village lay there, buried like a huddle of Eskimo dogs that had been snowed up while they slept. There was a big turning shop going full tilt, a smoking stack at each end. This was the shop where Eddie the Clam, a versatile fellow, turned sawmill edgings into rake stales and tool handles. Barney followed a hard-beaten path to a door marked Office, and, without knocking, turned the knob and entered. Eddie sat there with several clerks; there was an air of industry, and from within came the hum and grunt of machinery. They all looked up. Barney slowly unwound his muffler.

(Continued on Page 96)

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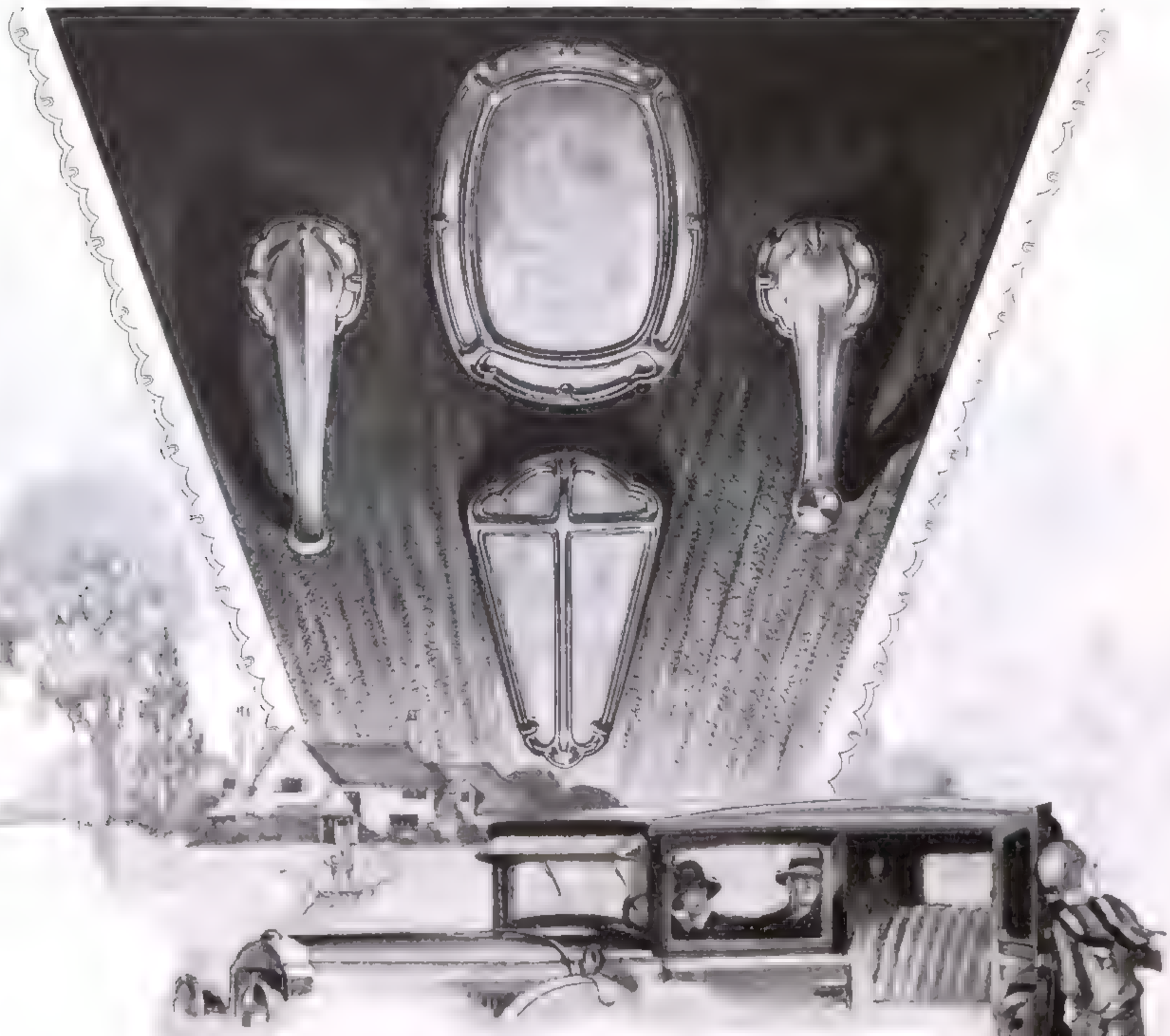

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EIGHT

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(Continued from Page 92)

"Why, hello, Barney!" cried Eddie, springing up, beaming.

"Hello, Eddie," laughed Barney. He took a hand out of a mitten and seized Eddie's hand; they held the grasp through a long smiling moment, checking up the toll age had taken in each other.

"The big fellow wants to see you," said Barney. "He asked me to stop by and tell you."

"I was going down this afternoon, anyway," said Eddie. "Take off your things! We've got three hours. I'll show you around, if you want."

Inside were machines and men—young men of a type Barney didn't know—clear-eyed, clear-skinned, stalwart young fellows who nodded pleasantly and treated him like a father when he asked questions.

"This would be a good place for my boy," said Barney. "He's a little wild."

"Send him along! We can take care of him," said Eddie.

Going down on the train, Barney fell asleep after lunch, like a healthy baby taking too big a gulp of fresh air on its first long trip abroad. After reading for some time, Eddie put down his book and browsed in thought. This gave out and he got up and went back to the club car and made a fourth at bridge. Even in the narrow confines of a vestibuled train, he had certain subtle means of testing himself for shadows. Ruefully he made one dry haul after another. There was not a single trace. Barney had come alone.

He smiled at his own reflection in the buffet mirror. He stared down into a deep ravine they crossed at slackened speed. At the bottom a black stream cut a winding path through snow-incrusted banks. Possibly, on the jet surface of that placid pool, he had a momentary true vision of himself in all perspectives. Possibly, for it is said that even the most happily insane are haunted by tiny instants of time through which they are permitted to peer, horror-stricken, at their real selves.

Possibly he saw something in that dark pool which reflected only the shadows of earth. But probably not. The chances are, he was thinking again, for the hundredth time since the episode of the signature book, that Parr had not given him so much as a single line of press on it; hadn't even telephoned him; and that now Parr had sent little old Barney to bring him in—Barney alone.

When they reached Grand Central the next morning, it was the delicate Barney who suggested they part company. Eddie could take himself downtown. Nobody knew him when he came to Central Office. It was unfamiliar to him. In his day he had always done business in the old Headquarters at 300 Mulberry. So, actually, he found himself asking his way to Parr's office, and being shown there by a policeman with such deference as even a policeman will show to a gentleman who was so obviously a prosperous business man.

Parr's room was empty, except for a huddled shadow in a chair who, on turning, proved to be none other than Chick Galey.

"Chee, Eddie, you look good to me!" cried Chick, his leathery face wrinkling with happiness. They shook hands, Chick treasuring Eddie's slender hand between his two big mitts. "Kosh! Like old time, boy!"

"You're not back on your heels, Chick," said Eddie by way of compliment. He held Chick away from him and looked him over with a professional eye.

"Not so bad," said Chick; he walked a few steps to show.

"Are they giving you the rap, Chick?"

"Say! Certainly! What do you think?"

"What can I do, Chick? I'll do anything."

Chick's face cracked in another smile, so blear-eyed as to be almost a sob. It was his pride—the staunchness of Eddie his friend. He shook his head. "No, Eddie. They get us good now, when they do get us." He searched Eddie's face. "What the hell! All the gang is up there. It won't be so bad going back this time." He jerked his head toward an inner door. "You can go right in, I guess, Eddie," he said. "They're all in there."

Eddie pushed open the door and walked in. The seven prosperous business men—dealers in findings, reinsurance, cats and dogs, and various other specialties—were grouped in more or less of a line in the middle of the room, which seemed to be a police gym; and wandering around them like a group of tourists in charge of a guide in an art gallery, were twenty or thirty men, all of a size and cut and age, and all masked except the cicerone himself, who was delivering a lecture, pointing out the high lights with a rosewood baton. This was Mr. Parr.

"This one," Mr. Parr was saying, as he came to a pause before a short, heavily built person with a marble eye, "is Heidelberg Max. He has been rebuilt. His own mother wouldn't know him. He's had a slab of skin grafted from his hip onto his cheek, to cover up a saber cut you could lay your finger in. His line is leather—soles, uppers and findings—mostly findings. We found a sheaf of Liberty 4's from the Kaltenstall holdup in a consignment of shoe boxes he was shipping to a carbon-black plant in Texas. Open your mouth, Max, and let them see your teeth."

"This one," droned the cicerone, moving on down the line with his little stick, "is a first offender named Kildrif, dealer in cats and dogs and skunks. He sells them by the bale. Open a bale and you'll find it salted and peppered with some gilt-edged stuff the police are looking for. He not only specializes in worthless stuff the bucket shops can't sell but in gilt-edged stuff a crook can't sell after he has swiped it! He's like all the rest of this bunch—a receiver of stolen goods—and he ran a good business as a blind, so he could receive stolen goods and dispose of it behind his bank account and Bradstreet rating without being questioned. He left a telephone number at the Century Club the other night that we could trace him by. Otherwise he'd have got away with a signature book that fat boy swiped. He's been operating for years, would have gone on indefinitely, except that Eddie the Clam had to come to town and show us how slick he was and do business under our very noses. Now, look at Kildrif's crooked nose—look at the angle of his jaw—look at the droop in his left eyelid. Walk, you! See, he's covering up a limp in the left leg.

"And this one," intoned Parr, motioning Eddie into the picture, "this, men, is Eddie himself—Eddie the Clam. Read his record! It's good reading! He's never drawn a straight breath in his life. He's so slick he practices on himself when there's no one else around to bilk. He is the"—Parr paused, his lip curling—"he is the great mind of this undertaking! He's been great-minding for the past twelve years. It occurred to Eddie, just like that, that the average crook was not getting a fair deal out of the stuff he swiped, because he wasn't rated in Bradstreet. So he organized a syndicate—this bunch! all of them rated—any of them can deposit ten thousand dollars without being asked where he got it. He was the clearing house for the syndicate. He kept his business broken up in small units, scattered all over the map. They handled cash and negotiable securities for yeggs on a fat commission basis. If it hadn't happened that we had a bright young man on our consulting staff, who suggested we check up his audits against his income-tax returns, he might be doing business yet. Eddie, you slipped up there!

"Look well, you wolves!" intoned Parr. "He's been up the river three times and he's on his way now to the home for incurables! But don't take anything for granted with Eddie. Know him when you see him again! Moreau, go over this fellow's points for the boys, will you?"

Parr turned to the other members of the syndicate.

"Take 'em away," he growled. They were herded out. Eddie lifted his head and submitted himself to Moreau, the Bertillon expert, who stood by him with a little book opened at a particular page; he read from this book while he drew imaginary lines on Eddie's cranium with a little stick. The masked gathering gave breathless heed like a clinic of medical students.

Finally the demonstration ended. They went inside and Eddie sat down by Parr's desk.

"Just where was the break, sarge?" he asked.

"Heidelberg Max," said Parr. "That was a dumb trick for you, Eddie."

"He was pretty well rebuilt; he fooled me!"

"His face, yes," agreed the deputy. "But his teeth, man! That broke your back. When I found him in your nest, I took a chance and broke open the stuff all of them were shipping to you. That batch of thousand dollar Federal Reserve notes out of the express-company robbery—that was pretty raw, Eddie! To put them through the way you did! We've got you on any one of a dozen counts."

"There is always reasonable doubt," ventured Eddie, the experienced.

Parr shook his head: "It ain't like it was, as Chick would say."

"What about Kildrif? Did he double-cross me with that bank signature book?" asked Eddie.

"He didn't have a chance," said Parr. "We picked up his gang before they had a chance to put that book in circulation. Kildrif is some actor!"

He chuckled; Eddie smiled. The door opened. It was Barney, back in regimentals, armed with his dustpan—his ægis of office. Seeing the room occupied, he was retiring.

"Oh, Barney!" cried Eddie, and Barney came in. Eddie took out a card and wrote something on it and handed it to Barney. "Send your boy up there, Barney. You won't know him in a year. That's a good bunch! They'd do anything in the world for me."

Barney, through dim old eyes, read the card. He thrust out a hand.

"That's sure white of you, Eddie!" he cried. He moved slowly off, studying the magic card.

"They are all for you, Eddie," said Parr harshly. "I don't get you, at all. All these little towns where you've got your factories—you had a good living in any one of them for the asking. But you wouldn't take it! You'd rather be a crook. How do you figure it out, Eddie?"

Eddie smiled again, an absent look in his cold gray eyes. What worried him, at the moment, was not how to go straight, but how to beat this break. He was thinking about lawyers, wondering whom he'd call in. This break was a little worse than the others. There was no bail this time! And there was life in stir staring him in the face if he coppered the wrong card. He repressed a shiver, felt the drip of ice water. But what the hell? Lawyers were still in business, weren't they, with their lawyer-made law? They'd been writing it for themselves for the last hundred years, plugging the loopholes, widening the get-aways, nursing their inalienable, sacred Presumption of Innocence, Burden of Proof, Reasonable Doubt, the holy right of Trial by a dumb Jury. In Eddie's experience, all a crook had to do was to keep his mouth shut and let the law protect him. Any good lawyer—Eddie smiled, amused. Eddie wasn't downhearted—nine to one was a good bet.

A clerk came in and laid a yellow slip on Parr's desk, the big fellow wrinkling his brow over it. He touched a bell that clanged dismally outside somewhere, touched another that brought a man in uniform who stood at attention. Parr got up and took down his hat and coat, shoved the yellow slip in a pocket. A big murder had just broken uptown. Parr put on his overshoes. For a moment, as he buttoned his great-coat about him, the deputy studied the bemused Eddie.

"Lock this fellow up," he said to the uniformed man, and he went out, picking up Morel and Pelts in the corridor.

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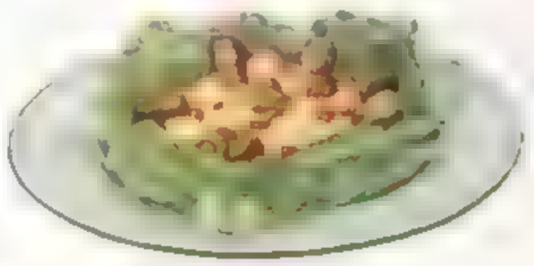

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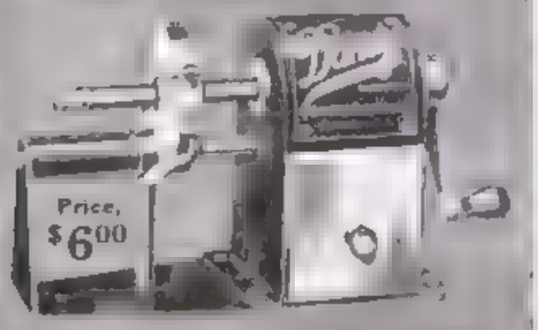

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THE WOLVES OF CHAOS

(Continued from Page 5)

somewhere. He prayed to the God of his fathers that the wild revelry in the room across the hall would go on.

A box of Swedish matches came under his groping hand and he struck a match and deliberately inspected the room. Upon the bed lay clothes—a military uniform, cap and boots, underwear, shirt and socks. The temptation was irresistible. After all, his common sense told him, if he found or failed to find the belt, he would never leave Moscow alive in the clothes he wore. He stood committed inexorably to duty. Having paid this score to the uttermost, his life was his own if fate permitted him to pull it out of these tragic quicksands.

He lit the candle on the bed stand and furiously got out of his tatters and into the clothes on the bed. Furiously, but not without calculating each gesture, each second. Three minutes sufficed.

The music burst into a finale and ceased. Laughter and voices speaking noisily, the clinking of glasses. How keenly the thought of death tuned the ear! Then some one began Tschaikovsky's Andante Cantabile on the piano—a transcription. He remembered it—the only thing of Tschaikovsky's he could remember. Kitty's prince had played it on the fiddle one night in New York.

A paper fluttered off the bed to the floor out of the cap. The fugitive recovered it and chuckled silently. Comrade Menjinsky, chief of the Ogpu in this section! Comrade Menjinsky, who had put the gyves on him in this very room! And this was his tailor's note of demand for cleaning and pressing. It was an extraordinary coincidence. Certainly his star was in the ascendant. Yet fate had a damnable way of stretching hidden wires across one's path when least expected, when least merited too.

Above the music over the way there rose another sound. The fugitive assumed a tense attitude. The barking of automobiles. He blew out the candle, dashed to the window, slid down the roof of the kitchen and stopped at the eaves. It was there, the belt! God was in his heaven. No doubt the belt was rotten from twenty-four months of exposure. Stuffing it under his blouse, he slid over the edge of the roof, caught the eaves by his fingers and dropped into the garden. He found a barrel, which he rolled to the rear wall, mounted and jumped down the other side as, with a racket of backfire, the automobiles drew up before the street side of the house he had just vacated.

For the first time in months the wine of optimism was at his lips, and he drank. He was going to get through. The miracle had happened. He had found Kitty's belt, which she had sent to the ship the day he had left America. Darling Kitty Conover, with her Irish love of mystery and intrigue.

How well he remembered her letter.

Dar ing old rover. Here is a belt of my own invention. It will prove impervious to cold and heat. The secret pocket in the back is of oiled fish skin, which does not rot like rubber. You may find it a good place in which to hide something. Johnny and I send our love. KITTY.

He had had this note in the key pocket of his trousers when they had captured him. And the belt had lain within ten feet of Menjinsky's hand all these months.

He crossed two streets and climbed four walls. The miracle had revived him, lessened his years by ten. Yet, if he had had a beefsteak—beefsteak, fried sweet potatoes and coffee with cream. Devil take the way hunger compelled these visions to recur. The superstition, however, that if he found the belt he would escape out of Russia still gripped his imagination mightily.

In the beginning all things had gone wrong; one misfortune had trodden upon the heels of its predecessor like falling dominoes. And the worst of all these misfortunes—the death of brave young Richardson. At any rate, he had left Richardson dying in a bleak wayside tavern, mounted the horse and galloped southwest. Richardson, who had stolen the list and passed it on, knowing that his comrade in arms, if he survived, would put the list through by the nearest diplomatic pouch.

He had not come willingly to Moscow; he had been forced by necessity to take that route. North, east, south, there would have been no chance whatever. The rails to Poland had been desultorily in action; they were still in that condition, so he was given to understand. He had had powerful friends in Moscow. They were all dead or in hiding, therefore useless. He had had to fend for himself, with this result—two years of imprisonment, death always outside his door, ready to summon him.

But now there would be breaches in every wall he came to. He had found Kitty's belt. Talisman! Toward Poland, then, to seek out that mysterious being they called Samson, without whose help, visible and invisible, he could no more escape from Russia than he could fly.

In the prisons they spoke the name in light whispers. Freedom lay to the west, provided one could get started. There seemed to be no password or countersign, no map. An underground tunnel out of Russia into Poland. Peasant or noble, so long as they were implacable enemies of Sovietism, had only to knock on this Samson's door, figuratively. From Moscow to Warsaw was something like seven hundred miles—more than a thousand versts or kilometers—a staggering distance, if one had neither money, ticket nor passport, nor fluency in the language. The fugitive comprehended that he must find, some forty-odd miles west of the environs of Moscow, a ruined farmhouse, two miles due south of the highway. From there on, the difficulties would be minimized to the finding of signposts. The fugitive sighed. The immensity of the undertaking dampened his optimism. But he shortly drew himself out of this demoralizing bog. If Michael Strogoff could do it, so could Patrick Henry Clay. He laughed, but silently.

All the outlets west would be well guarded, for the archenemies of Sovietism lay in that direction. Already the hunt had begun. A dangerous enemy had walked out of the Petrovski Barracks and was at large.

The city of Moscow somewhat resembles a fan, with the Kremlin as the base. Again, it might be compared with the ripples caused by a stone flung into a pond. A city of semicircles radiating from the formidable pile with its nineteen towers and its five gates. Great boulevards and mean streets laid down without vision or mathematics. In prewar times, a famous city to prowl in, full of surprises, colorful as a sunset, crimson marking the drab, drab shouldering the crimson, and costumes so varied and picturesque that they might have filtered into light operas naturally and unobtrusively.

Streets badly paved to begin with were now in a state of utter dilapidation. The inconceivable reversal of human endeavors, which had sent the civil engineer and the merchant to the wall and put the bootblack in charge of the chemical laboratory, had pushed Moscow down to a previously unheard-of stagnation. Brains seething with theories; the hands idle save in the matter of loot and death.

Clay had this to lean upon hopefully: All these misdirected energies made for genial slipshodness, and the great American bluff might carry him through. The proletariat must first be saved; after this feat was a fact accomplished, there would be time enough to patch the water mains. There was no coördination between the municipality, the police or the military. "Long live the proletariat! Death to the Whites!" Having shouted this, the day's work was done.

Cossacks trooped about on their own, picking up what they could find. The Ogpu, or Tcheka, made nightly raids. Where there was no counter-revolutionary plot visible the Ogpu created one; and when the movement was ripe—muskets and the wall for the poor dupes.

Assassinations and counter assassinations, abominations which no historian will dare mention beyond the vaguest hint; thus, the streets at night were deserted. Those whose patriotism was known to be absolute found nightly amusements in the hotels and restaurants. But the others locked and barred their doors and windows and sat with palpitating hearts through the night. A plagiarism of the French Revolution, and done badly.

The new boots pinched Clay's feet, but he knew that that would be only a temporary discomfort. He was drawing himself up a wall which separated him from the next street—and from now on he must always maneuver westward—when he heard horsemen. The sound grew in volume swiftly, and there was a unity which warned Clay that it would be a Cossack patrol—out after him, probably. Menjinsky had doubtless discovered the loss of his new uniform; but he could not possibly mark it down for identification in a city where there were thousands of uniforms more or less like it. But Clay foresaw that he must not be seen in any equivocal circumstance. So he slid back and hugged the wall.

He was a person of importance. But was he as important tonight as he had been two years ago? Without hesitation he decided that he was more important. The peak of bloodthirstiness had been reached and passed. A few sober minds were trying to put Russia's house in order; murder was sporadic, no longer indiscriminate and wholesale. Nevertheless, batches could be accused of counter-revolution or of being White, and that was enough for those who could not get their fill of blood.

The first mad gesture was over, then; Sovietism was finding itself forced to reconstruct some of its airy notions. The tidal wave had strangely slumped at all the frontiers. Sovietism needed recognition out of economic necessities; and the easiest money lender was America. But if America got hold of the list, bang would go all doors, diplomatic, commercial and social. Yes, Clay considered himself politically far more important tonight than two years ago.

A hundred and twenty-one Americans, upon their lawful business, had been put to death without examination, without trial, in Petrograd, upon the signed order of the two dictators. And young Richardson had purloined this from Comrade Stalin's portfolio. Without the signatures there would have been excuses, crocodile tears, the plea that uncontrolled mobs committed acts for which there could be no forestallment. The braggadocio of those signatures, when the signers believed that the workers of the world would rise and follow the Red banner! Clay knew but little of what the world was doing or thinking, but ordinary common sense made manifest to him that America was still coldly aloof and that the signed list, given a fortunate wind, would serve to keep America aloof for an indeterminate number of years.

Presently silence returned to the street. Once more Clay got to the top of the wall, straddled it and dropped. And struck a woman, broadside, fleeing in the direction opposite to that taken by the marauding Cossacks.

III

THE impact sent them staggering apart. The woman fell to her knees. The wall stopped Clay from losing his balance. Only his body had been jarred. His brain, now as responsive as a taut fiddlestring to all scenes and actions, took the initiative instantly. He ran to the woman, caught her about the shoulders and raised her, one hand covering her mouth. She must not be permitted to scream.

(Continued on Page 101)

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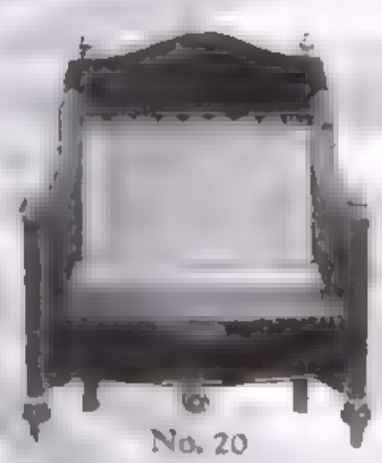

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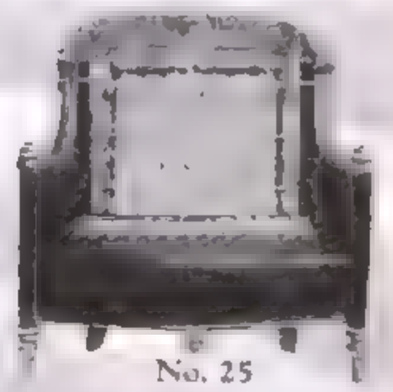

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THE NEW
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SUPER-SERVICE SOCKS

(Continued from Page 98)

"Silence!" he said in English. "I wish you no harm. Silence!"

The woman's struggle ceased abruptly. She pulled his hand aside.

"You are English?"—in a whisper.

His Anglo-Saxon tongue had betrayed him. But this chagrin was dissipated by an enveloping astonishment. The woman was speaking English too! An Englishwoman in Moscow; her chances were no better than his own if she were young and pretty. He could not tell what she looked like; the street here was so dark.

"Yes; I am English." That statement would do for the present. "You were fleeing what?"

"Cossacks. The house of my only friends was raided tonight. I alone escaped."

The quality of her tones made him doubt that her heart pumped any faster than his.

"And where do you wish to go?"

"Anywhere. I don't know. I am all alone now. I shouldn't have run if I had been sure that they would shoot me."

"I understand." Young and pretty. They didn't shoot young and pretty women in Moscow—not immediately. "I am a hunted man, but I will do what I can for you." So he threw the dice of fate.

Rage and irony bubbled within him. He knew precisely what had happened. Here was that damnable hidden wire. Oh, well; everything so far had gone too smoothly.

Subconsciously he had been expecting some kind of check. Russian, he would have abandoned her at once, but she was English and he must stand by. For all that, it was an infernal mischance.

"They are hunting you? But that uniform?"

"Borrowed. This night I escaped from the Petrovski Barracks."

"That is impossible!" she cried.

"So it sounds. So it seems now even to me"—moodily. "Alone, I could take chances, do things with risk ——"

"And I shall handicap you?" she interrupted.

"I do not say that. But this is a desperate venture."

"Well, I am desperate. If they catch us they will merely shoot you."

"There is no place I can take you?"

"None."

"Do you speak Russian?"

"Fluently." There was a little gurgle of wild laughter.

For him the situation became a little brighter. He could speak the language, but not for sustained conversational purposes; and more than this, his accent betrayed him instantly. He gripped her arm.

"Will you obey me utterly?"

"Yes."

"If any speak to us, you do the talking. I am dumb, but I can hear. And I am drunk—very drunk—theoretically. A drunken soldier with a woman is no unusual sight in Moscow."

"I promise to obey you in all things."

"Which way is west?"

She pointed. "If you can get me out of Moscow, perhaps then I can help you."

He had his doubts, but he did not express them. "Have you never tried to escape?"

"Without money it is not possible. And I have no money; I have nothing."

He began to like the sound of her voice; it had no wail or whine in it. Resolute—the resolution of one who had stood within the circle of death and who had now grown indifferent. She was young and pretty, but how young and pretty he would decide when the light was better.

"All right. If worse comes to worse, run; don't stand around and watch the fight. Let's get started. But take it easy. You are open to suspicion if you hurry."

"I know."

So they began to walk leisurely. But their glances roved incessantly from shadow to shadow, from corner to corner, their bodies tense.

Suddenly they were tested supremely. Out of a basement volleyed half a dozen soldiers uproariously. Clay instantly put his arm around the young woman and pretended drunkenness. He was hailed boisterously and offered a bottle.

"Go away with you!" the young woman cried. "Can't you see I am taking him home?"

The roisterers laughed, mockingly raised their caps and turned down the street, singing libidinously.

"Don't turn the first corner; turn the second," whispered Clay.

So the two of them weaved drunkenly from side to side for the length of two blocks. Then, temporarily out of danger, Clay stood erect while the young woman drew the back of her hand across her eyes.

"You are Russian," he said

"Yes. And you are not English; your accent isn't."

"That is true. I am an American."

"Fear makes liars of us, doesn't it? But no matter. You are American and I am Russian, and our chances are not very good."

"No. We must make the highway leading out of the western side, more thoroughly guarded than any other exit. More, we must pass the Petrovski Barracks. No, I am not very optimistic."

She took his hand and pressed it. "You are a brave man, and I shall try to be as brave as you are."

He was dreadfully discouraged, however. He could not abandon this brave young woman; and together there was little or no hope. She was Kitty Conover's breed; it was not possible to abandon her. Yet the luck of it was infernally tough. How was he to run, duck, scramble over walls and roofs, hide in noisome places, with this woman in her awkward skirts to haul after him? He recognized another disconcerting phase; ordinarily he would have become abnormally keen with such a situation unexpectedly thrust upon his inventiveness; instead, he was conscious only of the deepest depression.

"Come on," he said.

He linked her arm in his against the swift need of reacting the drunken scene and started forward briskly. They turned a corner and he came to a halt. Down the street, leaning rakishly toward the gutter, because of the hole in the center of the pavement, presumably the result of some bursting water main, was an automobile. As there were neither headlights nor tail light, Clay was convinced that the car was empty.

Thereupon came to him one of those vital inspirations which had borne him over many a turbulent sea. His depression vanished. Here was a chance—perhaps the only real chance—to get into this car and dash across town, eventually through the western barrier, to the free highway. He began to tremble. If the gas tank should be empty!

The advantage of the car would be incalculable. Nowhere would he be challenged except at the barrier. There he knew it would be a question of life or death. He had no papers of any kind, but if the guards at the western barrier were half as slipshod as elsewhere ——

He whispered his plan to his companion.

"I am in your hands," she replied simply. "After all, it were better to die in a rush than to be tortured slowly."

"Let us see, then, what luck will do for us."

He approached the car and inspected it. He could have laughed. It was a battered but serviceable old rounder. There was plenty of gas. More than that, there were sausages, bread and a bottle of vodka on the rear seat; war blankets too.

He looked thoughtfully at the windows of the house before which the car was parked. The second-story windows were alight. Actual pursuit would not be possible; yet the telephone —— But wait. Were telephones in private houses in working order these unmechanical times? To the devil with pros and cons! This was not the hour for reason; it was the hour for blind actions, no matter what the rules of the gods were.

"Get in," he whispered. "No, the seat beside the wheel. Now, remember, under no circumstance touch my arms or hands while I am driving. This may be our Elijah's chariot."

"You are a brave man."

"No, I'm only very fond of living."

He examined the door pockets and found a loaded automatic. That would come in handy. Next, he took the vodka bottle and uncorked it.

"Not that I need any Dutch courage, but a bracer won't do any harm."

"Drink. It will warm you and ease your hunger."

He gulped a mouthful, smothered a strangling cough, then switched the starter. The car hiccuped a few times, possibly in sympathy with its driver, and lurched away from the gutter. It gained speed. Bumbling and rumbling, the curtains flapping like crow's wings, the sturdy little engine carried the fugitives along at thirty miles an hour. In a little while they emerged into a broad street—the Petrovski Boulevard. It was one of the few left not ruined completely by neglect. From this they entered a narrower street the name of which he did not know, but he did know that it proceeded due west, toward the barrier.

"Get down, out of sight," he commanded. "Take this pistol. If we are stopped ——"

"Yes, yes! I'll know what to do with it. Thank you." She kissed his sleeve, then slid off the seat in a huddle.

A number of plans for riding the barrier offered themselves, but he dismissed them all in favor of furious speed. The guards would not be prepared for boldness of such caliber.

Before the hypnosis of surprise was over, Clay purposed to be too far away for accurate shooting—a chance, one out of a million mischances. If the barrier was something more than military, he was done.

"Sit tight," he shouted to the girl, "and say a bit of a prayer for me!" Under his breath he said: "Good-by, darling Kitty; God always guard you. Molly, we may meet again."

The soldiers at the barrier, it being late, were busy cooking something over an open fire. Only one stood sentinel. As this one saw the car approaching, he casually held out his musket, a signal to halt for examination. A moment later his gun flew into the air and he himself reeled into the ditch, yelling. The other soldiers rushed for their guns and began shooting. But Clay's imagination had written for him precisely what would happen. The bullets went wild and he and the unknown young woman were on the highway, free.

IV

THE night was bitter cold, the wind sharp, for it was the first week in May. All the highways out of Moscow were in scarcely a usable condition, ruts and mudholes alternating with disheartening regularity—the actual and the allegorical route over which Sovietism had to pass. In establishing their political Elysium, the Reds had not yet arrived at the point of recognizing material necessities. Nothing earthly is a necessity during a nightmare.

The young woman had crawled back into her seat and was hanging on grimly to the top supports. The sidepieces snapped like pistol shots or drummed like distant thunder. Sometimes a jolt of a pit all but threw the wheel out of Clay's hands. He had to reckon forty miles; then he would ditch the car and seek on foot the deserted farmhouse which would be the mysterious Samson's first signpost. He had just slipped through death's fingers and was too numb with astonishment to think clearly about the future and the incredible obstacles which might be offered him. There were other cars in Moscow—big powerful machines—so he must put what distance he could between now and the beginning of the pursuit. The Reds would not only want him because his freedom meant political menace; they would equally desire him for his audacity. Their vanity and conceit had been badly mauled. He had walked out of the Petrovski Barracks—the impossible!—and on the same

Continued on Page 103

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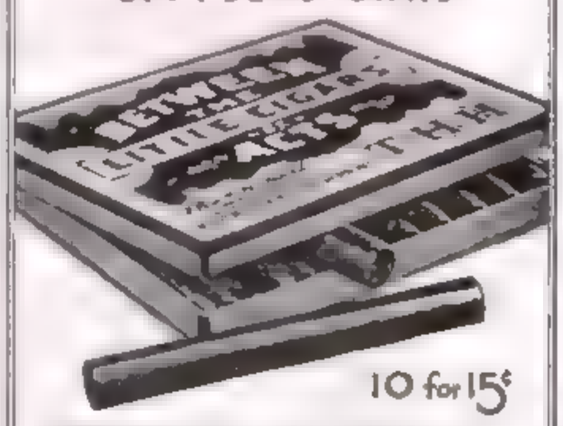

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After every meal

I-55

(Continued from Page 101)

night had driven out of the guarded city—the incredible! Oh, they would be after him. They were humorless, and a humorless man was never a sportsman.

"All right?" he cried without turning.

"Yes!" the girl shouted back.

"Good girl!" he thought. But all the same he wished he had not stumbled upon her. To think and act for two in what might become seven hundred miles of blind alleys was not a comforting thought. Safety was yonder, but without definite indications by which to reach it, and hunger on the side of the Reds. Then he remembered.

"Get the bread and sausage on the rear seat."

She obeyed the order immediately but not without difficulties. "Break off a piece of sausage and put it in my mouth, and take a bite for yourself."

The taste of meat invigorated his mind before it did his body. What had been going on in the world he had once known? Two years, from one prison to another, his ears pelted with what he knew to be lies. The United States had gone Soviet; Great Britain had gone Soviet; France was tottering, Germany, Italy. No newspaper had fallen into his hands. What news he had received had been oral, usually from poor devils who knew no more than he did.

Suddenly he took notice of a sinister fact. The firmament had subtly vanished; no stars were now to be seen. The windshield was growing misty. He was headed west, he was sure, but if rain and mist came down, his mental compass would cease to function. He was fifteen miles out of the city; twenty-five miles more, with a fine chance of taking the wrong fork in the road. One thought he must persist in sturdily—from now on he must keep all doubt at arm's length—he was going to reach Poland, with Samson's help or without it.

On, on, banging and bumping, wordless. Neither Clay nor the girl had a timepiece and were equally ignorant of the hour. He had to compute time by the mileage. Miles, not hours, counted. His body, so long undernourished, ached; resilience was gone out of him. When he was free again—if ever this happened—he would be an old man, ready for the chair in the sunshine—a garrulous, reminiscent old man. He was fifty-six.

All through his imprisonment he had had only one dream—to cease playing the good Samaritan, to hang up his chivalry definitely, to pitch his political creeds into the sea—in fine, to quit the great game, to barricade himself against all other interests save his own. Ten years, perhaps, of solid comforts, of pleasant and desultory literary endeavors, a lecture occasionally before some geographical society, the opera, the play. The old eagle would roost out the remainder of his days.

Rain, fine and chill, began to percolate through the mist.

"Look behind from time to time and tell me if you see any headlights."

"I have been watching. I have seen no lights."

"Put one of those blankets around your shoulders."

He had not looked at her except obliquely. What an ironic world! If Kitty had been beside him he could not have done any more for her than he had so far done for this unknown Russian girl. And this thought sent him into another realm of speculation. Just suppose he, instead of happy-go-lucky Conover, had married Molly—Kitty's mother. Was he as constant as he supposed himself to be? Was his constancy merely an accident? He was always set in the middle of confusion when he thought of Kitty. Did he love her because she was Molly's child, or was his love something other than fatherly? He never could decide. That was the queer torture of it. Did he not always thrill at the conjured picture of Kitty? He had no right to be puzzled. Kitty was married and happy and rich. If Kitty had a daughter, and he lived long enough, would he fall in love with her? He laughed aloud.

His companion peered at him with troubled eyes. "You laugh?"

"Over a fool thought. For a moment I was thousands of miles from here."

From time to time highways intersected the one they thundered along, but none of them ever tempted Clay. Westward, always westward. The speedometer rocked, the mileage climbed. It was not possible to go more than twenty miles an hour. The car was willing enough, but the conditions of the road would not permit real speed. The lurching and dipping were continual. Clay feared that at any moment they might be tossed into the ditch. There was one comfort—if he could not drive fast, no one else could.

"All right?" he repeated.

"Yes."

When the car registered a distance of thirty-nine miles, he suddenly found himself metaphorically in the air. There was enough gas and oil to carry him thirty or forty miles farther. But at the end of these forty miles, what? Somewhere within the radius of three or four miles would be Samson's first signpost—a ruined farmhouse. If he missed that —— Resolutely he swept his "ifs" away. He would take the road to Samson's. He must not grow afraid of his luck.

He explained the situation to the girl.

"You understand?"

"Yes. That will be our best chance."

"And if we miss it?"—trying her out.

"Then we shall miss it. But you will find it. See what miracles have already happened!"

"You're a woman and your strength is not equal to mine."

"I shall go as far as I can—then I shall go a little farther."

Just the way Kitty would have spoken.

A mile beyond this point he stopped the car. Under his blouse he packed the remains of the bread and sausage and threw the second blanket across his shoulders. During these actions the girl walked around to the front of the car.

Presently he shouted "Stand aside!"

She had the faculty of obeying without question. He then turned out the lights, gave the wheel a twist, and threw on the power. The car went forward violently and careened into the ditch. The engine panted furiously for a minute, then died.

But Clay had seen the young woman's face in the revealing headlights. Tragic beauty, marble; it reminded him of Doré's Francesca.

V

THE sudden enveloping darkness which fell upon the disappearance of the lights naturally created a momentary blindness, and Clay and the girl had to grope for each other. As he took her hand he began at once to walk in the direction from which they had come.

"You are going the wrong way!" cried the girl apprehensively, pulling back.

"No. But if the pursuers observe these tracks it will confuse them for a while. It will take them some time to discover which way we have gone."

"Ah! I understand."

After going some hundred yards, he reversed, returning once more to the car.

"I believe I'll give the car another search."

Which he immediately proceeded to do, with the result that he salvaged an electric torch in good condition.

"Young woman, sometimes I'm convinced that I am in a dream. It all goes too smoothly. A daydream wherein everything turns out just as you want it to."

She did not reply but waited for his next move.

"What we have gone through is only the half of it. We've had excitement and recklessness to buoy us up. Now we are going to have nothing but miles and miles of mud. The frost has only just gone from the earth. We must hide, go thirsty and hungry; we are going to be horribly dulled and bedraggled. We may even reach the point where we shall agree to enter some village and give ourselves up. I don't want you to have any illusions about this affair." Illusions! The young woman smiled ironically in the dark. Clay went on: "Samson's underground railway is somewhere near by. But to find it in the dark is going to be very difficult, and we cannot afford to be seen hereabouts in the daylight. The mist and rain are on our side."

"You paint it darkly."

"So that our hopes will not have far to fall. We shall be a long time together. What shall I call you?"

"Olga. And what shall I call you?"

"Cutty." To hear again that old familiar nickname, a woman's voice to utter it!

"Cutty? What does that mean?"

"It is a nickname."

"Nickname?"

"*Nom de nique.*"

"*Tendresse?*"

"Yes. Applied to me by my dear friends. Cutty is a certain style of tobacco pipe."

"*Nom du pipe! Nom du pipe!*" she cried. "That's it—'name of a pipe.'"

She laughed. "Then I have become a dear friend?"

"If you wish."

"Oh, I wish it. So long it is since I have met one of my kind, Cutty." He heard a break in her voice. "There are other hungers. In Moscow I lived with loyal old servants, now suspects."

"Come along, then. Half a mile west, then south two miles. We must find a ruined farmhouse."

"There are so many, so many!"

"But one day this tidal wave of political madness will recede. Remember France."

"I remember. But the French peasant had imagination, and the Russian has none. It will be a long time."

The fields were ankle-deep in spongy mud. The going was very hard. Occasionally they were forced to halt. Their greatest danger lay in losing true direction. In a mist the sense of direction became a hesitant thing. It was not improbable, in such atmospheric conditions, for them to turn and circle.

"I believe I could do better," said Olga, "without the blanket. It impedes me considerably."

"Give it to me, then."

Cutty rolled the blanket with military deftness and threw it across his shoulders. He wondered how far he would be able to maintain his present stride. For each step he had to burn up energy enough for three. How many steps to the mile—two thousand? Four thousand strides, then, even if he were marching directly toward the farmhouse. A beefsteak, fried sweet potatoes ——

"Do you ever dream of food?" he called over his shoulder.

"Oh, yes. But it is dangerous."

"Call to me whenever you wish to rest."

They floundered on through the mud, which was sometimes halfway to their knees. When she called out "Please!" they would halt. In no direction could they see anything. There was always the possibility of her body pulling down her pluck; she might sink without his hearing her. Yet he dared not give her the lead. His sense of direction would excel hers; he had had to test it so many times, blindly. Every little while he turned on the torch, hoping he might see footprints. The going out of the frost had obliterated them, or he might not be on the trail. After a while his mind began to grow dull along with his body. He was resolving into a bit of living mechanism which, wound up, had not yet run down. The main thing for the present was to put one foot before the other. If only he had a watch; some notion of time would help him.

"Please!"

He halted without turning. The rain had doubled the weight of the blankets; yet he dared not throw one away. He counted up to a hundred and twenty.

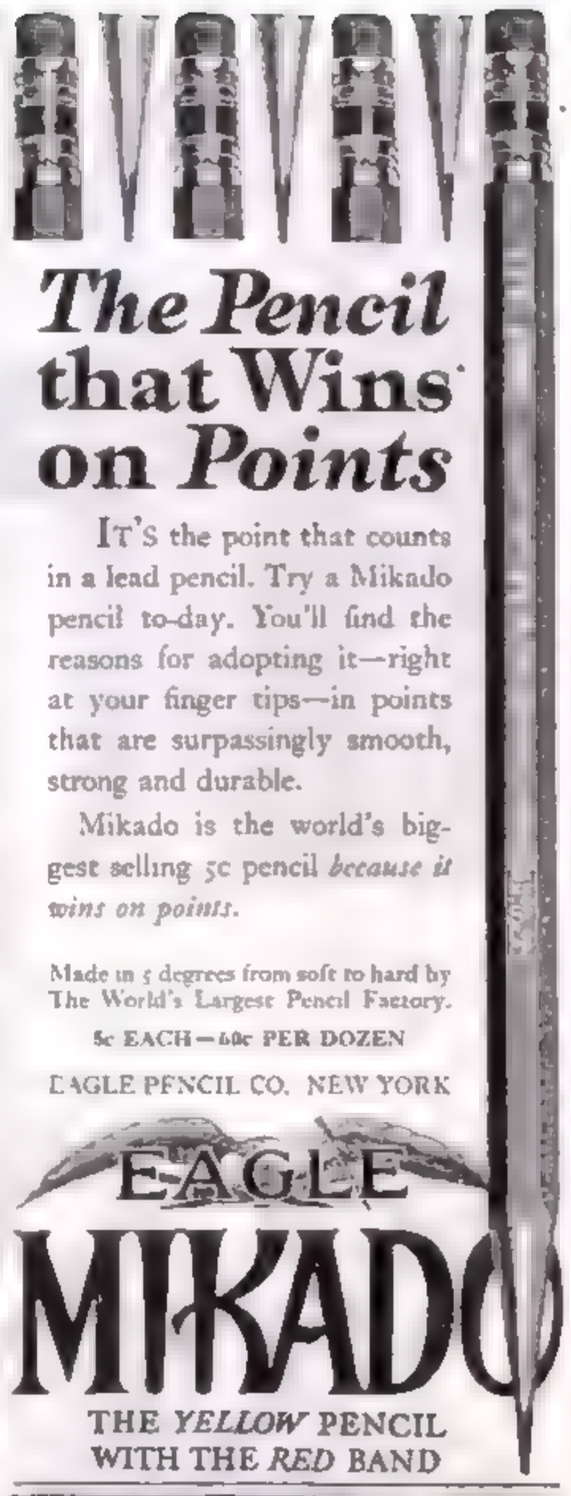
"Ready!"

Once more they moved onward. They must. They were now willing their movements.

Perhaps ten minutes later the girl cried out: "There's a farmhouse!"

"Where?"

(Continued on Page 105)



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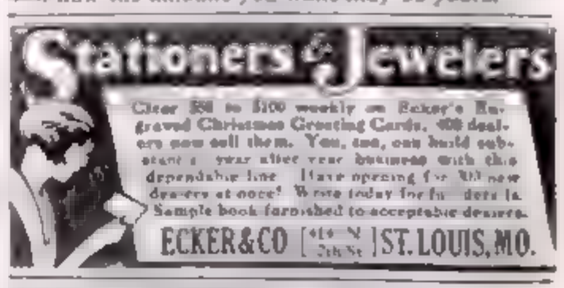
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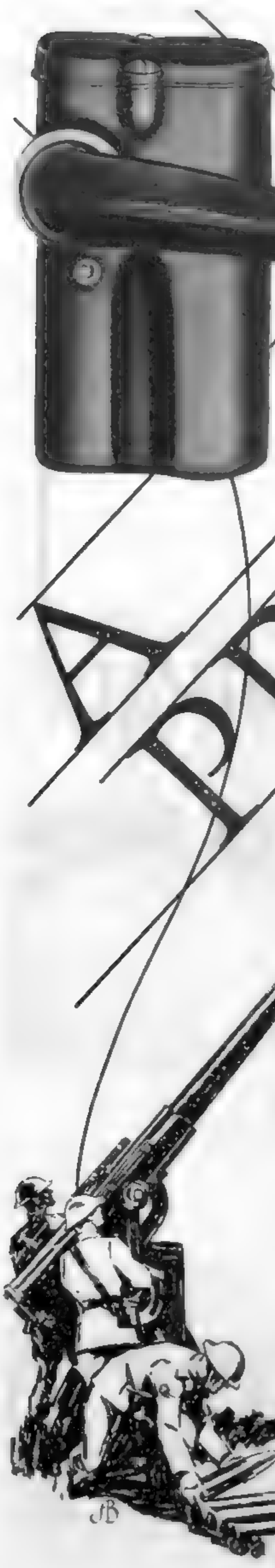

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(Continued from Page 103)

"To your right. Another minute and we should have passed it. There! Do you see it?"

Cutty stared dully, then got out the torch. Barely five feet to the right he discovered a wall of field stone. The black square patch in this wall was a frameless window.

"What was the sign?"

"I don't know. But if this is Samson's farmhouse I'll find the sign."

He became alive again, at least mentally. The house was a war relic, but the roof was still over the main room. The cattle shed was a rubble of wood and stone. The Russian stove was absent. There was, however, a cooking fireplace, but there were no andirons or cranes. He examined all the outside walls, but found no sign of Samson. Well, that could wait. Just now he wanted to lie down.

He began his preparations for the night by hanging the two blankets, one across the doorway which had no door and the other over the window which had no glass. During these actions Olga held the torch.

"Now, let me have the torch," he said. "I'll hunt around for something to make a fire with."

His foraging resulted in the finding of a rusted hatchet. He wet this in the rain and ground the edges on the stone hearth. Next he ripped out the broken door and frame at the rear and began to chop them into pieces, which was difficult, the wood being tough and the hatchet dull. Again Olga held the torch.

The man fascinated her. Several times his lean handsome face entered the beam of light. The iron-gray hair, thick and wavy, on his chin and cheeks the salt-and-pepper stubble of three days, eyes which seemed startlingly blue in the artificial light. Middle-aged, yet formidable, for he had passed through incredible episodes this night. He was ready to attack all obstacles, seemingly aware of how they should be attacked—blankets over door and window, so that there would be no light visible on the north side. A reservoir of energy so deep that he could draw upon it after such a ride and such a walk! She had known famous soldiers and princes, famous artists and writers; yet never before had a man such as this one entered the circle of her existence. Whimsically she put him into evening clothes, with a ribbon in his buttonhole; his picturesque dignity stood him among all the highborn men she had known. This far-off America, of which she knew so little—it bred men like this, then? A man.

Cutty knelt to hack out the tinder. This done, he stood up.

"I'm tired," he said, rubbing his weary arms.

"Is there anything I can do?"

"Yes."

"What?"

"Smile."

She put a hand over her eyes and held it there for a moment. "I can't! I believed that all men like you had passed out of this world. Oh, I can laugh—an empty sort of thing—but I have forgotten how to smile."

"That will come again when all this is behind you. Hold the torch while I build the fire. Then we'll eat Comrade Somebody's bread and sausage. Did you ever hear of Comrade Menjinsky?"

"Of the Ogpu—the Tcheka?" Olga shuddered. "Yes."

"Well, these are his new clothes, and I shall use his matches to light the tinder. Funny old world, isn't it?"

Now that he had grown accustomed to her voice, he could detect the velvet accent which the educated Russian always puts into spoken English.

"You tell me that this night you walked out of the Petrovski Barracks. How?"

He arranged his fuel and applied the match. Assured that it would carry on, he rose and turned to her.

"At the Petrovski—at all the prisons and barracks—they have a pleasant habit of calling you out when you least expect it. Sometimes just before supper; sometimes when you are asleep. To take you away from your food, to take you away from your sleep, and put you to the wall—*humoresque*. Always on these occasions a truck enters the gate to carry away the dead. Sometimes the gate is not closed after the truck rolls in. That every man is equal—or suddenly finds himself equal—in the material sense makes the soldier a very poor watchman. Each expects the other to do the hard work. When an officer is not superior to his men. . . . Tonight I walked out with the condemned. The parade at the Petrovski is not very well lighted at night. Some coal shoveler has become the electrical engineer. Naturally all the soldiers on guard wanted to see the fun. I quietly stepped out of line, walked toward the gate and here I am. The more incredible a bluff is, the more likely it is to win."

"Like that!"—in utter astonishment.

"Precisely!" He smiled. "Of course they discovered my *coup* before I was out of sight. Slovenly soldiers do not shoot well."

"Why did they arrest you, an American?"

"I knew too much."

"Why, then, did they not shoot you?"

"I possessed something they wanted, but I did not have it when they caught me. If I would give them what I had they would let me go. But I knew something of the Soviet promise. They would have given me freedom, yes—via the wall. But all this will change. Humanity really never goes back. Sometimes it stops and the past rolls over it, buffeting it into temporary madness. Then it goes on. Some day Russia will be habitable again and the samovar will bubble peacefully over the land. Now, then, sit down before the fire and take off those shoes. I'll find something to clean them with."

She sat down on the hearth side and took off her shoes. She knew that always she would obey this man.

He did not take the shoes at once but gave her her share of bread and sausage and squatted at the opposite side of the fire. Together they munched the food hungrily. Whenever their eyes met he smiled. Where the rear door had been the rain sparkled like rubies.

"Are your stockings wet?" he asked.

"Only the feet."

"Hold them toward the blaze. Take them off."

Then he began cleaning her shoes, using a chip of wood. She was dressed in wool—clothes and stockings—which was good, and her shoes were stout sensible things. Probably all she had on was borrowed. Hunted and moneyless; too beautiful for the wall. Later he would ask her questions. Having finished her shoes and laid them sideways before the fire, he pulled off his boots—and a job this was!—and began cleaning them.

"Feet dry?"

"I believe so."

"Then go to sleep," he ordered.

"But you?"

"Oh, I must keep an eye open for an hour or so. I am going to be very suspicious of everything till we find this chap Samson."

"And you do not know the sign?"

"I'll find it tomorrow."

And she knew he would. She curled her bare legs under her, twisted sideways toward the flames and closed her eyes.

Cutty was in earnest regarding the need of wakefulness for an hour or more. So he fell to the task of drying his clothes and replenishing the fire. There was enough wood to carry on till dawn. His legs, his torso, his neck, his arms—everywhere there was an ache. For all that, he had done pretty well for an old codger.

He could not keep his gaze from wandering toward Olga. Mysteries always tantalized him. His imagination set her in many scenes and in none of these did she fail to stand out. One of the old régime, without home, penniless, unless she put her hands to moneyed tasks. She was singularly beautiful at this moment, one pale cheek incarnadined by the fire, the other touched by sapphire shadow. Poor child! That sleep of hers would be mostly exhaustion. It occurred to him that she must have passed through many hells to accept tonight's adventures so calmly. He had observed in the histories of all revolutions the fact that the nobly born were noblest only in adversity.

He drew out Kitty's belt and found his precious list exactly where he had secreted it two years ago. Kitty! Nearly five years since he had laid eyes on her; four years, almost, since he had heard from her. He stuffed the belt inside his blouse. It was talisman, and some day, if he lived, he would hang it over his mantel and never tell the story.

Sleep. He fought it determinedly, then less determinedly; then recklessly surrendered.

He sat up, his eyes open, his stiff body alert. What was it? He had heard something. The red embers of the fire filled the room with mellow shadows. He could have sworn that he had heard a woman's voice. He looked across at Olga. She was deep in slumber. Then his gaze shifted toward the empty doorway athwart which fell the rain.

"Kitty!" he cried, springing up. He saw her there in the rain, dimly, like one of those double exposures at the cinema—saw her and heard her! "Cutty—Cutty, where are you? I need you!"

He stumbled toward the doorway but found only the rain, dully pattering.

"What is it?" he heard Olga ask affrightedly.

"Nightmare," he said.

But he knew that he had been confronted by a peculiar phenomenon—a phenomenon which was not in accord with the facts of life as he knew them.

VI

THE apparition of Kitty in the rain-plashed doorway and the perfectly human sound of her cry disturbed Cutty, bewildered him.

"Reaction to the events of the night," he explained to the perturbed Olga. "Having lived in nightmares, I am beginning to have them in my dreams."

He knew that the explanation was lame. He had never had a nightmare in all his life, so far as he could remember.

"You gave such a strange cry," said Olga.

"Asleep on my feet, and the rain awoke me."

He went back to the fire, renewed it, and rearranged the boots and shoes and stockings.

"I am rested," said Olga. "Let me stand guard."

"That would be a waste of time. It will take me an hour to get sleepy again. I believe now that we are safe. Perhaps the rain will break before dawn. Now go to sleep."

Olga composed herself for sleep. She had no reason to question his explanation. She had heard only his cry; the sense of it had not touched her sleep-dulled ears. The alarm having been dissipated, she quickly fell back into oblivion.

Cutty sat down again, folding his arms around his knees. He wanted to think. It was necessary for his peace of mind to take this phenomenon and turn it around, to examine all sides of it. He had seen Kitty dimly, but her voice had had the human quality of Olga's. He had not been dreaming; he had not awakened with a dream still bemusing him; he had rushed to the doorway as fully awake as he was this minute.

What had happened? He could not say. He had no belief in mental telepathy or spiritualism or faith cures; such twaddle was for fools to dally with. All his life he had governed his thoughts and actions by facts. What he could not see or hear or feel were not facts. He was romantic, but all his romance grew out of facts, as a tulip grew out of its substantial bulb. He was neither agnostic nor atheistic; he believed in God, but was indifferent to religions. Sometimes the world was beautiful;

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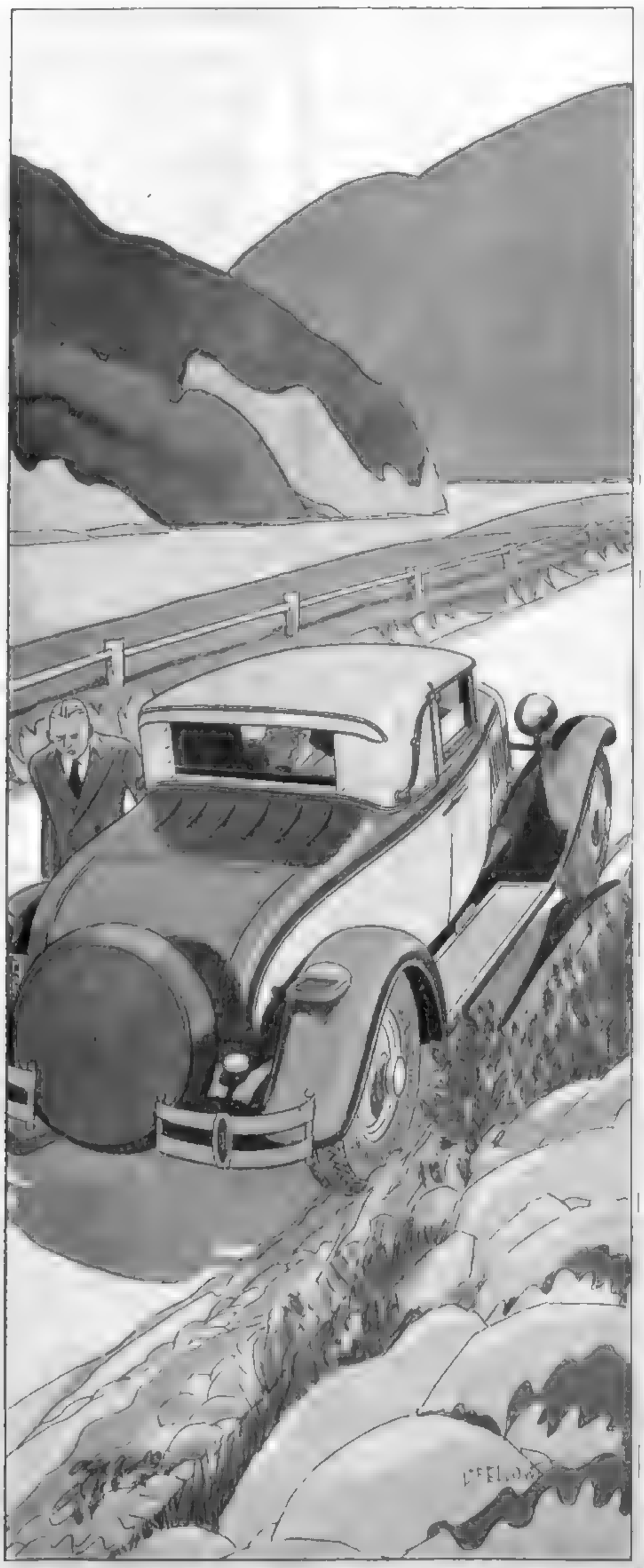


"I knew it was that left rear that blew . —all the others are Kelly-Springfields."

sometimes it was horrid; he accepted the one and the other as the mysterious manifestation of God and had long since understood the futility of trying to analyze what it was evident God always intended to remain mysterious.

A voice had awakened him; he knew it now to have been Kitty's. Awake, he had heard it again; and awake, he had seen the vision in the doorway—a fact which could not be analyzed and in turn produced the phenomenon. An overwrought imagination might have given shape to this phenomenon, but his imagination had been quiescent; only his body had been overwrought. He raised a hand and plowed the fingers through his hair in utter perplexity. Olga had heard him, but she had heard no other sound. Sleepwalking? He had fallen asleep thinking of Kitty. Suddenly, then, he had begun to dream, with this puzzling result? Yet Olga's voice had not startled him as it would have done had he been walking in his sleep.

Old wives would have translated the phenomenon for him—Kitty was in trouble, danger. But old wives' tales made him laugh. Sleepwalking—there was no other solution. Yet so poignantly real had been the picture and the voice!

He got up and prowled about silently. He pulled the door blanket aside two inches and peered out. Black night. How could Kitty be in trouble—young, happy in love, rich? What trouble could she possibly know that money or love could not dissipate? She had married one of the last of the grand dukes, handsome, buoyant, with a tidy fortune plucked out of ruin. Now John Hawksley, American citizen, who, with a bag of negotiable bonds and precious stones and two magnificent emeralds known as the Drums of Jeopardy, had climbed into Kitty Conover's kitchen and into her heart one stormy night five years ago! What could happen to her that she should call to him half across the world?

He shrugged. Sleepwalking. What an old fool he was! In essence, he had not noticed the transition from sleep to wakefulness. Nevertheless, he would remember the date—the fourth of May. He returned to his seat at the side of the fire and closed his eyes. He was very, very tired.

A hand fell lightly on his shoulder. Olga was standing over him. It had ceased to rain; dawn was tinting the Scotch mist which still lay upon the wet earth. Cutty rubbed his eyes with his chapped knuckles and, as yet only half awake, quite naturally sniffed for the Petrovski Barracks soup. Then his brain cleared and the incredible night's events crowded into his thoughts. He and this beautiful unknown woman who stared down at him curiously!

"I believe I have discovered something," she announced. "I've been looking about the walls with your torch."

"What did you find?"

Cutty got up by a series of grimaces and twists. So far he had escaped the bane of middle age—rheumatism—but here was a most promising start.

"The sign you are looking for. I may be wrong. But come and see."

His interest became alive. He limped after her to the far wall, followed the line of her finger and saw, scratched on the plaster, perhaps by a nail, what appeared to be a horizontal line. Presently it took the shape of an arrow and pointed south. At the end of this arrow was the letter S.

"There's reading below it—Russian. What does it say?"

"Thirty versta, southwest."

"And I'd have muffed it completely! Good girl! But I wish it said what's at the end of these thirty versta, or nineteen-odd miles. That's a long hike."

"Surely, you're not complaining!"

He smiled. "It's the way we old codgers have. Perhaps I had some notion of a limousine or an airplane. The sun will be out today. The mist will soon be gone. We'll be dry. Now, breakfast."

He divided the last of the bread and sausage. They ate quickly and with supreme relish.

"You don't know anything about this part of the country?"

"No," she answered. "Only what I've seen from trains."

"I see. But certainly that must be the sign. Probably it directs us to another farm where someone lives. And we've got to convince them that we are all right—without the password. Anyhow, we are getting away from the railroads—that is, if we don't have to go too far south. I'll pull on those boots."

This task done—a task which required both patience and strength—Cutty rolled the blankets, inclosing in one of them chips enough to start a fire.

Olga watched these actions placidly but with bright interest. It seemed an eternity since she had felt confidence in any human being, and her confidence in this man was absolute. She liked his being middle-aged, that his hair was gray—a young man would always be remembering that she was a young woman.

Fifteen minutes later they were on the way. Cutty was able to get a general idea where the north lay and he was fairly confident that he could keep a true southwest line for at least nineteen miles or so. He was stiff at first, but a mile or so took that out of his muscles. The girl strode beside him valiantly. The mist was whitening perceptibly, but it was still thick enough to give each to the other the insubstantiality of phantoms. Silver puddles dotted the field. The air, if cold and earthy, was none the less sweet. An hour on the way, then suddenly a tree loomed up before them, another; presently they found themselves entering a forest. The green mold on the trees established for Cutty his true north.

"How beautiful!" cried Olga. "It is like walking through water. You can't see the tree tops."

"Hush!" said Cutty, cupping an ear. "Good! I hear water."

They soon came upon the stream, drank and bathed their faces. After this refreshment they stepped along more briskly. Their hearts began to sing "Free, free!" Gradually the mist thinned; it became ribbons of mother of pearl; began to twist and curl in the morning breeze. A raucous calling burst out above them—crows. A hare pattered over the sodden brown leaves. The swollen buds became visible. Life—life which had no sinister portents—was stirring about them. Soon the tree tops came into view, patches of sky. When the forest came to an end and they were again in the muddy fields, the sun was in the east, a burning opal.

"It does not seem possible—last night!" she cried.

"Smile," said he whimsically. Queer, how one's point of view was always veering. Last night when, in the rarest kind of an accident, he had bumped into her, he had looked upon her as an infernal nuisance. He now accepted her as a first-rate comrade, someone he could depend upon in a pinch. "Smile; try it." Her lips went up at the corners and he laughed. "Now do that every time I tell you to."

"I didn't know that I could."

"How long were you cooped up in Moscow?"

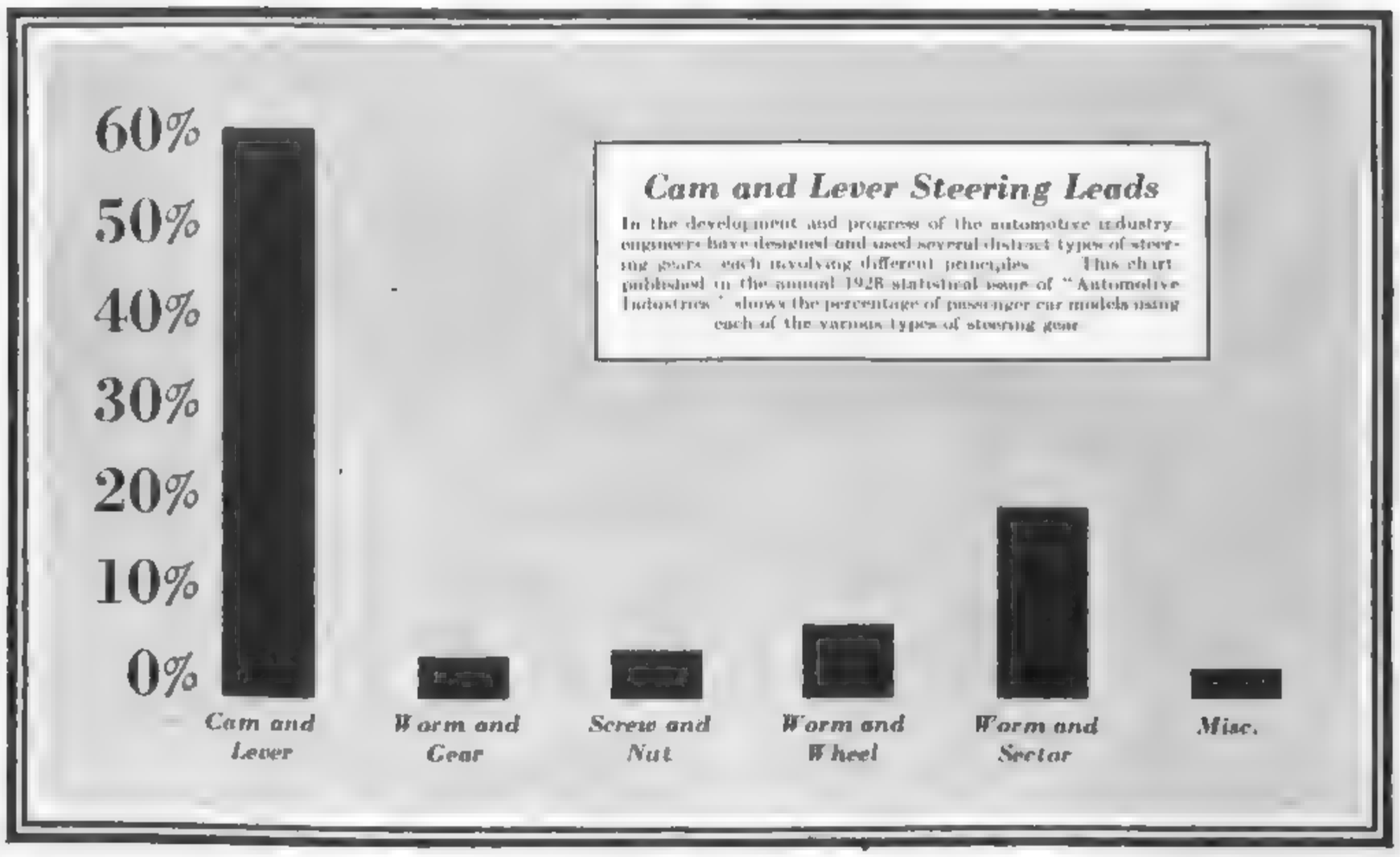
"Cooped?" There were still some English words that went over her head.

"I mean, shut in," Cutty explained.

"Oh. A little while after the revolution became a fact. Many of us thought that Moscow would escape, or at least be lightly touched." Olga gave her shoulders a tilt. "We were wrong. My friends—those who kindly sheltered me—are probably in prison. One had to do more than sing the *Internationale*. Is there anything you would like to ask me?"

"Not now. I know enough. Before we say good-by to each other you will tell me who you are. Whenever you are tired, don't be afraid to speak. All this looks as safe as a desert. I wish there was a good bit of rise somewhere, so that I could get a look-see. Another forest, over there. Spring and not a plowman anywhere to be seen!"

(Continued on Page 102)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(Continued from Page 106)

He stopped in his tracks, a startled expression on his face.

"What is it?" asked Olga, who never ceased to watch him.

"A thought—not a pleasant one. It gave me a twist. But it has no relation to our present condition."

Dead! Why, to Kitty and to all who knew him, he must be dead! Washington alone would wait the full five years before his name was crossed from the roll, but Washington had no doubt privately buried him. Damn chilling sensation—to be given up for dead. This poor girl too. If beyond the frontiers of Chaos she had any friends she would be written down as dead. Ah, yes. There was one who would hang on to hope till the crack of doom—Kuroki, his funny Jap boy. Cutty was glad that he had arranged with his attorneys to turn over certain sums to Kuroki—his salary and the running expenses of the apartments. So long as these funds did not cease to arrive Kuroki would go on believing. Five years. Cutty had given orders to the department and to his attorneys never to consider him dead till these five years of utter silence had expired, and he had been silent less than three. Kuroki—funny codger. If he, Cutty, walked in upon him tomorrow, Kuroki would ask no questions but would pick up his sartorial and general household duties where he had been forced to drop them. The picture drew a chuckle from Cutty and he waved to Olga to come on.

It was afternoon when they saw a village ahead. Cutty halted and for several minutes he studied the little cluster of houses and the near-by fields. Not a sign of life—no smoke from the chimneys; not even the foraging crow wheeled above the village. He signed to Olga and they boldly approached, to find the place pillage-battered and deserted. In the ditches lay several field guns, red with rust, their carriages broken, where the returning soldiers had flung them on their triumphant revolutionary march to Moscow. Probably they had made rubble of the village for the pure sport of it, then had ditched the guns. No more soldiering, no more work; the millennium had arrived. Thorough inspection of the village proved to Cutty that war itself had not come in this direction. Wanton destruction. He returned to Olga, who was resting on a cannon.

"Another sign—a few versts along this road, west. No telegraph poles. We may find some difficulty in discovering the next direction. Rested?"

"Yes."

"Come along, then. A dead village isn't pleasant to contemplate. We must spend the night somewhere."

She wasn't a woman to him, young and attractive; she was merely a human being which fate had ironically thrown upon his care, something slightly preferable to silence. And yet if he had been a young man she would have been grateful for his apparent obliviousness to her sex. Her subtle resentment was inexplicable. Kitty—who was this woman he had called out to in his sleep?

It is certain that if she had asked him this question he would have readily and frankly answered it. There was nothing to conceal. Indeed, more than once that morning he had been on the verge of acquainting her with the peculiarity of the dream, how it had merged into wakefulness without his being able to tell where. Of course, it was all nonsense that he had seen Kitty, that he had heard her voice calling to him. That he hadn't told the girl was due to that male inhibition against appearing ridiculous. He hated to confess that a hard-headed old codger such as he was should get his reason fuddled by a dream.

On the other hand, he was elated to think that they had come fourteen out of the nineteen miles on the way to Samson's. This underground railway was not known to the Reds; of this Cutty was certain. His information had come to him in light whispers uttered in German from a man who also expected to escape Russia through Samson's aid. But there had been, aside from the farm, nothing definite to go by. If one found the sign, good for him. Perhaps that was the whole story. You were directed to the farm; after that it was up to your patience and your powers of observation. Samson had to guard himself, even in his kindness, and it appeared that he was nearly perfectly safe from surprise.

Four miles and a half out of the village, Olga touched Cutty's arm.

"Look!"

Cutty, feeling that he might safely relax his vigilance, had been plodding along in a daydream, Kitty and beefsteaks and Kuroki in a mental *potage*. Afar in the field to the southwest he saw a man and a horse. The man was plowing. Cutty reckoned that the stretch of gleaming loam about marked the end of the remaining versts.

"Olga, this will be your bit."

"What do you want me to do?"

"Approach this farmer and boldly ask him where Samson is. Tell him the truth—that I have escaped from the Petrovski and that Menjinsky's Ogpu are hunting us."

"You will follow closely?"

"On your heels. I can't carry on a conversation in Russian."

The peasant had a face as flat and expressionless as a printed map, but his eyes were sharp and his shoulders broad.

A change came over Olga. Cutty saw it distinctly. Boyar and serf—something like that. She spoke rapidly and with authority, and the peasant released the plow handles and pulled off his cap.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The Enchanted People

IT CAME, it came again, to the scented garden,
The call that they would not heed,
A clear wild note far up on the hills above them,
Blown on an elfin reed.

From the heath in the hidden dells of a moorland people
It came so crystal clear
That they could not help a moment's pause on their pathways,
They could not choose but hear.

The very blackbird, perched on the wall by cherries
Ripe at the end of June,
Made never a stir through all of his glossy body,
Learning that unknown tune.

Two rabbits paused midway between fear and wonder,
Not knowing whether to run
Or whether to find their way to the heathery upland,
Far up, facing the sun.

They needs must hear as they walked in their valley garden,
Surely they needs must heed
That it came from a folk as magical and as enchanted
As ever blew upon reed.

Surely they must arise in the heavy valley,
Sleepy with years of night,
And go to the old immortal things out of fable
That danced young on the height.

But the moss was black and old on the paths about them,
And the weeds were old and deep,
And they could not remember who were high on the uplands;
And they needed sleep.

And they thought that a day might come when someone would call them
With a song more loud and plain.
And the call rang past like birds going over a desert,
And it never came again.

—*Lord Dunsany.*

Tip-Top

the only moderately priced wrist-watch with Krack-proof Krystal and silver dial

$3.50

Radium dial $4.00

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TIP-TOP has many features you'd expect to find only in high-priced watches—octagon design, back and crown of chromium plate, silver or radium dial, sunken second dial, artistic hands and numerals. Its dial is set at an angle, an exclusive feature, making it possible to wear Tip-Top on either side of the wrist.

Tip-Top is made for service. Has a genuine Krack-proof Krystal, dust-proof case and pigskin strap that's made to last. Silver dial for $3.50 or radium for $4.00.

There is also the standard Tip-Top Pocket Watch for $1.50, radium dial $2.25. It has many refinements such as octagon design, silver dial and Krack-proof Krystal.

The new Tip-Top Quintet, shown below, is a watch you'll be proud to own. Has a handsome chromium-plated case beautifully chased on front and back—silver dial with either raised or radium numerals and a Krack-proof Krystal. Costs only $2.00 with raised numerals, or $2.50 with radium.

Prices slightly higher in Canada

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New Haven, Conn.

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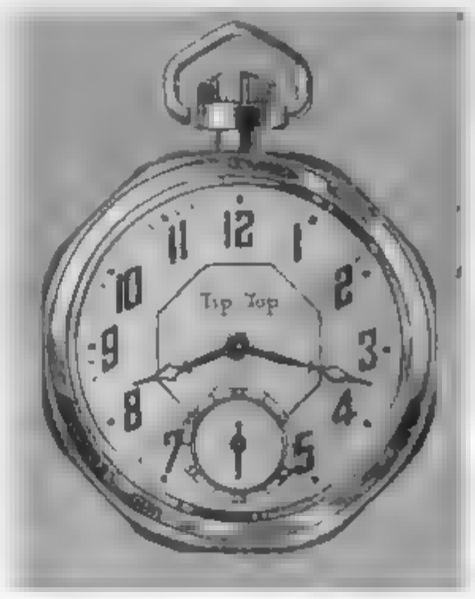

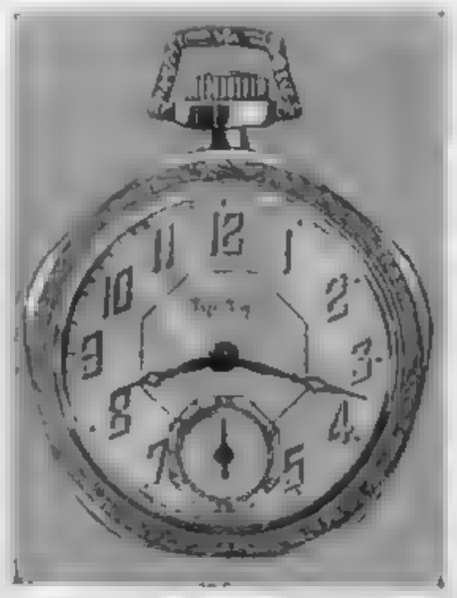

$2.00 Tip-Top Quintet with silver face, full chromium plated case, raised numerals and Krack proof Krystal is the handsomest pocket watch at anywhere near its price. Radium dial $2.50

$1.50 Tip-Top Pocket Watch, octagon design, with silver dial. Krack-proof Krystal and all its other refinements, costs only fifty cents more than the ordinary dollar watch. Radium dial $2.25.

Do It Yourself
for 75c

Pour a can of Warner Liquid Solder into your car's radiator. It constantly finds and stops the leaks completely and permanently. Its unvarying efficiency makes it the biggest seller and the most successful product of its kind. There is nothing else "just as good". It circulates harmlessly with the water and does not clog circulation. Demand the genuine Warner Liquid Solder in green can.

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HOW HONEST ARE PEOPLE?

(Continued from Page 25

money—we recognize the difference by the very words we use. When a seller gives credit for goods he has a profit in the sale, and if the debtor does not pay, the seller stands to lose only the cost of the goods. That no longer holds in installment selling, as will be explained. But the lender of money at, say, 6 per cent stands to gain very little from the loan if repaid, while if the loan be not repaid, he loses all. And so more caution has been used in lending money than in lending goods—so much caution, or what has passed as caution, that only a tiny fraction of the people has ever known otherwise than by hearsay that the principal function of a bank is to lend money.

Our world has been adjusted for the very poor and the rich. The very poor, having no position to maintain, can always turn to charity for food, shelter, medical attention and clothing. The rich can provide for themselves. The vast majority of the people are neither poor nor rich. They work for wages or salaries or are in business in a small way. They are the people who buy what the country produces. Excluding the farmers, about 90 per cent of our people work for wages or salaries, and few of them are able, if they keep adequate life insurance, to save much money. Into every life come emergencies that demand more cash than is available. A savings fund is good for its face value, but a savings bank cannot lend on character. The law, in its wisdom, has made savings banks one-way institutions.

The wage earner or the salaried man could as easily borrow money in a mausoleum as in a bank. If he wanted money, he had to get it from a friend, which was always humiliating, from a loan shark, which was expensive to the point of ruin, or from a pawnshop—if he had the collateral. A man earning $300 a month was absolutely up against it if he had to have $500 in a hurry. And many a family has never recovered from the tragedy which followed the lack of that money. The action of this big bank is the beginning of a revolution in banking.

We are in the process of unlearning a great deal that we used to take as axiomatic. We are learning, for instance, something about constructive credit. Once upon a time it was taken for granted that a sizable merchant or manufacturer should have credit in order to buy goods or materials which he would later sell or work over at a profit. It took the world many centuries to get around to that. But if a man not in business on his own account needed credit, then that was certain evidence that he was a bad manager and did not know how to live within his income. The highest banking virtue was thrift and the highest thrift was saving money and then giving it to a banker to play about with. The village blacksmith delighted Longfellow largely because he knew his place and did not owe any money.

Some New Ideas

The thought that thrift can easily be more destructive than constructive is new. And so likewise is the thought that the extension of credit to the individual is not a favor and can be something much more than aiding a man who has not the ready cash to pay. That character could be collateral for a loan is a very new idea.

The elder Morgan some years ago, in testifying before a congressional committee, remarked that character was the highest asset. He was generously applauded and his words have been quoted some millions of times—by those who wanted to borrow. But until recently bankers have interpreted the words to mean that borrowers must have character in addition to other assets. Country bankers have for years been making character loans to set likely young fellows up in farming or business, and have often financed educations. But in these loans the personal element has predominated and more often than not the money came from the banker and not from the bank.

But for some years now the making of character loans by loan companies has been growing as a business and something in the nature of experience tables such as are used by life-insurance companies is forming. The figures already available are astonishing.

It has been estimated that five out of every 100 persons in this country are borrowers of money. It is not known how much they borrow. But the average of reported losses to the lenders is only one-tenth of one per cent. Two-tenths of one per cent is a perfectly acceptable commercial banking loss. A bank which runs much under that figure may be turning down good business; a bank which runs much over is in danger of having its profits wiped out. But the remarkable fact is that the loss on loans to people not in business, and not supposed to be fit to have money loaned to them, is only half the loss on the best commercial paper—the kind the old bankers smacked their lips over.

The repayment of a loan engages both the willingness and the ability to repay, and I found that lenders took willingness—that is, honesty—so entirely for granted that they did not even bother to try to separate the cases of dishonesty! The honesty of people in general is now an accepted business fact.

Good in the Long Run

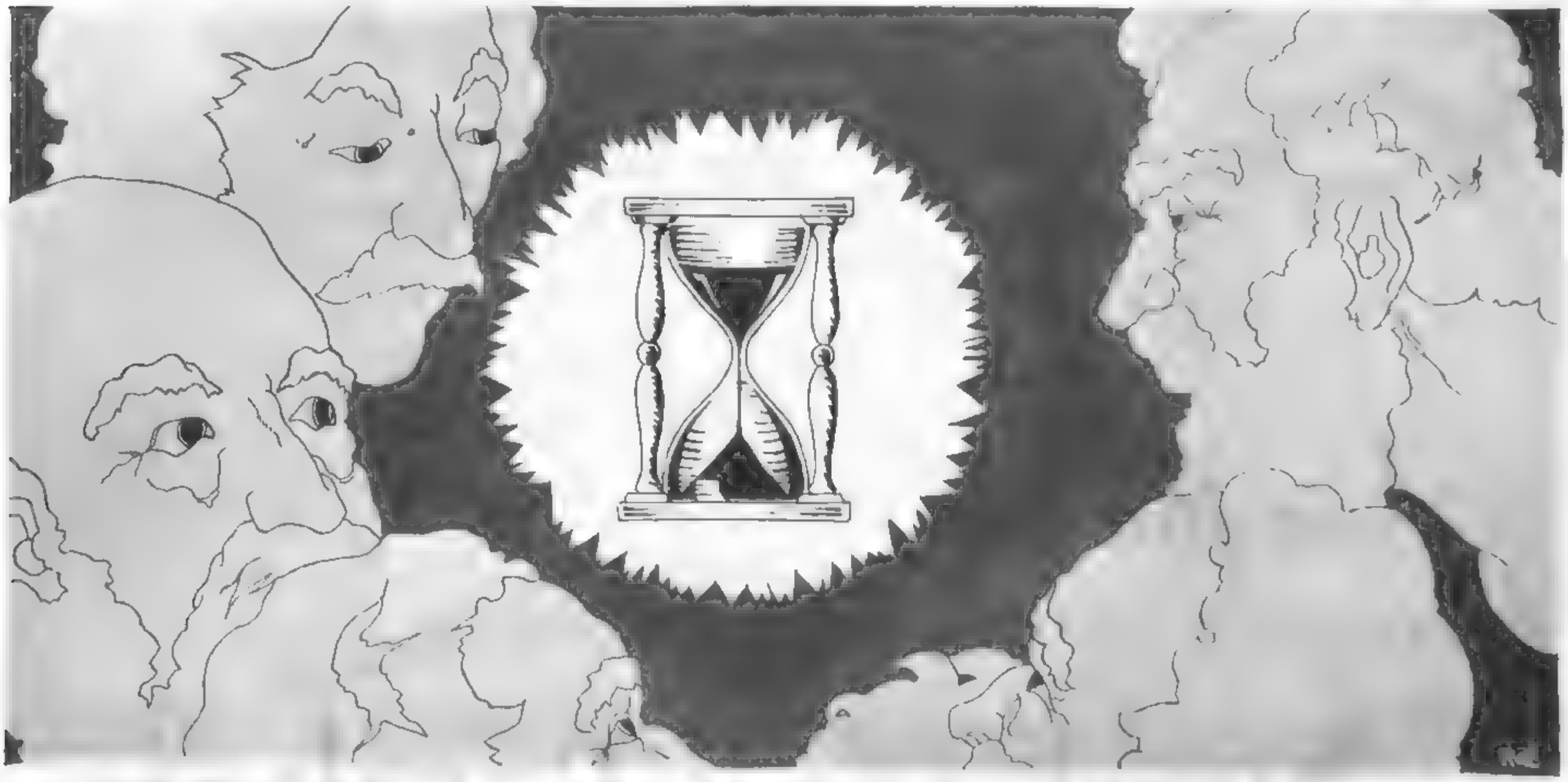
It has taken a long time for business to learn that people are honest. The people themselves do not know it. It is the installment selling of automobiles that brought the fact home to big business. Before 1910 automobiles were bought either for cash or under some personal arrangement with the dealer. The companies would have nothing to do with the credit terms that the dealers made. They sold to a dealer for cash and what happened afterward was the dealer's funeral. Banks did not like to lend to dealers, for automobiles were a luxury and the craze was only a passing one. But as the cars decreased in price a great number of people who had never before thought of being owners began to show interest. They did not always have the money to put down at the time of purchase. When the motor companies started production on a large scale, they found that they had neither the space nor the money to store finished cars, so they began to force them on the dealers. The dealers likewise had neither money nor storage space. And thus began the system of time payments. At first it was personal and the dealers indorsed the buyers' notes and then usually had them shaved by some broker who was willing to take a chance, if paid enough. But experience proved that the chance taken was small. The manufacturers began to see that this financing was just as much a part of their business as making cars.

Today the dealer makes only a perfunctory investigation of the buyer. At any rate he does not let the investigation interfere with the sale. And when the papers and notes are made out and all the insurance details attended to, he turns the lot over to a finance company and thereafter it is no affair of his if the buyer skips out. But the buyers do not clear out.

The losses of the reputable finance companies run much less than one-half of one per cent. A recent authoritative investigation has shown that on new cars the repossessions run only 1.75 per cent if the first payment has been a third or more, 3.8 per cent if the payment has been a quarter, while they run up to 11 per cent if the initial payment has been less than a quarter. The investigators found that practically all the

Continued on Page 113)

How Long Is A Minute?



PHILOSOPHERS like to say that time does not exist; that a year, a minute and eternity are no different.

Perhaps that is true. We have no quarrel with the philosophers.

But we do know that when it is *time* for dinner, Mr. Philosopher comes downstairs and when it is *time* to go to the theatre, Miss Philosopher and her young man drive out into the night.

Time is a man-made concept, and no tool is more useful.

It is as man's alert and tireless servant that Ollendorff Watches are made. Poised on the wrist, ever wakeful, they whisper that the exact moment to act has come.

You can be sure of an Ollendorff. Sure of its fidelity and long life. From beautiful exterior to microscopic details of the movement, the watch is made to give its owner utmost pride of possession. Better jewelers will gladly show the Ollendorff in a wide variety of styles.

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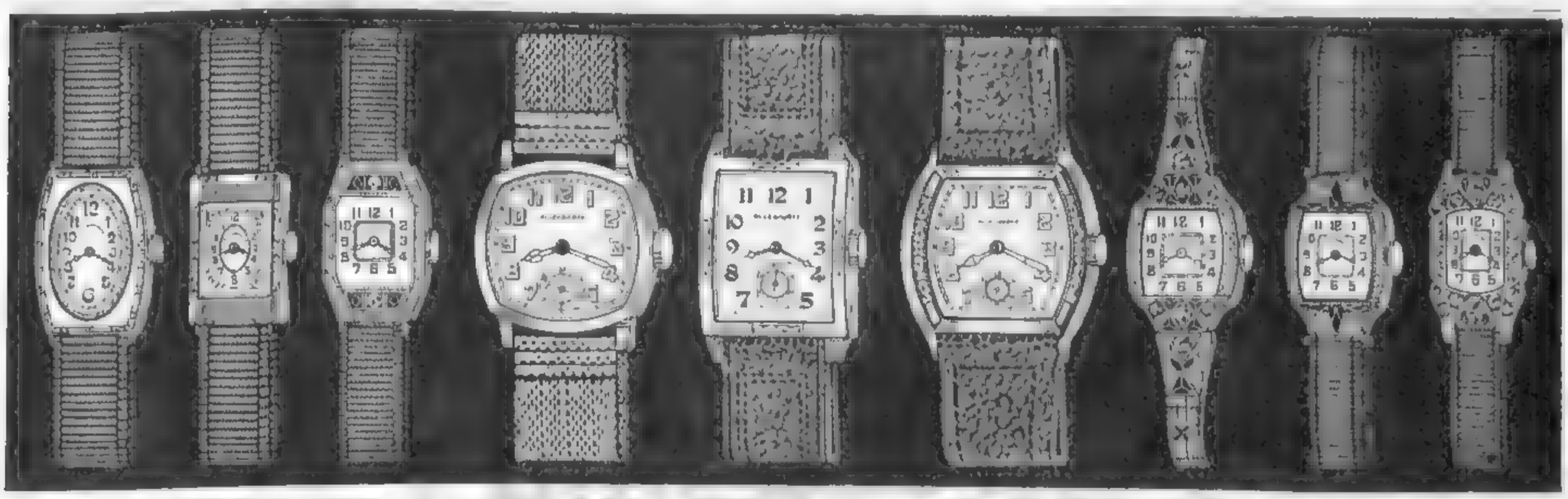

ODESSA — 14K solid white gold, 15 jewels $45.00

INNES — Same model in 14K white gold-filled, 15 jewels $35.00

ORMONDE—14K solid white gold, 15 jewels. Priced at $55.00

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OLDORF—14K solid white or green gold, 17 jewels, radium dial, gold-filled mesh bracelet $65.00

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OTIS—14K white green or white gold, curved back, 17 jewels, radium dial with leather strap. Priced at . . $60.00

IRVING—Same design in 14K white or green gold-filled, 15 jewels $45.00

OLDEN—14K rose white or green gold or combination of both, 17 jewels. Priced at $75.00

ISSOTA—Same in 14K gold-filled, same option of color, 17 jewels $55.00

OLINDA—14K solid white gold, with 8 diamonds and 11 sapphires, 15 jewels, including pierced bracelet . . . . . Priced at $165.00

ORENSE—14K rose white gold with curved back, option of six synthetic sapphires or emeralds, 15 jewels. Priced at $55.00

OTELLO—Solid platinum, curved back, 2 diamonds with 2 marquises shaped, 4 synthetic sapphires or emeralds, pearls. Priced at $1[illegible].00

Join the Crusade against Spark Plug Paralysis

You probably haven't any apparent trouble with your spark plugs. You may therefore conclude that your present plugs are good enough. But . . . now come the facts about Spark Plug Paralysis . . . how daily it is crippling many cars on the road—probably yours, too. To combat this disease, leading automotive distributors throughout the country have organized a Crusade against Spark Plug Paralysis. In this advertisement you are offered an opportunity to join this Crusade—and to enjoy for yourself the benefits it will grant to the entire motoring public.

* * *

SPARK PLUG PARALYSIS spots its victims young. Right from the moment you install a new set of plugs and start your engine, powerful parasites begin their destructive action.

The most insidious of these foes is carbon. It lodges in the crevices of the plug . . . forming leakholes through which part of the electric current escapes.

In the early stages of Spark Plug Paralysis you may not even notice these leaks. But as Spark Plug Paralysis progresses, loss of engine power becomes more and more pronounced. The car hasn't its old pep. It lags on the getaway. It disappoints on hills. You have to shift gears more often. Well, the car isn't as young as it used to be. So you resign yourself to the inevitable.

But it isn't inevitable. Your car is merely showing symptoms of Spark Plug Paralysis!

Now Robert Bosch, pioneer spark plug manufacturer and inventor of Original-Bosch magnetos, has developed a spark plug which retains its efficiency *as long as you drive your car.*

This is due to its Pyro-Action . . . a combination of factors which enables it to defy Spark Plug Paralysis. To mention one factor, this plug is provided with an insulator which will not crack from extreme heat. Hence it absorbs and retains sufficient heat to burn up excessive oil and liquid fuel, *as fast as they touch the insulator.*

Pyro-Action Spark Plugs earn their own cost by saving gasoline! They will give your motor new vitality, new pep, new power, better pick-up. And they will bestow these benefits for more thousands of miles than you have ever known before!

We ask you to prove it—at our risk. So we make this offer: "Replace your present plugs with a set of Robert Bosch Pyro-Action Plugs we recommend for your passenger car. Then compare. If after 30 days you are not convinced of their superiority, return the plugs and your money will be refunded." If your service station or dealer cannot supply you, use coupon at right.

If electricity were liquid
—you could detect the current leaks resulting from Spark Plug Paralysis, as quickly as an oil or water leak

Pyro-Action Plugs for passenger cars, busses, trucks, tractors, motor boats, airplanes, etc., are made by Robert Bosch—inventor of the world-famous Original-Bosch Magnetos, Generators, Horns, Battery Ignition, etc. Only Robert Bosch Plugs are Original-Bosch Plugs. For your protection look for full name Robert Bosch and this trademark:

WHOLESALERS AND DEALERS: Robert Bosch Pyro-Action Spark Plugs offer important opportunities. Write or wire nearest distributor listed at right.

Allentown, Pa. . . . Electrical Devices Co.
Atlantic City, N. J. . . . Atlantic Elec. Serv.
Bridgeport, Conn. . . . Reeves Auto Elec. Co.
Brooklyn, N. Y. . . . Magneto Repair Co.
Buffalo, N. Y. . . . Peerless Parts Co.
Camden, N. J. . . . Camden Storage Battery Co.
Chicago, Ill. . . . Lavin Auto Electric Co.
Chicago, Ill. . . . Motor Car Service Co.
Chicago, Ill. . . . West Side Ignition Service Co.
Cincinnati, Ohio . . . Dixie Spec. Ignition Co.
Cleveland, Ohio . . . Cleveland Engineering Co.
Dallas, Texas . . . J. J. Crockett Co.
Denver, Colo. . . . Brown Battery & Elec. Co.
Detroit, Mich. . . . Motor Car Service Co.
El Paso, Tex. . . . Modern Bat. & Ignition Co.
Erie, Pa. . . . Bragg Hager Motor Inc.
Harrisburg, Pa. . . . Auto Electric Service Co.
Jamestown, N. Y. . . . Home Bat. & Auto Elec. Co.
Kansas City, Mo. . . . Elec. & Magneto Serv. Co.
Lancaster, Pa. . . . Penn Automobile Co.
Lincoln, Nebr. . . . Parkhurst Auto Elec. Co.
Los Angeles, Cal. . . . Magneto Service & Sply. Co.
Louisville, Ky. . . . Koch Auto Elec. Co.
Memphis, Tenn. . . . Motor Battery Co.
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Newark, N. J. . . . Eric Dreyer & Co.
New Haven, Conn. . . . Automobile Supply Co.
New Orleans, La. . . . Service Co.
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Utica, N. Y. . . . Central Auto & Vulc. Prod. Co.
Vancouver, B. C. . . . Can. Battery Head Co. Ltd.
Wilkes-Barre, Pa. . . . Watson Stabilizer Co.

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Pyro·Action SPARK PLUGS

ROBERT BOSCH MAGNETO CO., Inc.
3601 P Queens Blvd., Long Island City, New York

Send me a complete set of Robert Bosch Pyro-Action Spark Plugs for which (check item desired)

☐ I enclose check (or money order)

☐ I agree to pay postman on delivery

I understand I may give both my U. S. and Canada, is $4.00 a set, if under, $8.00 if Beyerlite Plug Co., Ltd., Montreal, P. Q. If Bosch Pyro-Action Plugs satisfied in 30 days, I may return the plugs and have my money refunded.

Make of car . . . Model . . . Year

Name

Address

(Continued from Page 110)

losses were traceable to selling higher priced cars than the buyer could afford and were the fault of the seller and not of the buyer. They found that the element of dishonesty was negligible.

This automobile experience only bears out what other installment sellers have known for many years. One furniture house in New York has been selling on time credit since 1807, the plan having been called to its attention by a lady who had seen it at work in Paris. Of its sales, 90 per cent are to wage or salary earners and 10 per cent to small business men. The extra charge for long credit is only the cost of making the collections and the interest on the money. Pianos and sewing machines have been sold on time since before the Civil War. The records of a number of piano manufacturers show that the losses on outstanding balances run from less than 3 per cent to around 5 per cent.

Sewing machines are commonly sold for one dollar down and fifty cents weekly, and the payments will run over a year. A sewing machine can easily be taken away, but the companies have never had much trouble excepting in the sweatshop districts of large cities. They have never had to change the plan as applied to the average housewife.

It would seem hazardous to sell clothing on time payments, for there is nothing to prevent the buyer from moving to another city without leaving a trace. The fact that he has a job at the time of the purchase—which is all that the sellers look into—is no assurance that he will continue to hold the job. In Boston a well-known department store maintains an installment clothing house under another name. One of the partners told me that the percentage of overdue payments in the time store was less than the percentage of overdue accounts in the big store, where credit is extended only to people of financial standing. For many years peddlers in the very poor districts of all the large cities have sold on credit without taking notes or documents of any kind. They just come around weekly and make their collections. Books have been sold since time immemorial on small-payment plans.

A Fertile Field for Money

Some of the reputable department stores print on their bills that credit is extended only as a convenience to customers, and so on; but if a store is up for sale you will find the management listing their charge customers as one of the largest assets. Several high-priced shops have been ruined by a go-getter collection man being turned loose on the books. Department-store credit losses will rarely run 2 per cent.

I know one manufacturer who for years has made a practice of filling every first order that comes to him and without investigation, provided the amount is not too large. If that bill be paid, he fills the second order, and so on. He never sends more than one letter asking for payment and never employs collectors. Yet his losses are under 5 per cent and he has sufficient margin of profit to care for that. Another dealer, following the same practice, has had an average annual loss of only one-half of one per cent over twenty years. He sells to small unrated merchants and will tell you that probably three-quarters of his customers are insolvent. And while some stores are still looking at the credit buyer with suspicion, others are sending out letters to selected lists, but without investigation, saying that they have opened charge accounts and asking the favor of having them used.

The gradual realization that the small borrower is not necessarily a crook, and that loans can be made on a mutually self-respecting basis, has led to the establishing of a number of finance companies within the past years. They charge from 3 to 3.5 per cent a month, which seems high. But these companies must borrow the money they lend, and then, too, they elaborately investigate their borrowers. This is expensive, and also the cost of handling small accounts is heavy. The Morris Plan was the first of these companies to make the business respectable. They lend in many ways and in sums from $50 to $5000, and their interest rates and service charges are very moderate, but their business is now quite largely with small merchants who give promissory notes with two comakers and without other security. They began business in 1907 and now have offices all over the country. They lend many millions a year and their losses are less than one-tenth of one per cent.

Another reputable company last year loaned $35,000,000 to more than 300,000 people on chattel mortgages or wage assignments. Their borrowers represented the lowest class in earning power, and apart from honesty, the most liable to default through illness or losing the job. But 85 per cent of their borrowers paid on the dot and only 1 per cent had to be charged off as bad. The report of the loan-agency division of the Massachusetts Banking Department for last year shows upward of 200,000 small loans made by licensed lenders and amounting to $18,000,000. Of these, only 858, amounting to less than $60,000, were charged off as uncollectible.

A By-Product of Competition

A chain of thirty-two companies last year made 600,000 loans amounting to $41,000,000. The average loan was under $100. The total loss was only $16,000. Another chain reported 40,000 loans amounting to $13,000,000. They charged off one-tenth of 1 per cent, but still more significant are these figures: Only one-tenth of 1 per cent of their borrowers were thirty days back in their payments.

This figure of one-tenth of 1 per cent runs through all these loan companies. It is becoming sort of an actuarial figure, but some of the lenders do not want to keep their losses so low. The president of one company said to me:

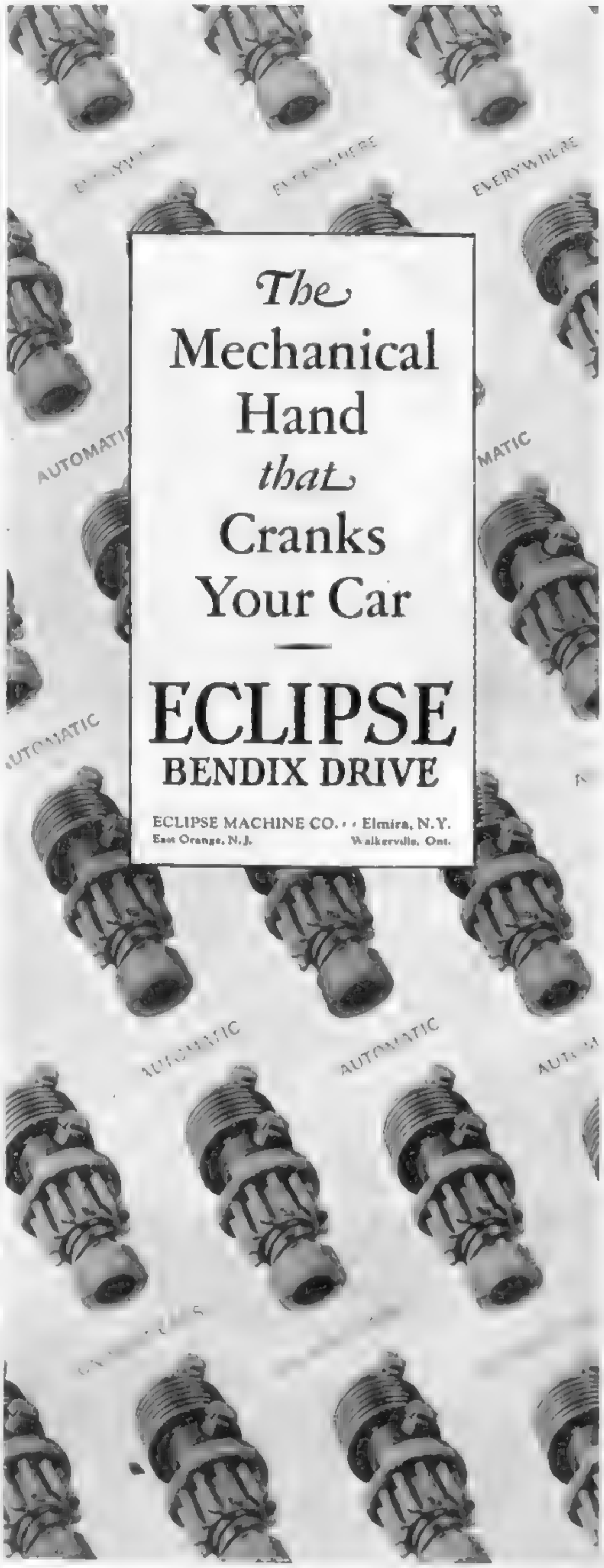
"We like to keep our losses around 1 per cent. If they run much above that we may be put out of business. If they run below, then I know that we are not only being too hard on our borrowers but also that we are turning down too much good business. When the losses are around 1 per cent I know that we are taking no reckless chances and at the same time are not being just arbitrary in our rulings. We do not have to bother about honesty. We are concerned only with ability to repay."

In fact it has suddenly appeared that lending money in small amounts in an honest way on character is such profitable business that there is something of a boom on to organize lending companies like chain grocery stores.

A bank of deposit has the money to lend and thus has the advantage of not having to borrow its money. That permits it to charge a lower rate of interest. On the other hand are the expense of making the loans and the lack of experience. Several small banks have for several years been making wage earners' loans to be repaid in installments. A bank in New Jersey has been doing it for three years and another in Kentucky for two years, while several labor banks have been in the business for a year or more. Their losses on character loans figure out to the inevitable one-tenth of 1 per cent.

But actually it is competition that is bringing banks into the movement. National banks in New York cannot maintain savings departments, but they can have compound-interest departments, which amount to exactly the same thing. Savings banks cannot make personal loans; national banks can, and thus they are seeking to extend their interest departments by offering a service which the savings banks cannot duplicate. But there are other reasons, as the officer of the big bank explained to me:

"In these days a bank cannot expect to go ahead unless it does something more for



OFF TO A GOOD START

MOTHER—"Bill's all ready to start school tomorrow morning, except for a nickel to buy some pencils."

DAD—"A pencil, you mean, mother—a Dixon's Ti-con-der-oga just like this one. We've found down at the office that one 5¢ Ti-con-der-oga is better than a whole handful of cheap pencils."

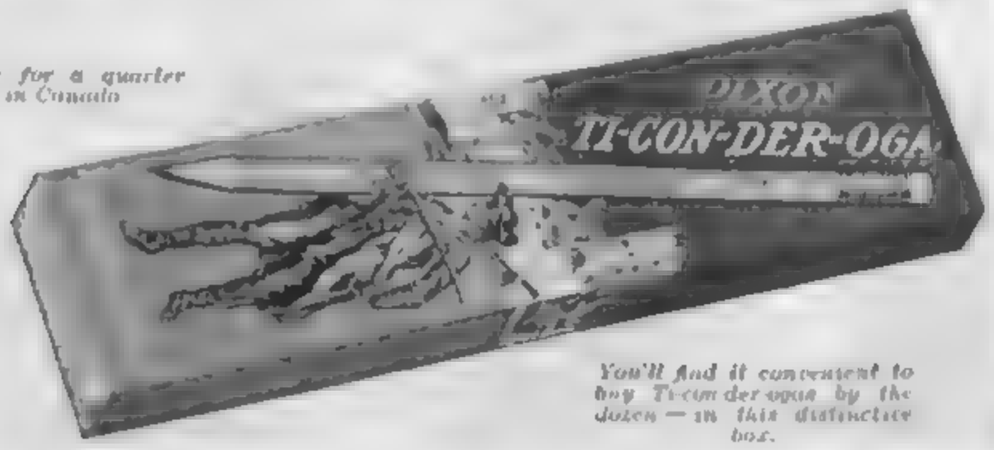
DIXON

"TI-CON-DER-OGA"

An extraordinary five cent pencil

Pencil Dept. 8-J JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE CO. Jersey City, N. J.

Three for a quarter in Canada



You'll find it convenient to buy Ti-con-der-oga by the dozen — in this distinctive box.

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its depositors than take their money. The relation has to be mutual. We have many services to sell and we need all the good-will we can pick up. We want to sell foreign exchange and bonds and investments in general. And then also among these small depositors are the young men who are going to have big deposits in the future. We want to open relations with them now. We think that we can make it pay and we know that it is good business.

"Sometimes it is just as important to borrow money as to save money. No one ought to sacrifice his own health, neglect his family's welfare, ignore an opportunity, fail to improve the value of a home or limit a child's education for lack of ready cash. A sound loan may be just the thing that will save the day.

"We think that 20 per cent of the annual income is a safe loan, and since time is of the essence of any loan, we have cut out the red tape and make our loans within forty-eight hours of the application. The application blank must be called for in person and about 70 per cent of those who ask for blanks get them, and of these we grant loans to about the same percentage. We see to it that applicants for small loans are treated with just as much courtesy as our largest depositors.

"We consider these as good reasons for borrowing:

"Consolidating urgent debts, repaying a friend for a loan or repaying an unsatisfactory loan.

"Family needs—paying an educational fee, meeting an insurance premium, providing emergency clothing, paying cost of sickness, paying funeral expenses.

"Home improvements—remodeling a house, improving sanitation, protecting property by painting, installing lighting system, installing heating system.

"Personal emergencies—clearing medical expenses, paying dental bills, meeting hospital charges, paying for operation.

"Property charges—making up small balance of mortgage, meeting assessment for paving, paying special or delinquent taxes."

Loans to the Newlyweds

Leon Henderson, who has charge of the department of the Sage Foundation which has studied the small-loan problem, told me:

"Italy is the only country that finances new families. Mussolini has arranged for newly married couples to borrow $529 at a nominal interest payable in three years. In our investigations we find that ninety-nine out of every one hundred families will repay their loans. The family is a very stable unit. It may get knocked down, but it always comes up again, and family and social pride makes it pay its debts.

"A time comes in the life of every family when it must borrow, and if the interest paid for the emergency loan is too high, then the family standard suffers. I have calculated that the operations of the loan sharks reduce the buying power of wages in the United States by 7.5 per cent, which is a very large amount of money. Then there is the unrecorded waste of those who fail to get the money and must suffer.

"In the course of time I look for small loans to get around to the industrial-insurance plan of granting policies. We shall soon have figures on groups of people, and this experience table will take the place of much of the present investigation which makes the cost of small loans high even under the most legitimate circumstances."

Credit Where it is Due

And thus it may well be that we have quietly taken another long step forward in the elimination of an unnecessary waste and the consequent creation of an added buying power, which means making our prosperity still more solid. We are getting a new view of many of these matters that touch life and money. Professor Seligman, in his discussion of the economics of installment selling, has put the whole case very neatly. He says:

> In the beginning of the nineteenth century . . . as a consequence of the revolution in the technic of production that was rapidly spreading from one industry to another, there was indeed an urgent need to enhance the capital of the community. But what was true then is not true now. The material basis of our machine civilization, built up by the energy of the past generation, is largely completed. Savings for the maintenance and expansion of our industrial machinery are now provided, to a much larger extent than before, by business enterprises in the course of their daily operations. So far as industry is concerned, the rôle of individual savings is not the same. It is familiar that, in the United States, for instance, most of the savings are afforded by the activities of the business corporations.
>
> On the other hand, the mechanical civilization, under the conditions in which we have been living for a century or more, is providing us with an enormous surplus of material goods. It is no longer necessary for the individual to skimp and to save, to look with apprehension to the future and to endeavor at all costs to make provision for the days to come. At the present time many question the truth of the widely accepted maxims of former days which inculcated the need of saving in order to increase production, which again would lead to increased savings, and so forth, in an endless chain.

But the point is that credit could not have expanded to take in nearly everyone if nearly everyone were not honest. You may not believe that people are honest, but the facts of business show otherwise.

The American Workman. "Victim of the Machine Age," Returning From Work on Pay Day

INDUSTRY HAS ADOPTED MONEL METAL

For Bolts, Nuts and Rivets

Monel Metal bolts and nuts are used wherever dependability must be insured under severe atmospheric or service conditions. For high tension outdoor electrical equipment, for instance, Monel Metal is fast becoming standard

For Power Plant Equipment

Monel Metal is specified by foremost engineers and used by leading manufacturers of power plant equipment for such vital parts as turbine blading, valve trim, instrument parts, pump rods, etc

For Forgings and Special Parts

Monel Metal can be fabricated into any desired form. It is carried in stock in all commercial forms by distributors with warehouse stocks at convenient points. It is readily available as well as completely adaptable

For Motor Boat Shafts

Monel Metal propeller shafts are standard in such leading makes of boats as "Chris-Craft" and Dodge "Watercars". Monel Metal shafts reduce vibration thereby increasing speed

For Wire Products

Monel Metal wire is used in the manufacture of wire cloth, screen, screws, rope, nails and other products that meet a vital need for corrosion-resistance in chemical, bottling, canning and steel plants.

MONEL METAL

A PRODUCT OF THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY

FOR STRENGTH UNDER STRESS

THE engineers and metallurgists, who are entrusted with the selection of materials for million-dollar investments, invariably turn to Monel Metal when they require one metal that combines toughness and strength with corrosion-resistance and rust immunity.

Monel Metal's rare capacity for standing up under sustained loads and stresses—for retaining its physical properties when exposed to heat and atmospheric conditions—its stamina and all around dependability in severe service—these are the main reasons why millions of pounds of this Nickel-copper alloy are now being placed in service every year.

There is a form of Monel Metal to meet every engineering need. It is available in all commercial forms including rods, sheet, wire, tubing, castings, etc. It can be fabricated into practically any type of equipment.

Let us send you additional information about Monel Metal. Mail the coupon today!

THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY (Inc.), 67 WALL STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

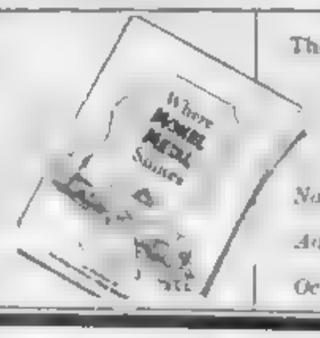
THE PROPERTIES AND USES OF MONEL METAL

NATURE alloyed one-third copper with two-thirds Nickel and made the material that in 1905 was named Monel Metal.

The International Nickel Company is constantly testing—analyzing—controlling—to make sure that the mixture continues uniform.

Monel Metal now has hundreds of uses in the home—thousands in Industry. Your local sheet metal worker can supply you with Monel Metal sinks, drainboards, table tops, kick plates, laundry chutes and stove hoods. Consult your architect about using Monel Metal in your new home

Monel Metal's workability and availability in all commercial forms recommend its use for food handling equipment of every kind, for hospital, laundry, steel mill and power plant equipment, for valves and turbine blading in fact, wherever there must be cleanliness, great strength, toughness, corrosion-resistance and protection against rust, all combined in the one metal.



The International Nickel Company *(Inc.)*
67 Wall Street, New York, N. Y.

Please send me without cost or obligation, your booklet, "Where Monel Metal Shines" —together with Monel Metal pocket mirror.

Name

Address

Occupation

Off—TO SCHOOL

with a Hartmann Student Special, built to insure proper garment carrying and locked storage for personal belongings—designed to afford the student utmost satisfaction in ownership and years of faithful service.

Economically priced to fit the purse of students or their parents, Hartmann Student Specials enable young men and women everywhere to go back to school with trunks that are distinctive—a real source of pride.

No longer is there an excuse for burdening your boy or girl with an old dilapidated trunk. Provide them with one of these serviceable wardrobes—a trunk to be proud of—a trunk that will outlast school days by years.

The 1928 Hartmann Student Special Wardrobes are now on display at authorized Hartmann dealers'.

Other Student Specials at $39.50, $60.00 and $77.50 in a pleasing variety of modern color combinations.

Freight necessitates slightly higher selling prices west of Denver

HARTMANN TRUNK COMPANY
Racine, Wisconsin

M. Langmuir Manufacturing Company, Ltd., Toronto
Licensed Canadian Manufacturers

J. B. Brooks & Co., Ltd., Great Charles St., Birmingham, Eng.
Licensed Distributors for Great Britain

Student Special No. 8440
$50

HARTMANN TRUNKS

BE SURE THE RED X HARTMANN IS ON THE TRUNK YOU BUY

KING COTTON

(Continued from Page 7)

to him is tabulated into a single figure that for the cotton man means demand. Before anyone else, Colonel Hester knows about how much cotton there is going to be and about how much is going to be used. No man, of course, can know exactly, and that is why we have speculation.

Colonel Hester speaks with a voice as resonant as a cello. His hair is as white as the cotton to which he has devoted his life. He is short and stocky. His eyes are blue as a summer sky. But the index of his character is his jaw, square and jutting, as if it were the corner stone of the man we know Colonel Hester to be. We are so sure of him that we take him for granted, and if there can be a finer compliment I cannot think how it might be phrased. However, I recall an illuminating incident that for me is set as a jewel in all the dross of the war, and it has to do with Colonel Hester.

We use an expression, "coming into sight," that describes the beginning of the journey of the bales from the fields to the market; a journey that does not end until the cotton has completed its adventures in its raw form and reached the hands of those who will work its metamorphosis, whether into muslin that will enhance the charm of the perfumed skin of a princess or into the tough fabrics used in making automobile tires. Every great industry finds some vital use for cotton. A list of the needs it meets all over the world would make a thick volume. Because of the many uses that are found for it, cotton occupies more of the space in the holds of the ships that leave our shores than any other commodity. In value, it represents more in a recent year than the next six articles on the list of American exports. Cotton, then, is the plant that compels the rest of the world to send its gold to America.

The Cotton World Out of Joint

When Europe went mad in 1914 the fields of the South were as beautiful as if that part of our continent were a rose garden. Is there anywhere, I wonder, an annual crop that produces so much of beauty along with the riches it gives to those who cultivate it? For the sake of its flowers that change colors through all the tones of purple, rose and cream, I should like to recommend this beneficent shrub to Northern readers who may not realize that it will grow handsomely in gardens in New York, and perhaps farther north. Before the Revolution housewives in New Jersey commonly had it growing in their gardens so as to provide themselves with yarn fibers for their spinning wheels. I don't know that cotton as a Northern garden plant would produce healthy bolls that would ripen, but it surely would produce flowers as beautiful as those that unfold in Southern fields, and some, before they die, would show you a blood red that matches the field of the battle flag of the Confederacy. It has played a part in all our wars that justifies a wonder as to whether there is a special significance in the blood tones it assumes before the petals shrivel.

The cotton blossoms' promise of a rich crop for Southern farmers was reflected in 1914 in a price for future contracts of just under fourteen cents. Then, as nation after nation was drawn into the madness, the price of cotton began to decline. July 31, 1914, the New York Exchange was closed. Cotton ceased to have a price and the people of the South were almost without a currency.

In many towns men agreed on a sort of moratorium. The cotton growers had gone into debt on the strength of their prospect of harvesting a crop of cotton that would have a real value, but what was ripening in their fields as the summer wore on seemed not to be worth the cost of picking. Cotton then was not contraband, and yet demand was so weak and fluctuations so violent that the exchanges remained closed until November sixteenth, when the price was discovered to be about eight cents; but it went lower.

In the North, all over the country, people of generous impulses responded to appeals to buy a bale at ten cents a pound. It was one of those warm, characteristic fancies of our country, not related to economic laws, but which nevertheless helped to sustain the hopes of many desperately worried people. A real demand for cotton existed in the world, but the price was too uncertain to keep cotton moving from the fields to the markets. The movement of the crop is always accompanied by a flow of credit, just as the canal barge is drawn along by the mules on the towpath that are often unseen around a bend in the stream that lies ahead. There was no credit for cotton in those times. Cotton was down to six cents a pound.

A Simple Remedy

In all his years Colonel Hester claims he has never owned a bale of cotton. There have been times when he has known things about cotton that would have enabled him—if he had not been Colonel Hester—to become as rich as any millionaire. He is richer, of course, but he does not count his wealth in coin.

On this day of which I speak cotton was as low as it has ever been. It was expected to lose value. Other crop reporters, some of them official, had said that the cotton consumption that year could be only 12,000,000 bales. Colonel Hester's survey indicated that the spindles of the world had chewed up vastly more than that.

Colonel Hester went down on the floor of the exchange, mounted the rostrum and made his announcement that the year's consumption had been not 12,000,000, but 14,000,000 bales. If you were to ask him, he would tell you that was the most dramatic occurrence in his life. He made his brief statement, and from the instant he stopped speaking the world began to assert a better opinion of the value of cotton. The price of cotton began to mount, and as it rose it lifted the value of farm lands in the Southern States. The value of mules, of plows, and of everything the cotton planter uses, magically gained in value.

The turn in values which occurred when Colonel Hester spoke is marked on a price chart as a jagged line, much like a profile map of the Rocky Mountains, but if you will examine it you will see that in spite of fluctuations that climb did not stop until it had lifted the price of cotton to forty-four cents a pound. That came in 1920 and was followed by a sharp drop, as if cotton had been rolled over a precipice, the bottom of which was so much below the real value that once more cotton began to climb until it was reaching for thirty-eight cents. Those peaks, of course, came long after the war. When Colonel Hester spoke, cotton traders were thinking only in terms of wartime needs.

Six-cent cotton represented its value as it appeared to traders with Germany cut off from the market, with the carry-over exaggerated, and the consumption underestimated. One man, speaking with a voice that was known to be godlike in its impartiality, put the situation back into joint as a skillful surgeon may resocket a dislocated shoulder.

Germany, of course, continued to need cotton. She needed it as never before, for ammunition, for uniforms, for countless purposes involved with her struggle, and a pound of the fiber that was not worth a dime in the United States was worth a dollar or more in Bremen. At sea the British Navy watched jealously every ship, regardless of the flag flown, the character of the cargo or the destination. Yet cotton was not then contraband.

A few months ago a brave and chivalrous German, Count von Luckner, once

ALLEN'S Parlor Furnace

A Furnace *Above* the *Floor*
With Oldtime Fireside Cheer

Snug comfort of modern heating when icy winds blow—joys of the old-fashioned, glowing fireside when zero weather grips the land!

Never before has the efficiency of 20th century warm air heating been so ingeniously combined with the ruddy glow of an open fire.

ALLEN—pioneer and originator of new ideas in heating—has again achieved a tremendous success with this improved ALLEN'S PARLOR FURNACE.

Heats the whole house by circulating large volumes of moist, warm air. The porcelain, Allenamel finish faithfully reproduces the natural effect of walnut grain and color and is easily dusted. With the outer doors closed, ALLEN'S resembles a piece of beautiful period furniture that harmonizes with the latest style in home furnishings. When the doors swing open, you have all of the sweetness and comfort, the cheer and restfulness that have been associated for centuries with the open fireplace.

ALLEN'S Oldtime Fireside Cheer

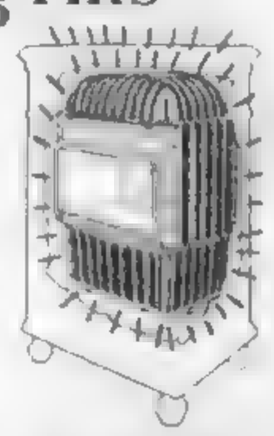
Patent Numbers 89,781 - 16,077

Trademark Number 202,578

There is a spirit of joy associated with the hearth that should not be denied your home. With ALLEN'S Parlor Furnace you get this bright cheer of the open fireplace with the efficiency of a modern heating system.

ALLEN'S Heat Radiating Fins

In this important new improvement, ALLEN engineers have ingeniously adapted the well-known fin construction to the castings, thereby increasing the radiating surface 100 per cent. This design gives strength and longer life to the furnace and adds greatly to its heating capacity. Burns any kind of fuel and saves from ¼ to ⅓. A special gas-burning model for gas territories.



Allen's heat radiating fins increase heating surface 100 per cent.

Only in the ALLEN do you get the advantages of heat radiating fins. Identify the genuine by name—ALLEN'S PARLOR FURNACE. Thousands satisfactorily heating homes, churches, schools and stores from Alaska to Florida. Sold by reliable dealers. If you do not know the address of one nearby, write to

ALLEN MANUFACTURING CO.
Stove Specialists for a Quarter Century
Nashville, Tennessee

Send for FREE BOOKLET

ALLEN MFG. CO., Nashville, Tenn.
Please send me your booklet on Fireside Cheer Model
☐ Gas Burning Model
Name
Street or R. F. D.
City State

By courtesy of Florence Mazzilla

before Rome

—Via Salaria

Eyes with hidden laughter, shadowed yet undimmed by Empire's oppression; eyes that vision the courageous destiny of Italy;—mirroring the heritage of a virile race-blood. For Italy has a history of salt. Her earliest roads were built for salt. Centuries before the Conquests, salt was carried over the Via Salaria from the pans of Ostia into the heart of the country.

Always racial progress is linked with salt—a fact which impels us to keep Mulkey's Salt free of impurities, tempting in flavor, fair in price—a blessing on the table. Prefer Mulkey's!

Sold by Careful Grocers

MULKEY SALT COMPANY
Detroit, Michigan · Lafayette, Louisiana

Makers of Bakers' Salt, 3 B Butter Salt, Meat Packers' Salt, Water Softener Salt, Free Running Table Salt, Jack Frost Table Salt and Mulkey's Iodine Salt.

MULKEY'S SALT

commander of the raider Seeadler, with a nice gesture returned to the members of a New York firm of cotton brokers an American flag which had belonged to them when the Seeadler was the peaceful little sailing ship, Pass of Balma. There are half a million dollars' worth of fine Diesel engines rusting in the partially submerged hulk of what was once the Pass of Balma, where she now lies in the South Seas, near Papéiti, where her career ended, but while she floated she was a ship to make your heart sing. No matter what flag she was flying, the Pass of Balma was a gallant craft. The last time I was reminded of her was when I read a story in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, the author of which had woven an entertaining piece of fiction out of the fibers of her last cotton cargo.

Between August 7 and November 30, 1914, only 1000 bales of American cotton reached Bremen. The American Government was in a quandary. Cotton shippers were requested not to ship cotton to Germany by one department of the Government while yet another department was insisting that we were strictly neutral and warning the belligerents that we believed as strongly in freedom of the seas in 1914 as we had in 1812. But with cotton glutting the market because of the loss of part of our overseas trade, American cotton producers were in a plight that was only by degree less desperate than the situation of the noncombatants of Belgium. At last some cotton shippers determined to cut this Gordian knot. They bought ships to get around insurance difficulties, and set their cotton afloat.

At some of our ports—Galveston for one—representatives of the British gave ships clearing for Germany a clean bill of health after they had been permitted to establish that there was no copper or other metallic substance concealed within the bales. X-ray photographs were the means employed to satisfy the British that the bales contained only cotton. Then, when these ships reached the other side, they were escorted through the mine fields of the British Navy.

In One Short Night

This trade was cut off again when the Germans announced their program of unrestricted warfare, and the British, retaliating, established a strict blockade. Between December, 1914, and May, 1915, when the blockade was established, the records show that 737,000 bales of American cotton were received in Bremen. After that such cotton as Germany received leaked through neutral ports—that is, all but one cargo of 8000 bales, carried in the Pass of Balma, and which was consigned to a Russian firm by way of one of the Scandinavian countries. Captain Scott of the Pass of Balma had his vessel well up toward the North Cape when he was overtaken by a British cruiser and ordered to stop.

In spite of the fact that the cotton was intended for Russia, the British naval officer determined to send the Pass of Balma into Kirkwall so that his superiors might decide her fate. Accordingly he put a British officer and six marines aboard and the course of the ship was altered. The British were in command.

The nights were short that far north, and the lookout, sometime after midnight, reported that of six ships that had been visible one was missing. In an hour he called out that another ship had disappeared abruptly. Captain Scott then realized that a submarine was having some very excellent hunting. He consulted with the British officer, who agreed that so long as he and his marines were in charge the status of the Pass of Balma was that of a warship. He decided to go below and Captain Scott was once more in command of his vessel. Soon after, the lookout reported the disappearance of another one of the ships from that small world that was defined by a vague horizon; and then out of the gray night came a thick voice through a megaphone. The German submarine had arrived to deal with the Pass of Balma. The order that came through the megaphone was "Abandon ship."

"Look here!" roared Captain Scott through his own megaphone. "This is an American ship! If you sink me, it's just downright murder!"

So successfully did he plead that, instead of firing the torpedo that was momentarily expected by the men crowding the rail, he received an order to put off in a boat with his papers. This he did, but although he took his manifest and his clearance papers, showing that he was carrying cotton from one neutral nation to another, he did not take his log. The log would have revealed the presence of the British marines—a presence that entirely changed the character of the Pass of Balma.

No Place to Go

The German submarine commander decided, after a talk with Captain Scott, not to sink his ship. Instead he said he would send one German sailor aboard and gave him his course.

"You are going to Lister Deep," he said, "and if you deviate from that course you will be sunk without warning."

There was another German ship at the rendezvous and the Pass of Balma was taken into Hamburg as a prize. The British marines became prisoners of war. After formal proceedings the ship and her cargo were seized by the Germans, and when Count von Luckner was looking for a ship in which to set out on a raiding expedition he fell in love with the trim lines of the Pass of Balma. He renamed her the Sea Eagle.

The curious turn of events that caused the Pass of Balma to pass from American to British and then to German hands in the course of one night made the background of one short story. What happened to the Pass of Balma after she became the Seeadler has made a couple of books of adventure, but the story of the cotton-carrying trade during the war is yet to be written. When it is written it will be an interesting history, one that will show how some Americans grew rich.

If the situation were to arise tomorrow with all of the troubling questions of those early days of the World War and I were dictator, I should not know how to deal with it. Certainly cotton is as necessary to a modern army as any single commodity, not excluding copper, but when America cannot sell her cotton abroad she is in a precarious financial situation. Many of our people would face starvation if we were to be shut off tomorrow from any considerable part of our overseas market.

On the last shipment of cotton I made before the war the freight rate was nineteen cents a hundred pounds, but before the war ended that rate had been swollen to fifteen dollars a hundred pounds. Insurance and exchange rose in like proportions. Consequently Southern warehouses and compresses were packed to the ceilings with cotton almost worthless in America, but for which Central Europe was eager to pay fabulous prices, but the producers of that cotton could neither borrow nor pay their debts.

It must be remembered that we were not then in the war and that a majority of our people were fervently hoping we would not get into it. But the South was prostrate.

Representatives of the cotton-shipping firms who went to Washington were told by responsible officials of the Government that America was not going to submit to any embargo on cotton shipments into neutral countries. We were told that it was the policy of the Government that Germany was as much entitled to receive our cotton as any other nation.

There were cotton men aboard every passenger ship that risked the perils of the sea. When the embargo on shipments to Holland was lifted the situation was greatly improved. I recall that our firm had a shipload of cotton on the sea, consigned to a

(Continued on Page 121)

Speed Stationery

for this age of Speed!

Rediform Interleaved, *the newest development in office forms. Cuts typing costs from 25 to 50 per cent*

Forms in continuous strips, folded zigzag, with carbon already inserted—that's Rediform Interleaved, the new *speed stationery*. Comes in packs of 500 to 1,000 sets of two-part, three-part, and four-part forms. Not stock forms, but planned and printed to meet your individual requirements.

1 *Typing the form.* After the first form is inserted, the others come into position automatically, carbon paper already in place

2 *Removing the form after typing.* One swift motion does it.

3 *Removing the carbons*—just a little pull at the corners.

Four simple operations instead of the customary nine

With ordinary one forms your typist must 1 [illegible] 2 Insert carbon paper 3 [illegible] 4 Insert in typewriter 5 Adjust forms for typing 6. Typewrite 7 Remove from machine 8 Separate carbons 9 Separate forms. Rediform Interleaved eliminates five of these operations, it is the fastest operating stationery made

Your typists may be fast and accurate now, yet only half their time is spent in typing unless you use Rediform Interleaved. The other half goes for assembling forms, putting carbon paper between them, jogging them into alignment, adjusting them in the machine.

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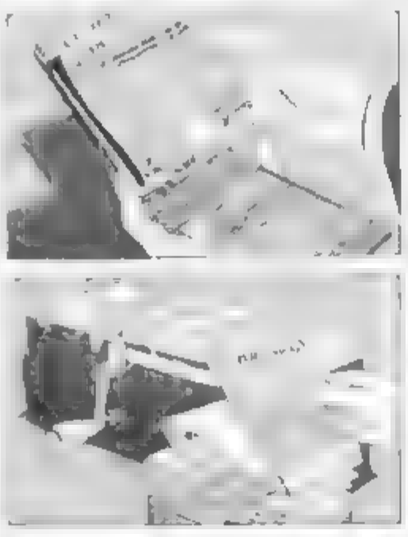
A survey of many concerns who have been using Rediform Interleaved shows savings as high as 50 per cent. It is the modern high speed way to handle office routine. It does for record keeping what conveyor systems and automatic machinery have done for modern manufacturing.

Send the coupon for further particulars; also for booklet, "The Key Operations of Business," which explains how new speed and economy may be introduced into your key operations of buying, receiving, production, stockkeeping, selling, delivering, billing.

Speed stationery for every modern business need . . . .



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Rediform Continuous Interfolded—For billing machines, typewriters and other similar devices where carbon is available for manifolding

Rediform (Continuous) ZIG-ZAG—Single forms only—not interleaved, for speeding operations where carbons are not needed

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CARBON COPY RECORDS
For Key Operations of Business

The idea of forms in continuous lengths—the basic principle that has made possible new speed in record keeping—is most completely developed by the American Sales Book Company, as you will note by the illustrations opposite. The Rediform Line is the only line containing continuous forms in sufficient variety to meet all the needs of modern business.

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Send us samples of:

- ☐ Rediform (Continuous) Interleaved.
- ☐ Rediform (Continuous) Sales Books.
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- ☐ Rediform Continuous Interfolded.
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Name

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Address

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So bring the sunshine in with more and larger WINDOWS

A FEW years ago, the white, delicate complexion was the fashion. Women shunned sunshine as a plague. A tanned skin was so "unrefined!" But science has taught us the value of sunlight. Now we *seek* the sun—"tan" is the vogue. We open our rooms to the sun, roll up the shades, and bring in all the sunlight we can get. Today, the tendency is toward more and larger windows. There isn't a room in our modern home that resembles that dark, closed-up, musty-smelling, mid-Victorian *parlor*.

The most lived-in room in the house is the sun parlor, with "walls of glass," flooded with glorious, healthful sunshine. Our attics are no longer just storage space. Larger windows have made them into play rooms, maids' rooms, guest rooms. Basements, too, have grown bright, healthful, dry, through a more generous use of windows.

"The Sunny Side of the House" shows pictorially how easy it is to make yours a "sunshine" home. It is a book published especially for home owners and home builders. If you are remodeling or preparing to build, ask us to send you "The Sunny Side of the House" before you lay your plans. The book is free and will be mailed on receipt of your name and address.

"A-W-G" Window Glass has been the preference of architects, builders and dealers for more than a quarter of a century. Its high quality, greater tensile strength, brilliant lustre, clearness, freedom from defects and discoloration, and absence of staining and fading make it the ideal glass for windows. Whether you are building a new home or remodeling, specify "A-W-G" Clear-Vision Window Glass.

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Write your name and address on the margin below and mail it to us for a copy of "The Sunny Side of the House"

(Continued from Page 118)

buyer in Germany, when the war began. This ship put about and at the cabled request of our German customer we warehoused the cotton for his account. When the embargo on Holland was lifted we received instructions to ship his cargo to Holland. He paid for it with all added cost, insurance and interest, and I assume that he arranged to get it across the border into Germany.

A Necessity in War and Peace

The laws of war in the future may be more consistent than they were in the last big struggle. At the start cotton was not contraband and yet cotton could be converted into an explosive substance that would hurl shells with deadly force; it would clothe belligerents and nonbelligerents alike; it would make the web belts with which bullets were fed into the chambers of machine guns; it was truly a vital commodity, and if the Germans had been given access to a sufficient supply I believe they might have fought longer.

Before England, late in 1915, declared cotton to be contraband and forced neutral nations of Europe to make their imports through central boards that were allotted barely sufficient cotton for the needs of their national industries, the Germans did not seriously want for fiber. Why they did not is easily shown. In 1913-14 Holland, Italy and the Scandinavian countries received from the United States 570,000 bales of cotton, but in the succeeding twelve months those countries, strangely enough, found need for 2,457,000 bales. No one in the cotton trade disputes that the bulk of the increase in their imports found its way into Germany.

Late in 1915, though, the British had put a naval valve on this leak with such good effect that the one 8000-bale cargo that did get through to Bremen was received by the Germans with as much elation as if it had been a victory of arms. By that time they were beginning to develop their own sources of spinning materials. They were growing more flax than ever before. Thousands of acres were planted with nettles. Thin strips of paper were being woven into cloth. Other fibers were being obtained from rushes, furze, willow bark, hop stems and straw, but even with these substitutes only 3 per cent of the German spindles and looms were working during that July in 1918 when at Château-Thierry the Germans discovered what sort of metal was in the American soldier.

If you will remember that in the Civil War England was tempted to espouse the Confederate cause on account of the desperate plight to which the people in her spinning industry had been brought because the North was preventing the export of cotton; if you will remember that Germany in this last war surrendered when she could no longer find substances with which to imitate the basic elements of cotton—fibers and fats—then you will have some appreciation of this curious shrub with which our nation is blessed. If it makes trouble in time of war, it is only because it is so precious in the modern world.

When the price of cotton goes down cotton farmers suffer, but generally speaking, when it goes up they prosper as wheat growers prosper when wheat is selling for two dollars a bushel and more.

As the wheat farmer turns from the sun to look to Washington for relief when a maladjustment of supply and demand puts his bank balance out of joint, so it is with the cotton planter. They have tried cooperatives as a means of achieving orderly marketing, but where are they to find a man with the imagination and the skill that would be necessary to handle their crop as a unit? And if they found him would they be willing to pay the fabulous sum his services would be worth? Today about 1,000,000 bales are sent to market through cooperatives. Before we can have marketing such as the farmer would like, the farmer will have to find some means of controlling the sun, the rain and the boll weevil. As recently as 1926 there was a serious decline that in November of that year brought the price of cotton down to about eleven and a half cents.

Practical Aid

Secretary Herbert Hoover was anxious to have a meeting without the usual ballyhoo and political surroundings of large farmers' conferences, and to get the suggestions and advice of an unbiased body of men who were not particularly interested in price. Request was made that the directors of the American Cotton Shippers' Association be called together. Accordingly Billy Neal, president of the association, called his board of directors together—of which I was one—to meet in New Orleans. This meeting was also attended by the governors of the three Federal Reserve Banks of Dallas, St. Louis and Atlanta—the three banks which largely finance the cotton crop from the field to the consumer—the presidents of the New York and New Orleans cotton exchanges, United States Senator Ransdell of Louisiana, and a few prominent bankers. After an all-day session a definite program was agreed upon which was to announce to the world that cotton was below cost of production and on an investment basis, that an unjustifiable mental condition was holding prices down, and that figures on consumption were misleading, and to advise mills of the world to buy at least part of their requirements. Each man pledged himself to cable this information to his European correspondents. Out of this meeting was selected a committee to go to Washington and confer with President Coolidge's committee, composed of Secretary

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Hoover, Secretary Jardine, Secretary Mellon and Eugene Meyer, at which meeting further machinery was put in motion to carry out the idea of the New Orleans conference.

The cotton shippers then took a hand in raising the price of cotton. Did we attempt to fix a price? Not at all. What we did was to advise our customers, the cotton buyers of the world, that since cotton unquestionably was going higher, they should buy promptly. We advised all the mills to buy at least a part of their requirements. The result was that the price of cotton began to mount in response to a steady flow of buying orders.

But cotton shippers also trade with planters, with country storekeepers and ginners. You might suppose, if you listen only to demagogues, that we then proceeded to get control of the stocks back in the country; but we did no such thing. At the same time we advised the mills to buy, the farmers and ginners were cautioned to sell only enough to pay their debts. They were told the price was going up, and they were told why.

Somewhere in that kind of dealing we may isolate the secret of orderly marketing. With a succession of the right kind of officials at Washington, with an increase of intelligence in the field, the gin, the shipping offices and the trading rings, and with a constant realization of the immutable law that governs the situation, eventually we may have a more orderly marketing of this great crop.

I cannot imagine a world without cotton. Every year sees an increased demand for cotton as chemists and inventors find new uses for its fibers and the manufacturers are striving to get closer to their sources of supply.

It is not surprising that factories have bloomed in fields where a few years ago only cotton seeds were sprouting. As America can afford to ship less and less wheat abroad, so, in a time not so far distant, in my opinion, she will ship less and less cotton. What she will ship will be the things that American machines and American brains have fashioned out of cotton.

The Industrial South

The development has been delayed, but it is flowering now, and on a grander scale and a swifter one than has occurred in other sections of the country. The South has labor, cheap power, raw materials and a growing understanding of the thing that is called industrial development. In these days in the rural region that Sherman once ravaged industries are being born that would have changed the history of the nation if they had been in existence seventy-five years ago. The Civil War might not have been fought if the South had been proportionately as deeply concerned with industry as it is today, but the South then was almost entirely devoted to agriculture. I doubt very much whether a majority of its people are free traders today. Southern manufacturers are as much interested in tariff protection as manufacturers in Illinois or Michigan.

With the advent of the boll weevil the character and the staple of cotton changed materially. At one time North Georgia cotton, for example, in the length of its fiber averaged from an inch to an inch and a sixteenth, which is the kind the New England mills spin. Today the average is only a little better than seven-eighths-inch staple.

The reason for this is that one of the ill-advised measures of combating the boll weevil was the planting of quickly maturing seed. The cotton produced by such seed—a great deal of it, at least—was so inferior that it was not deliverable on contracts on the New York Exchange.

The use of this kind of seed spread rapidly. Farmers were told that cotton from such seed would be proof against boll-weevil infestation. Some of the best staple sections of the West have been seriously injured by the introduction of this kind of seed. Now, however, efforts are being made by merchants, the mills, the state governments and the universities to reintroduce the better staple qualities.

Factories Afield

Many of the mills in the South find it pays them well to assist farmers in their vicinity to get seed that will produce the exact quality of cotton needed for their spindles, and when they buy that cotton they do not have to burden it with a heavy charge for freight.

The water that flows from the Appalachians to the sea—that region of which Sherman once said that a crow, to cross it, would have to carry its own commissary—today is a flood of riches. The streams no longer are merely places in which negroes fish. They have been harnessed by the finest engineering skill our country commands. Electric energy is taken from them again and again as these rivers sweep onward to the sea, and that energy is conveyed to the mills over the very fields that are producing the raw material of these Southern factories.

So brief is that journey, nowadays, of cotton in the field to its place beside the spindle and the loom that one might almost suppose that there is a planned sequence of nature in the speed with which bloom and boll are succeeded by other forms, such as Turkish towels, fancy shirtings, pillow tubings, crinkle bedspreads, sheetings, fire-hose cords, belting ducks and muslins. Observing this phenomenon, you become convinced that cotton is, indeed, a golden fleece.

THE BIG HAT

(Continued from Page 28)

Pride has something to do with the cowboy wearing the big hat. It's part of what identifies him for what he is, what he's proud of being, but it's not for show that he wears it, because a feller don't have much chance to show off out there on the range, as there's nobody to look at him—only a few of his kind who, regardless of what sort of a hat or rig he uses, would only laugh at him if he wasn't a real hand.

The cowboy is proud of his hat, but he'll use it for every need that comes along. The fine stuff that's in it is put together in a way that'll stand rough use, and when sometimes it's tramped on by hundreds of hoofs and mashed in the dirt, it's expected that the hat, after a little slapping against the shap leg, will be as good as ever, and it usually is.

Once in a while that same hat is throwed in a mad cow's face what's come to the rescue of the calf which the cowboy is branding. It most generally changes her course some, or at least makes her hesitate. Then again, while the cowboy is cutting out horses afoot in the corral, the big hat might come in mighty handy to send a-sailing and split the spooky bunch two ways.

There's many other ways where the big hat comes into play when it's not setting on the cowboy's head, and in it he's got something reliable and as useful as his spurs or rope or any part of his riggin'; also something he can be proud of, for the tall crown and the curved lines of the broad brim go mighty well with the slim length of the average cowboy as he sets his horse while working a herd, hazing mustangs or putting on action while in the middle of a hard-bucking bronc.

So, considering all, and how the big hat fits a cowboy's head and works so well, I don't think it'll go to shrinking much more than it has, and I hope it stays big, because the cow country is still mighty big and there's a lots of room and use for it

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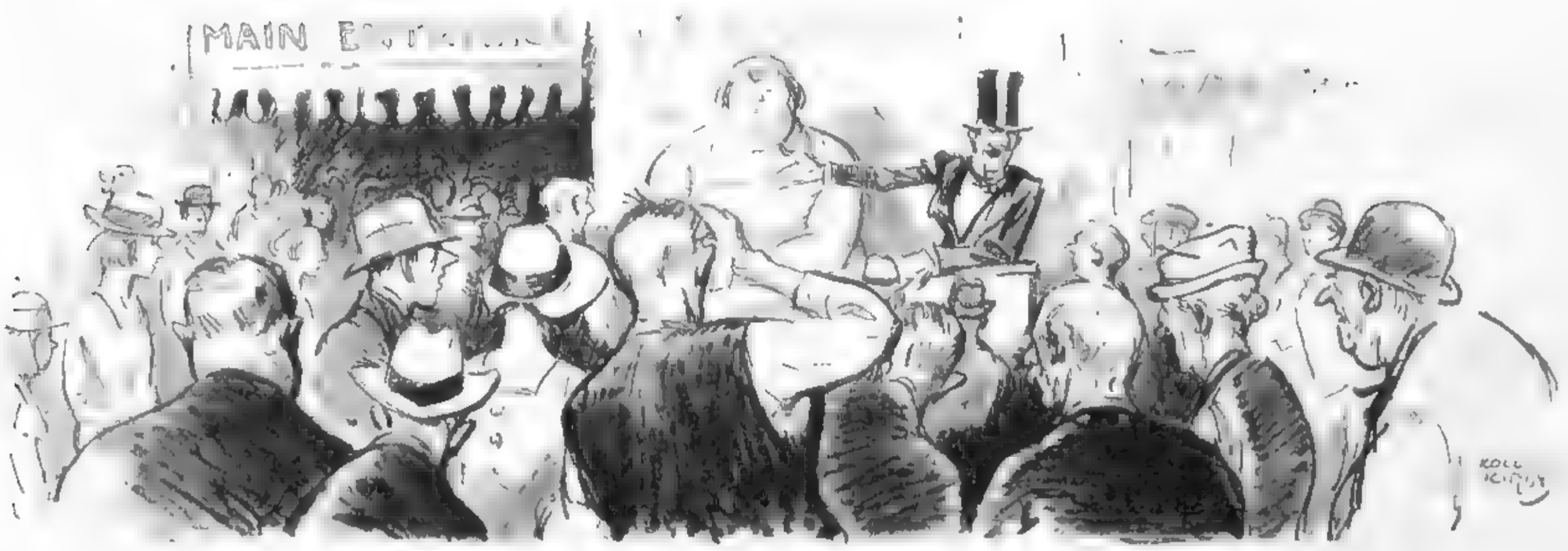

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The Poets' Corner

To a Platonic Friend

I LIKE your swift intelligence,
I like your caustic wit;
A soul is all that I admire
But I'm glad you're hard and fit.

Looks do not matter in a man;
I resolutely frown
On standards based on comeliness—
But I'm glad your eyes are brown.

It's scintillating thoughts I like,
When all is said and done.
It's only mental height that counts
But I'm glad you're six-feet-one.

Your spirit soars, I know, above
The world's brief hurly-burly.
Your spirit is the thing I love—
But I'm glad your hair is curly

—*Mary Carolyn Davies.*

Wanderer's Night Song

ON YOUR calm and cool veranda,
When your chainless spirit soars,
You may heed the propaganda
Of the lure of distant shores;
But you'll learn way over yonder,
When you've left your native loam,
That it may be well to wander,
But it's best to be at home

Oh, they say that travel broadens,
That the critic learns to know
Why his St[illegible] Gaudens
Isn't Michelangelo.
But the rose has many a brambl[illegible]
In the realms across the foam,
And it may be fine to ramble,
But it's best to be at home.

I have seen their arches, steeples,
Castles, mansions, moats and
mills;
I have known their varied peoples,
I have scaled their lofty hills;
But our forest trails are [illegible]
And our sky's a crystal [illegible],
And it may be grand to journey,
But it's best to be at home.

You may sigh for isles of coral
And for cities famed in song.
Yet believe my wistful moral,
For I've wandered far and long
And my foot has trod the gravel
Of the roads that lead to Rome;
Though it may be good to travel,
It is best to be at home.

—*Arthur Guiterman.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly

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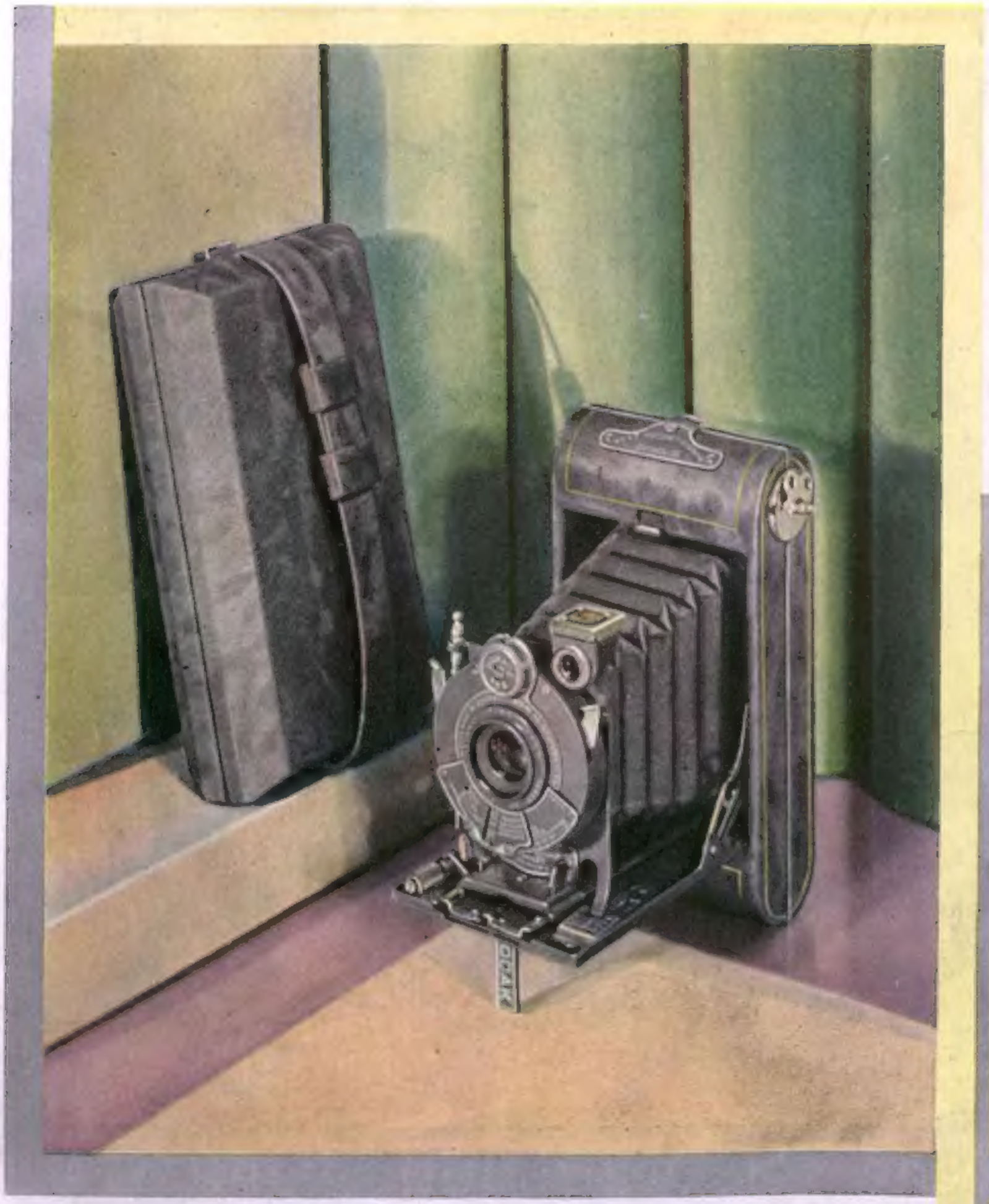

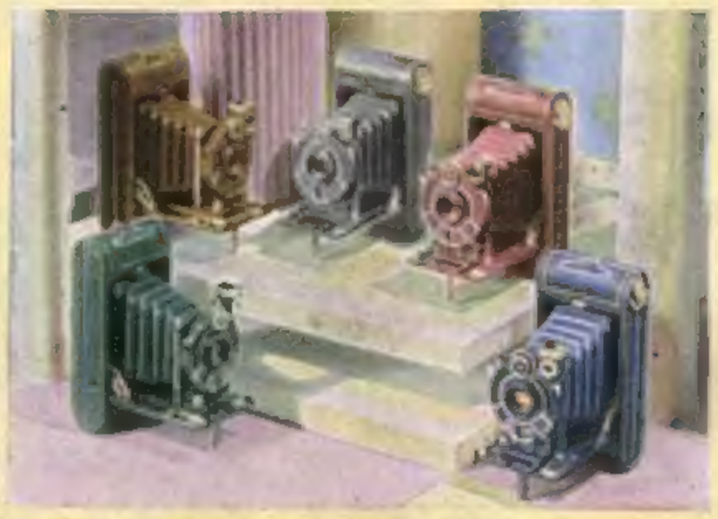

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